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THE MIRROR



OCTOBER
1915

ANDOVER MASSACHUSETTS

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PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR

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No. 1

Honorable Person

THE coolie was limping badly. Every now and then he would stumble and come near falling, thus imperiling Lester Clark who now sat erect and uncomfortable in the rickshaw, straining his head to see what caused the uneasy motion of the vehicle. At last the coolie turned and with a despairing gesture indicated absolute helplessness as to continuing his route; then gently he lowered the bars of the rickshaw, and, flopping down on the grass, held one foot in both hands and rocked gently back and forth, his face distorted in a little grimace of pain. Clark, whose reputation for a tender heart had made him the butt of much good-natured ridicule among his various literary friends over there in San Francisco, did not get out and curse the coolie, but merely seated himself patiently and sympathetically beside the wounded vassal and looked about him, wondering how on earth he would be able to continue his ride, or, I should say, his quest. For he was seeking a certain fairylike structure which stood just on top of a gently rising bit of land, at the base of which a huge cherry-tree foamed rosily. He had been searching all day for it, the stupid coolie had lost his way, and Clark was hungry and tired.

"Curse the luck, anyway," he muttered to himself. "What will she say when she finds that I didn't remember the road well enough to keep the coolie on the right track? Well, two years is quite a long time and perhaps it's natural that I should forget. And she will understand, of course she will!"

He fell into a pleasant day-dream of vivid recollections. The first meeting, the upward, frightened glance which she threw at him from her dark and so un-Orientally large eyes. How they had gone from the noise and geisha music of Tokio out to the greenness and pinkness of the countryside. Oh! that sudden,

long embrace which she gave him as they stood there that first night! Then the wonderful inspiring days and weeks that followed until the call came to return to America and minister to a slowly expiring, rich uncle. Then the ghastly, aching days that fairly crawled by as he read to and nursed the cross, childish old man, until the time when he once more set out across the Pacific to the land of cherry-blossoms

Clark fell to thinking of how she, Blossom of the Pine, would look when they met again, and how she would gaze at him deeply and say:

"Oh, Honorable Person, I have waited and waited so long and have counted the days. And now, take me and let us be happy again together. Oh, Honorable Person, you have been as true as I have, I know it!"

Yes, she would probably speak like that—calmly and poetically, and would put her arms about his neck and lay her black head on his shoulder. Ah, they would be very happy again

The coolie beside him stirred and grunted a little, arousing Clark from his thoughts. He raised his head and looked about again. A rumbling sound struck his ear. It seemed to come up from a bend in the road where the latter dropped abruptly about a huge cliff, covered with spreading, out-reaching pine. The noise became louder, and soon a little cloud of dust rose from the bend, following which came an ox-cart, driven by a tattered, ancient Jap, who shuffled dustily along beside his animals. It was a rickety-looking contrivance, but Clark stopped it and explained the situation as best he could in his faltering Japanese to the old man, who reluctantly consented to hitch the rickshaw to the cart and to carry the wounded coolie back to Tokio, whither he was bound. Clark saw plainly that he would have to walk, but it would be no blind trail which was to be followed, a thought which cheered him immensely. Then he helped the injured man into the rickshaw and meekly followed the strange-looking procession. They went on slowly, wearily, for almost an hour while Clark revolved in his mind visions of the meeting. He must find her before nightfall, for he had written her the exact date of his coming, putting it two or three

days later than the date of arrival set by the steamship company. The fact that he received no answers from his letters to her did not trouble him; she was too much of a child to attend to such mature matters as letter-writing. To be sure, he had received a tinted sheet of paper from her once with the naive message on it:

"I loovee you."

He had chuckled over it when it came; at its very childishness and simplicity; then had smiled gently as he thought of the trouble it must have taken her to recall to her mind enough of his English to write the sentence. Ah, the sweetness of her!

He raised his head, straightened his shoulders, and walked with a fine free stride as he thought of her. Then his gaze became fastened on a curiously familiar clump of bamboo at the base of a bit of rising land. His heart gave a wild leap and seemed to choke him with its fierce throbbing, as he recognized the old spot that had marked their trysting-place. On the other side of the hill there would be a cherry-tree foaming rosily, and a little above it would be a fairy structure, the home of Blossom of the Pine. He gave the coolie some money, told the ancient one to keep on to Tokio, and then flew across the flat piece of land at the right of the road to the bamboo clump. He halted a moment to see if she might not be there and then, seeing no one, sped on around the hill, giving a little cry of delight at seeing the mammoth cloud of pink above him as he rushed on under the cherry-tree.

The house stood bravely facing the stretch of green below it, promising, alluring. His pulse grew quicker. He was panting now, partly with exhaustion, partly with the excitement of the moment. She was not outside the house. Could she be sick? Something white fluttered from a window and seemed to beckon him on. Ah, hurry, hurry, feet, up that rough hill! A little more — and then he was rushing up the steps, shouting:

"Blossom of the Pine! I have come and wait here for you!" His voice echoed back at him from a death-like stillness. A little amazed, he leaned against the side of a flimsy door and peered into the dim, empty room before him. The wind came

up from the cherry-tree and blew a tinted slip of paper across the floor. Something told him to pick it up — to read it. Mechanically, he obeyed the impulse. On the paper, in Japanese characters, was the final message:

"Honorable Person! I have waited and wearied. I am the grand lady of Tokio, with many servants and a lavish house. Tanasuki, the noble one, has taken me for a wife. Farewell, then.

"BLOSSOM OF THE PINE."

The turmoil of a thousand years seemed to come down in a solid form and press the very blood from his heart. He could only let the breeze carry the note from his hand and whisk it mercifully away. Then, mad with despair, he raised his arms and uttered a sound that was like a roar:

"Oh — God!"

The very cherry-petals seemed to shiver from the help'ess cry, that held so much of the tragedy behind it. Then the man, white as death, crept down the steps toward the bottom of the hill.

* * * * *

That night the moon rose and glimmered through the silver cherry petals, down onto the still form of a man. And a little slip of tinted paper jumped and danced about on the cool night wind and finally nestled itself under the dead face.

F. H. DOWD

A Selfish Man

MY total assets were a brand new suit of clothes, another week's board and lodging paid in advance, and my pay envelope with last week's salary in it. Three weeks ago my salary had been raised from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a week. It was then I had bought my suit and given my landlady a month's stipend in advance. At that time I had set out to have a glorious time. For two weeks I had stopped in at all the cafés, bars, and saloons in the morning on my way to work; in the evening I had stopped at saloons, bars, and cafés on my way home. After supper I frequented a favorite dancing hall of mine. My employer warned me that if my work continued to be as unsatisfactory as it had been, we would have to part. Well, to make a long story short, glorious times are few and far between. So at the time I start my story, I was also without a job.

As I was walking along the street, downcast and sad, for the reaction of my three weeks of hilarious living had already begun, I passed a telegraph office.

"Oh, what's the use?" I sighed, and entering, sent the following telegram: "Will be home Sunday; will you be prepared for me?"

"Send this C. O. D.," I said, looking up and handing the message to the telegraph operator. As I handed her the message my hand touched hers! My fingers closed over hers! A delicious thrill passed through my body! I looked into her face. Ah! how truly my father spoke when he said that one look might decide my life! Those eyes, so soft and gentle, that little mouth, both merry and sweet, that *entiere*, in a background of luxuriant hair, set upon a splendid white neck, which one longed to cover with kisses! For one moment, which seemed like an eternity and yet was only too short, we gazed into each other's eyes. I was her slave from that moment on, that much I already knew,—and that evening she promised to be mine.

During the three years of Alva's (for that was her name) employment, she had saved upwards of two hundred dollars. With this money we furnished a cozy little four-room flat and

opened charge accounts at the grocer's, the butcher's, and at all the other neighboring stores. My original twenty-five dollars had not been touched. It represented the cost of a railroad ticket to my home town.

It had all been arranged. To-morrow Alva and I were to become one in the sight of society and the church. And now came that accursed telegram: "Boy, we will be glad to have you come back home. We have moved to San Francisco because a vein of silver was discovered running through our back-yard. While our new home is being built, we are staying at the St. Francis Hotel. Do come soon. Love from all."

All night long I paced the floor. Could I leave her? Why should I give up a life of ease and pleasure, in which it was probable that I might meet another, for the sake of one to whom I was not yet married? If I did stay, it might mean slow starvation, for neither of us had as yet been successful in our search for work. Then suddenly it burst on me; why not take her home with me? How could I do this with only enough money for one fare? Why not telegraph for more? No! that would never do. Rather than thus humble myself I would — yes, I would leave her.

After packing my grip, I entered her room on tiptoe and kissed her hand, her eyes, her cheeks, her mouth. Half asleep, she turned and said to me, "Is that you, dearest?" Choking down a sob, I pressed her to me, and answered, "Yes, sweetest." Then I left!

J. R., 2D

On the 5.15

THE local for Hollywood was just pulling out of the station, when suddenly some one shot through the gate and just managed to clamber on the last coach.

Standing on the back platform to get his breath, his cheeks flushed, his eyes sparkling, Ed Marney presented a pleasing sight. Over six feet in height, with a fine physique, a ruddy, good-natured face, and a pair of twinkling blue eyes, Ed was easily one of the most popular fellows at school. Since he lived in Hollywood, it was necessary for him to come in to school on the train every day, and to catch the 5.15 back in the evening.

Having recovered his breath, Ed walked through the smoker and several other cars, finally finding a seat in one of the forward coaches. As he was putting his books in the rack above him, he happened to glance at the seat just behind him. A deep blush overspread Ed's already rosy face, and he sank hastily into his seat.

It was very peculiar how he could smash through a line composed of solid bone and muscle for a gain of ten or fifteen yards, or break up interference like an elephant charging a hedge; but when it came to getting anywhere near a girl, Ed was absolutely terrified. In this case, all he could think of as he slid down lower in his seat, was a pair of finely-penciled black eyebrows, and an exceedingly dangerous pair of black eyes just beneath them. He was vaguely conscious also of a slight smile lurking about the corners of a well-shaped mouth.

When the train was about ten minutes' ride from Hollywood, a train-boy came through the car selling candy and magazines. Ed heard him stop just behind his seat and wondered if she were going to buy anything. His dreams of a musical voice asking for a cake of chocolate were rudely dispelled by the raucous tones of the candy vender.

"Hello, kiddo," chirruped this cheerful individual, "what'll you have?"

"I'll trouble you not to bother me," came a firm little voice. There was silence for a second and then Ed looked around just in time to see the girl give her annoyer a vigorous shove.

"Say, kid, beat it," said Ed mildly, half rising from his seat. The "kid", who was nearly as large as Ed, looked around, and, not appreciating the disturber's full stature, merely gave him a contemptuous glance; then he turned again to the object of his admiration. With one bound Ed landed on his feet and seized the fellow by the back of the neck in a vise-like grip. The few occupants of the car turned their attention from the evening papers to something in real life. The force on the fellow's neck becoming too much, the would-be masher brought his heel down with telling effect on Ed's toe. Before he could go any further, Ed swung out with all his might and knocked his opponent flat on his back in the aisle. There he lay, rubbing his chin and glaring up at his conqueror.

"Well, have you had enough?" asked Ed.

"Yeh," the other answered wisely, and picking up his basket, slunk out of the car, rubbing with one hand an enlarged chin.

"Oh, thank you, ever so much," said a soft voice at Ed's elbow, "I don't know what I should have done if you hadn't been here."

"That's all right," murmured Ed. He just couldn't go any further with those marvelous eyes looking at him. There was an awkward silence as he stood shifting from one foot to the other and trying to look unembarassed.

"Won't you sit down?" she asked.

"I — I guess I will," Ed answered. Striving desperately to think of something to say, he finally pulled out his watch and announced, "Five minutes to Hollywood."

"Oh, is that where you live?"

"Yes, I have to go in to school every day and I generally take this train back."

"I'm just starting to school myself, to-morrow, and that's what I'll have to do, I suppose," with an arch look at Ed that sent his eyes quickly down.

"What school is it?"

"I think it's called Tucker's," she answered.

"Why, that's where I go!" he burst out happily, overjoyed to find something in common between them.

"Oh, isn't that fine!" she rejoined, "I'm going to get you to show me all around to-morrow, so that I won't get lost."

"You bet!" said Ed, with a great show of enthusiasm; but his heart sank. Show her all around! Good Lord, he couldn't do that!

Just then the door was thrown open with a slam and the conductor came in calling "Hollywood, Hollywood!"

"Gee, I've got to go!" cried Ed, making a grab for his books and turning to say good-bye at the same time..

"I know I can never thank you enough," she was saying sweetly, "but perhaps some day I may be able to repay you," and she gave him a beautiful smile.

"Don't mention it," replied Ed, thinking that the train would never stop; but it did and he made quickly for the door.

"And don't forget to-morrow!" she called after him, just as he was disappearing.

He didn't dare look back as the train pulled out, but he felt that she was looking at him from her window. When he got home it was dinner time and the family was seated at the table.

"Did you get that prescription from Dr. Holmes to-day, Ed?" asked his mother as he came in.

"Yes, it's right here," answered Ed, reaching for his pocket-book. "Well, for the love of Pete!" he shouted after searching "I've lost my pocket-book. I remember now. I jammed it in my right-hand coat pocket when I was running for the 5.15, and it must have dropped out!"

* * * * *

Two miles out of Hollywood, as the 5.15 sped along, a girl with finely-penciled black eyebrows, and an exceedingly dangerous pair of black eyes beneath them, was examining something with evident enjoyment. A young man nursing a swollen chin sat beside her.

"Fifty dollars!" said the girl after some minutes.

"Twenty-five each," said the man. "It ought to have been a million from the crack he gave me!"

"B. N. TING"

His Anniversary

IT WAS a cold, windy night outside. The wind raved about the house and beat clamorously on the window-panes. It breathed fresh, red life into the embers of the dying fire, which threw an uneasy ruddiness over the walls of the room and cast into relief the outlines of Ralph Parton, seated before the fireplace. On your first glance, his appearance presented nothing out of the ordinary. It was a cold night, and he was beside the fire. At his left was the hearth; at his right was a low table, upon which stood a decanter and a couple of cognac glasses. But if you looked carefully you might have seen that his chair was not placed at an angle which would secure for him the full warmth of the fire. It was set so that its occupant had an angle of one wall behind him, and a curtained section of another directly in front. From time to time he would raise his eye nervously to the curtain, and then, equally nervously, let it drop to the hearthstones or the end of his shoe.

He was thinking—thinking that it was just six years ago to-night when he had first loved Ellen. It was such a night as this when he had paced the wintry garden with her, arm in arm, and had unloosed all the burning passion of his eccentric being to her willing ears. She was willing then and he believed her. He built upon her fidelity, gloried in her faith, and boasted to himself of their mental union. Yet, in this same garden, a brief month later, she had broken faith with him and told him of her pledge, given again to another man. And then, hardly realizing what he was doing, he had sprung upon her, seized her by the throat and pressed hard until she fell a lifeless corpse at his feet.

He had picked up the body and carried it into the house. Close to the garden door in the wall of a short corridor leading to the study, was a large disused brick chimney. A few strokes of a hammer and the body was inserted within the chimney; a little mason-work and the hole was hermetically sealed, the crime covered up.

All fears were at rest in the mind of the criminal. The door to the garden was kept locked, as was the door to the

corridor. Over the latter in the study a curtain was hung. Yet, once a year, on the night of the murder, as Parton sat over his study fire, he heard the lock in the corridor door turn. The curtain moved aside. Then through the open door and drawn curtain would stalk a figure, spectral white. It was like Ellen. It had her pale golden hair, and a bare throat, upon whose cadaverous white showed the redness of finger traces. The ghost stood half an hour before the terror-stricken victim. It kept strict silence; the eyes alone were fastened with a curious glitter on those of the man. When the time was gone the apparition faded into thin air, the curtain slid back, and the door closed with a mechanical click. All was quiet as before.

Troubled by this annual visitation, the assassin confided his tale to a fortune-teller. Her advice was for him to seek an exact double of the girl whose life he had taken, marry her, and thus fill up the place which the ghost of Ellen yearly sought to occupy. Such was her counsel, and in his madness he took it. He had hunted diligently and after five years of hard searching had at length discovered a girl who, both in looks and in character, seemed to exactly correspond with the defunct Ellen. And now, for the last time, in pride and in triumph, he awaited before his study fire the coming of the spectre.

"Now," he mused, "I guess she'll be appeased. I thought I couldn't get rid of the spectre. I supposed I couldn't overcome a damned spirit. Now I've got the best girl in the country to marry to-morrow. Ellen couldn't touch her. Violet is going to live with me now, and she'll be true to me to the last. What do I care if Ellen comes to-night? I won't be afraid of her. To-night's her last visit, and then she'll get back to Hell and stay there. No more trouble from her. No, I'm not ——"

There came a crash in the sealed corridor. The curtain moved slightly, and an icy draft swept in the room. The man gave a quick start and stared rigidly at the curtain for several seconds. His eyes seemed to burst from their sockets. Cold sweat started in every pore. Then, as nothing happened, he sank back in the armchair, helpless with relief. With shaking fingers he poured himself a glass of brandy and tossed it off.

"Only the garden door," he muttered. "The lock's rusty and the wind blew it in. Better go and close it." He half rose from his chair. "Some one might wander in — no, there's nobody in the garden to-night. Better not."

He swallowed another glass of brandy and was himself again. Yes, to-morrow he would be married to Violet. All the happiness he had promised himself with Ellen was to be fulfilled, but in a greater degree. Heavens, how he loved her! His! All his to-morrow! It was too much! No; it was no more than he deserved for his fidelity — a fidelity that slew, rather than let a sacred pledge be broken. He gloried in his crime. "I killed her! Lord, I killed her! and I'm glad of it! If I hadn't, she would have killed me by her breach! I gave her clean death, rather than unclean life, and it was merciful of me to do it. If she comes to-night I'll laugh at her — laugh her back to the Hell where she belongs. Ha-ha! Let her go back! Let her go ——"

There was another crack. Again the man started and stared as if petrified at the swaying curtain. Again nothing happened. He settled back once more into the chair, swallowed two more glasses of brandy in rapid succession, and smiled to himself. "The inner door this time," he said aloud. "The lock must have snapped. The wind blows hard down the corridor and the lock was badly rusted. Nothing left but the bolt to hold the door now. Well, it's enough for to-night. Let it be." He poured another glass of liquor, drank it down, and another, and another; his spirits and color rising momentarily.

"No, I'm not afraid 've her. Be damned if I am. Think I'm going to lie down before a damned spirit? No, by God! Not afraid of all the spirits in Hell. Could beat 'em all. I've beat Ellen and I've got Violet. Violet's mine. Let anybody or everybody try to take her from me! Let 'em come on! Here! Now! Now while I'm ready for 'em! I defy them all! Come on, Ellen, if you dare, now! I'm ready for you! Ha! Ha! Come on, Ellen!" He rose from the chair and gazed triumphantly at the curtain, while the silent walls hurled back his defiance. "Ellen!" he shrieked again.

At this moment the handle of the door turned slowly. The curtain blew into the room, revealing behind the wind-swept corridor and the wintry garden. And in the center of the hall stood a white figure with pale yellow hair and red marks on its throat! For a moment a cold shiver passed over the murderer. The apparition smiled. Its lips parted. Suddenly, with a howl and curse of frenzy, Parton bounded forward. His fingers found its throat and pressed like a vise. The figure resisted a second, then fell like a rag to the floor, Parton on top. "There you are!" he muttered, rising. "Go back to Hell, now! You're—!" He stopped and stared in horror at the figure. On its throat was a coral pendant. Where had he seen that before?

"Violet!" The cry came from his innermost being. It seemed to loosen his vitals. All the muscles in his body snapped at once. He dropped limply on the body. Every part of him appeared dead — all except his eyes which lived with a horror untold. For above him there hovered a sort of misty light, which resolved itself into a female form with pale golden hair and red finger-marks on its throat. The lips parted in a smile; the smile broadened to a grin. The half-paralyzed mouth of Parton on the floor tried but failed to open. It was Ellen!

R. H. BASSETT

The Squatting Image

COLONEL MONTAGUE was a respectable curio-collector of no little wealth. He had, for some years, lived in partial seclusion, content with few friends and small comforts. He loved to sit late over a bottle of Scotch with a close friend, neither conversing much, but thinking a great deal. His house was furnished tastefully in an Oriental manner, with dark curtains, soft, heavy rugs, and on every side old swords inlaid with gold, shields, strings of Chinese coins, statuettes of strange gods, and a host of other things of a like nature. On the mantelpiece of his study was a squatting heathen image of which the Colonel was particularly fond. He spoke of it proudly as coming from the temple of a village in the interior of India. It had cost him much, he said, to procure it. The Colonel was a true Orientalist. His collection of incense was considered the finest and most complete in the world. He spoke seven forms of Hindu dialect, and as many in Chinese.

Since his last trip to Siam he had kept as a body-servant a well-educated Hindu, who, although he spoke no English, was very helpful to him. This Hindu had a rather attractive Eastern appearance. He was tall and bronzed, with straight, long hair and snapping black eyes. When he smiled, he showed a set of curiously-filed teeth, sharpened at the point, and colored deep red from chewing betel nut.

Among the Colonel's few intimate friends was an alert young man by the name of Mr. Sharp. One morning Sharp was both shocked and grieved to receive a telephone from the Colonel's butler, announcing the sudden death of his master. He hurried off to the house of the dead man to see if he could be of any assistance. When he arrived, Harvey, the butler, had already sent for the doctor. The latter, a certain Bartholomew Hale, was not long in arriving, and together the three went up to the room where the Colonel lay dead.

"You say you found him this way when you came to dress him this morning?" questioned the doctor.

"Yes, sir."

"Why didn't the Hindu, or whatever he is, find him?"

"He was sick this morning, sir."

"What time did you come?"

"At quarter to seven, sir; the Colonel always got up then."

"And you have moved nothing?"

"No, sir; nothing has been done. I thought it best to wait for you."

"Very well, let's see what we can find."

The Colonel lay flat on his back in bed. In one hand he clutched a thermos bottle which was accustomed to stand by the bed, full of water. His mouth was open the protruding tongue was terribly swollen, and there were large red blisters on his throat. His eyes, the pupils greatly distended, and the whites badly inflamed, stared vacantly into space. His lips appeared to have been subjected to the action of some powerful acid.

"This is strange," thought Hale to himself. Then turning to Harvey, "You found no traces, no clues, that would tend to cast a suspicion?"

"No, sir; but here is a piece of a label I found on the bed-table this morning." Harvey handed the doctor a small blue slip of paper, torn across the top so that nothing remained but "Allen and Smi—" probably the name of the druggists.

"Hm, better keep that. It may prove useful. Now, let me see the thermos jug."

"Very well, sir, here it is."

The "jug" was an ordinary water-bottle of the kind used for retaining either heat or cold, and had a heavy glass stopper on a short chain. The doctor peered within, and his face took on an expression of surprise.

"What is the matter? What do you see?" cried Sharp, who up to now had remained silent.

"There is nothing in it!" exclaimed Hale.

"What did you expect?"

"Some moisture at least, or at most, a little water."

"I filled it last night, sir," said the butler.

"Well, then, if you filled it there should be either some dampness in the bottle, or else he drank it all, which is improbable if not impossible. But, supposing he spilt it, then

the bedclothes or the floor should be wet, which they aren't; or else ——"

"Or else what!" interrupted Sharp.

"Or else,— well, I don't know what. Those burns and blisters are not like any I ever dealt with before, nor can I say what caused them. But about this blue slip, suppose I go down to the druggists, Allen and Smitard, for I presume it must be them, and see what I can learn. You stay here with Harvey."

He left at once and shortly returned. As he approached the house it occurred to him that it would be well to look over the ground a little, before joining the two men. Accordingly, he entered by the side door and stepped noiselessly into the study. In the dim light he saw the Hindu, apparently recovered from his sickness, fumbling with one hand with something on the mantel-piece, and holding in the other an automatic revolver. Hale stepped noiselessly behind a curtain and reached for a jeweled sword on the wall. There followed a loud crash. A heavy brass shield, unbalanced by the loss of the sword, plunged to the floor. The Hindu wheeled sudden y. As he did so, the object on the mantel-piece, the priceless squatting image from India, fell to the hearth and was shattered in a thousand pieces. As the doctor raised the ungainly weapon, the Hindu fired twice. Hale assembled all his strength and brought the heavy sword down on the Hindu's head. It was over.

* * * * *

Six days later when Dr. Hale had come out of the delirium into which a bullet grazing his spinal column had placed him, he was able to explain the death of Colonel Montague.

"Those burns on his neck and mouth were of a peculiar type, like none I had ever seen before, and the fact that there was nothing in the bottle aroused my curiosity. So I went to Allen and Smitard and found just what I expected: that they had sold to the Hindu, in his master's name, a pint of ——"

"What?"

"What do you think?"

"Chloroform?"

"Liquid air."

"Liquid air?"

"Exactly, and the Hindu, after Harvey had filled the water-jug, poured out the water and put in the liquid air. So that in the night, when the Colonel went to take a drink, the liquid air in his mouth literally froze him to death. It shut off his supply of air, freezing all the moisture in his lungs, thus rendering them useless, and raised the strange blisters. Then it all evaporated and left no dampness."

"But the Hindu, why did he attempt to steal the image?"

"I don't know about that, but I recollect the Colonel's telling me that the image came from an Indian temple, where it was considered sacred. Now, travelers say that there is a certain clan of Hindus who are very peculiar about their religion, and often go to great expense to keep it sacred. If I recall aright, this fellow belonged to that clan. Probably Montague stole this figure from the temple, so they put this man on his track to recover it. He nearly succeeded.

HENRY S. MCKEE

To a Seagull

As you soar along o'er the dark green sea,
Through the lonely night or the day,
And your weird cry rings o'er the dreary wastes,
Through the veil of the mist and spray,
How I envy your lot as you swing along,
Carefree of heart and mind,
As you dip and swirl where the wavelets curl,
And whistle adown the wind.
When the breakers roar on the barren shore,
And the wild waves tipped with foam
Roll in from the deep with a boundless sweep,
Then where do you seek your home?
High up in the cleft of some storm-beat rock,
You're sheltered from wind and waves;
While far below the great seas surge
Through the reefs and grottoed caves.

V. C. HEILNER.

Robert Frost, American Poet

IN nineteen hundred and twelve, readers and students of books were crying from ear to ear, "A new wise man has come out of the East," and in England and America the meaningless creed of Kipling's "East is East and West is West", was being displaced by a new conception of things oriental. Perhaps the importance of it all was exaggerated; it is very probable that the average American knows very little more than before about the racial temperaments of the East, but even granting this, no one can deny that western literature has received a remarkable revelation in the translation of the Bangali poems of Rabindranath Tagore. This "new wise man" has been hailed as the national voice of his people, and has been much exalted in this day when writers are individual rather than representative. Nor is Tagore the only new national poet; we Americans, in the past two years, have seen and rejoiced in the advent of a "new American Poet." Perhaps more than anything else the far-cried national (not politically, but socially and intellectually, national) spirit of Robert Frost has won for him his present reputation. At least men say we have evolved from our peculiar American experience a type representing our national temperament.

One thinks of Robert Frost as having originated in New England. The fact that the first eleven years of his life were spent in California does not alter the impression. He was educated at Dartmouth and Harvard, and taught for several years at Derry, the beautiful New Hampshire town. Then came the sojourn in England and the subsequent return to his native New England. These facts are of little importance, save as they show that his life has differed little from that of many other American writers. Only one part of this biography comes constantly to the mind of the reader of his poetry. I refer to the period spent in the States of his early life, Massachusetts and New Hampshire. The following quotation shows how deeply he has been impressed by his rural environment:

"Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That sends the frozen ground-swell under it,
And spills the upper boulders in the sun;
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.
The work of hunters is another thing;
I have come after them and made repair,
Where they have left not one stone on stone.
But they would have the rabbit out of hiding
To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean
No one has seen them made nor heard them made,
But at Spring mending time we find them there."

To read this passage is, for those who love the country at least, like shutting the eyes and going once more through the little pasture and woodlot of our boyhood days. To the same boyhood belong the recollections revealed in the following lines from a poem entitled *The Birches*.

"I should prefer to have some boy bend them,
As he went out and in to fetch the cows.
* * * * * He learned all there was
To learn about not launching out too soon
And so not carrying the tree away
Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise
On the top branches, climbing carefully,
With the same pains you use to fill a cup
Up to the brim, and even above the brim.
Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,
Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.
So was I once myself a swinger of birches,
And so I dream of going back to be."

It is interesting to search in Frost's works for the influence of English poets. One wonders if life in London and its contact with English literary tradition and society have put its mark upon him. There is, no matter where derived, a strong resemblance, in tone and treatment of subject, to John Masefield. A person reading *A Servant of Servants*, and being ignorant of its author, might easily ascribe it to the great English realist. There is depicted in the poem a housekeeper, of a type to be found in any rural farming community, who, weary of the monotony of her existence, unburdens her soul to a chance listener. I quote a few poignant lines:

" * * * We've a good piece of shore
 That ought to be worth something and may yet.
 But I don't count on it as much as Lem.
 He looks on the bright side of everything,
 Including me. He thinks I'll be all right
 With doctoring. But it's not medicine —
 Lowe is the only doctor dared to say so —
 It's rest I want — there I have said it out —
 From cooking meals for hungry hired men,
 And washing dishes after them — from doing
 Things over and over that just won't stay done."

The commonplaceness of Frost's subject matter is largely redeemed by his treatment of it; peaceful passions, simple emotions, half-vanished memories, lift his verse above the ordinary life which inspired it. He has, besides, a dramatic power, strong and healthy, which in certain dialogues, strikes home. The language of *The Death of the Hired Man* is simple, the theme slight, but there is power moving in every line. In the poem *Mary* waits for her husband and greets him with, "Silas is back." "Be kind." She urges him to treat the reprobate with such consideration as he can, and intimates that the old fellow is in a bad way. After some argument the following ensues:

(Mary). "I haven't been; go, look, see for yourself.
 But, Warren, please remember how it is:
 He's come to help you ditch the meadow.
 He has a plan. You mustn't laugh at him.
 He may not speak of it, and then he may.
 I'll sit and see if that small sailing cloud
 Will hit or miss the moon."

It hit the moon,
 Then there were three there, making a dim row:
 The moon, the little silver cloud, and she.
 Warren returned — too soon it seemed to her,
 Slipped to her side, caught up her hand and waited.
 "Warren?" she questioned.
 "Dead," was all he answered.

Frost is distinguished by a free, healthy atmosphere, as one would expect a typical American poet to be. He is not nectar for the dilettante, nor honey for the aesthetic; he represents the solid food of men of catholic taste, and he is an American to the last line.

Rambles of the Spectator: the Model

A Series of Talks with a Variety of Persons

1. THE MODEL

THE SPECTATOR approached the door in the inky hallway and rapped softly. "Come in," came a female voice. He turned the knob and stepped within. The room was squalid and dark. The walls, once white, now of an undecided tone, were hung with unfinished oil sketches and filthy rags of clothing. In one corner stood a rusty stove, littered with unwashed cooking utensils. The fire was out. In another, next to the solitary window, a battered easel with an unfinished portrait, reared a broken shape. Canvases, used and clean, stood against the wall. Opposite the window, a dirty wooden bedstead, with a dirtier mattress, could be discerned. On it was a mingled pile of male and female garments and a torn blanket, the nocturnal shelter for a whole family. The rest of the room was littered with an undistinguishable mass of rags and artists' material.

As the Spectator entered, the owner of the female voice rose from the obscure corner where she had been sitting, and advanced to meet him. On her breast an infant lay sleeping; to her skirt clung a little girl of three.

"Can I do anything for you?" she inquired.

"My child, I come from a mutual friend of ours, I believe; a certain Herman N——, who desires me to present you with this." He drew from his capacious pocket a bundle and handed it to her.

She bit her lip savagely. Sparks of internal fire flashed from her eyes, but her reply was cold. "Thank you. Is that all you wish with me?"

The good old Spectator took off his old-fashioned spectacles, wiped them, and focussed his kindly eyes upon her. "No," he answered. "Herman tells me that you can sing a song or two which will send me on my way a much happier man. Is he right?"

The girl cast her eyes to the floor and sighed. "Yes, I suppose so. Herman must be right, since he is Herman. Sit down, please, on the bed, if you can find room."

The Spectator sat down on the bed and waited for the girl to speak. She sat down confusedly on a box and waited, too. Thus they remained for several moments, waiting in silence. Some violent internal excitement seemed to shake her. She breathed hard and fast. Her arms tightened about the human bundle on her breast. She was the image of grief — grief that dared not unbind itself in tears. The Spectator watched her pityingly. She was still young and attractive. Her billows of black hair fell over her shoulders and framed a face from which every weapon of misery had not been able to drive the childish beauty and simplicity. Hers were features which not many years since had been a joy to portrait painters and all lovers of beauty. She appeared to belong to some happier and sunnier star, yet here she was in the diriest tenement hole of a great, dirty metropolis, with one child in her arms and another at her knee — a mother.

Her guest read the turmoil on her downcast face and sought to relieve her by addressing her. "You are in trouble, child. Don't be afraid to tell an old man like me. Speak out, whatever ails you."

Her pride struggled a moment more; then, with a sob of relief she yielded to that need of consolation which moves every human heart, and opened herself to him. "I've no business to tell you, while James is away, but the hours drag by so slowly up here, and it hurts me so to think — to think of Herman. Let me talk just once, and then forget that you ever knew me." She wiped the tears that welled to her eyes and patted the curly head of the wondering little girl who stood at her side.

"Four years ago I was happy and innocent. My work in the studios was easy and pleasant, though it lasted all day long, and at night I returned to my parents' flat. It was a joyous life. We used to have gay times with the boys in the art colony: theatre parties in the top gallery and dances till dawn in somebody's studio. I had all the friends and admirers I wanted then. Now they're all gone except one. Yes, somehow my life seemed to be made of nothing but pleasure and innocent joy. All the boys liked me. Some wanted to marry me, but I laughed in their faces.

"There was one little fellow, always silent and timid, named Herman N——, the one who sent you here. He seemed to be especially attracted to me. No matter when I looked, I could see his piercing gray eyes fastened strangely on me. It made me feel queer to look at him. I didn't know what was the matter with him then, but I've learned since.

"I couldn't feel anything but friendship for him. I was too young to think of anything but looks and manners. I saw, but couldn't realize, that out of the whole crowd Herman was the only true artist, and the only one who would really succeed. He hardly had the money to nourish his palette, much less his stomach, yet he could work, and work hard, when the other fellows were having a good time. But he was ugly, deformed, and timid to confusion. Still I pitied him at a distance. From a distance he returned his love.

"One day, after the life class, he came up and asked for a pose that afternoon in his studio. My afternoon happened to be free, and I consented. Right after lunch I went to his studio and he sketched me. He has that sketch to this day, framed and hung in his parlor. It's the best thing he ever did. After the pose was over and I was ready to go, he halted me, urged me into a chair, and, kneeling on the floor, poured out all his heart to me. He offered me a partnership in all his possessions, his hope, his ideals, and his poverty,—and I refused.

"That was the last I saw of him for a long time. I didn't think much about him after that. I had James to think of, besides. James was then, and still is, the handsomest artist in the city. His manners were easy and pleasant, and I was drawn to him from the start. And I love him still. Come thick or thin, I'll be true to him as his wife. The only fault I found with him was the way he treated Herman while we were engaged. He couldn't go near Herman without saying something harsh to him. At our wedding Herman came with a big bunch of flowers for me. He appeared to have forgotten all, or forgiven, but James wouldn't stand for his presence, and drove him out. It was his love for me, I know, that made him do it, but still, he needn't have been so rude. I tried hard to restrain him, but when a man's jealous a woman can't do much. It was no use.

"Just four years ago we were married. I was only seventeen then. I feel fifty now. Lord knows it wasn't James's fault that we fell to this. He never did know how to save money, and then he had to buy paint and canvas. He had to; and paint costs so much these days. It wasn't his fault that he couldn't sell his pictures. He's a modernist and doesn't paint for fashion. I love him the more for it, but somehow it doesn't seem right for us to fall so low. There's something wrong with it; there's something wrong!

"For the first year we lived together and were happy. The money I had saved up lasted us until then. Then little Ethel came and I went to live with my parents. James couldn't support us both, you see. I saw him in the daytime, and though it was hard not to have him all the time, I consoled myself by thinking that it wouldn't be for long. I was confident that he would soon make a name for himself and sell his pictures.

"I had stopped posing, then, but when I saw him hard pressed I begged him to let me pose again and help him earn a living. He refused at first, saying that he would never let his wife work for his living; but later, when his debts weighed heavily, he consented, on the condition that I was to go only in the studios I knew well.

"Herman by this time, was doing better. He had sold some pictures and had a little studio apartment. He first offered me work at double price, and I took it. When James heard of it he was furious and made me take back all the money I had earned. Times have changed since then. Now James has to borrow money from Herman, and Herman gives it — for me. Only the other day I went to him, when James was out, and begged him for a loan for my children. We hadn't had anything to eat for two days, and we were freezing for want of fire. He lent it; it was only to-day that I learned that James had been just before me and borrowed forty dollars. All that had to go for paints. I'm not complaining, but Oh! it doesn't seem fair for things to be as they are! O God!

"I lived with my parents until — was it ten years ago? No, only one. Then little Dorothy came, and I had to leave. Father had lost some money and couldn't keep me any longer.

He didn't want to drive me out, but he had to. Three people were too many to support. We didn't come here first. In the begin'n'g we had two rooms in a bigger tenement. Then the rent fell due and the landlord kicked. We had to leave. Since then we have moved three times, each time to a worse place than the last. I don't know what the next move will be. The next move to this must be Hell, but we've got to go there, wherever it is. We haven't any money, and the rent is due."

The girl leaned forward, her beautiful eyes staring hard into space, and her lips moving as in a dream. You could hardly hear the words, so softly did she utter them.

"To-morrow the landlord will come and demand our rent. We have no money, nothing. We owe the grocer and the butcher. We owe the art store for material. We owe Herman three hundred dollars, and there is nothing to pay for anything. How long, God, must we live like this? How long must we suffer? Couldn't we go now? No, we have the children. We must live and suffer for them. The time isn't come when the world can forget what used to be happy little Bridie McVea."

The Spectator looked at her. Was this the creature who was christened the child of gladness, who used to see nothing but sunlight in the world? Was this the little model whose every line was a joy to artists? It was; or rather, it was her spectre, all that poverty had left of the loveliest child of God. A tear ran down the Spectator's wrinkled old face. He addressed her softly, fearful of jarring her.

"Child, Bridie,"—she raised her head quickly—"if you have any doubts concerning Herman, set them at rest. He has given of his bounty and he feels that none of his small efforts can help to repay the debt he owes you. You have been his life. You are still his hope. He is happy to help you, not only with his purse but with all that he possesses. Accept his gifts for his own sake. And as for me, here is all I can do for you. Take it for your children's sake, not for yourself."

She awoke to reality and perceived the check which the Spectator tendered her. She hesitated to take it. "It kills me to have to receive you like this. I was bred to a different life. But it's for James' sake, for his sake and for his Art's. I ought

to hate you and I ought to hate Herman for your charity, but I can't. I could almost love Herman but for James. That package you gave me, perhaps you don't know, was shoes for Ethel, and it hurts me to take them, too. But I'll have to do it. It must be."

She snatched the check from his hand, hid it in her bosom, and with a convulsive sob threw herself on the bed.

"Oh, God! It was Herman I loved and not James. Heaven pardon me — I've paid it. Why didn't you marry me, Herman? Why didn't you take me? I never really did love another — Oh! Why did I come to this?" Her baby escaped from her arms and rolled screaming onto the rough bed. Little Ethel stood wonderingly by, tears starting to her young eyelids.

Suddenly a footstep was heard on the stairway. The girl sat bolt upright and brushed the tears from her eyes. "You must go. My husband is coming. Hurry! Quick! And forget that you have ever seen me or heard my story — as for me, I can never forget."

As the Spectator quickly descended the stair he brushed against a heavy, unkempt man, who staggered by with a thick, alcoholic curse and toppled into the doorway of Bridie's room. And as he turned to watch the drink-sodden brute, he heard a cheerful female voice of greeting from within, "James!"

JUSTUS VANE

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FOUNDED 1854

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Editorial

We are met together, new men and old, to share the benefits of old Phillips Academy during another school year. Andover offers countless and boundless opportunities to all men entering her doors. A fellow can develop himself extensively in almost any field he chooses. If he is a student he has unsurpassed advantages for study and instruction. And not only may he study and gain a mere superficial knowledge of his subjects, but he has ample opportunity to acquire that higher refinement of thought and of idea which marks the true gentleman. And that is only a part. There is the great opportunity for physical development. Here we have true, clean American sport, such as exists in no institution in the world to a better degree. We have teams that are worth backing, not only because they are wonderful athletic machines, but because they are composed of men who will fight to the last ounce of their energy for the sake of honor and the unsullied Andover name. Then there are the social advantages, the chances to associate with the type of fellows who from the founding of our country have been known as Andover boys. There is the opportunity to form ideals which shall make us forever distinct among people as men. These are only a few of the avenues that stretch out before us; fresh ones open before us at every hand.

We are not defeated, nor is our star on the wane. This is going to be the biggest year since the beginning of Phillips

Academy history; a year that will always stand out as one of supreme success and achievement. If we, individually, want to draw benefit from this success, we must invest in it. We must put into it all the strength and good-will that we have, in order that we may have the biggest possible share in the proceeds. From a practical standpoint, then, the question lies before us. It is not, how much are we going to do for Andover, but how much are we going to let Andover do for us. We alone can tell. But the door of opportunity stands plainly open before us. Let us see to it that we pass it not by.

Exchanges

The *Mirror* acknowledges with thanks the following undergraduate publications: *The Exonian*, *The Smith College Monthly*, *The Yale Record*, *The Harvard Lampoon*, *The Cornell Era*, *The Williams Literary Monthly*, *The Bowdoin Quill*, *The Tome*, *The Blue and White*.

MAN CAN GET DRUNK EATING EASIER THAN HE CAN GET DRUNK DRINKING.—*American*.

“Whasha say! Lesh have some more pie!”—*Lampoon*

IVA LINE: “My dog is a regular blacksmith.”

IVAN OTHER: “How’s that?”

IVA LINE: “Why, when I kicked him the other day, he made a bolt for the door.”—*Widow*

MOTHER (to track coach): “I think running is very bad for the heart. I’d hate to have Willie run in an important race.”

COACH (dryly): “So would I.”—*Widow*

SOPH: “How does it happen you came to Harvard? I thought your father was a Yale man.

FRESH: “He was. He wanted me to go to Yale; I wanted to go to Princeton. We had an argument, and he finally told me to go to H—l.—*Record*

FAIR MAIDEN (espying a man lifeless in the snow): "Oh, George! is he dead or drunk?"

GEORGE (recognizing roommate): "Both, my love."—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern*

"Can I get off to-morrow, Boss, for a wedding?"

"Do you have to go?"

"I'd like to — I'm the bridegroom.— *Life*

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Dreams of War

A HISTORICAL NOVELTY

THREE MILES from the small village of Weisenhorn, in Southern Bavaria was located a small, typical German farmer's homestead. It was situated about twenty paces back from the road, in the midst of a veritable garden. A two-foot border of vivid red, orange-yellow, and snow-white tulips surrounded the farm-house and the path leading up to the house from the roadway. In the front yard were two diminutive groves, one an apple orchard, the other, made up of pear and peach trees. Guarding the front door of the small dwelling were two tall fir trees. Behind the house lay six acres of cultivated land. Beets had been planted in one part, wheat and corn in another, three acres were given to the growing of potatoes, and another acre, all fenced in, was devoted to the raising of kine and swine. Frederick Wilhelm Acher der Dritte lived in the homestead with his young bride, his wife's mother, and his own father. As yet he had no children. Daily Frederick carried the produce of his small farm to market.

In the tiny village, really nothing more than an overgrown hamlet, situated about thirty miles southeast of Ulm, an excited crowd, composed of farmers, townspeople, so called through courtesy, and the burgomaster, had gathered before the bulletin board. The day was *the* Saturday, August the first, 1914. Germany had declared war on Russia. Germany would win. Germany should win. When Acher arrived, twenty voices cried out the news, the owner of each voice striving to make himself understood. Wilhelm understood. Without a word, without even having sold his truck, he turned homeward. *Der Tag* had come, and with it, the holocaust.

The days passed quickly; each brought new reports. Some told of the death of native youths, others brought wounded soldiers, and one notable day, Brursen, the son of Frederick's neighbor, came home with the Iron Cross — but without his legs. At last the 45th Bavarian Reserve Corps' time came. The notice was read by the town crier, a venerable old man who had lost his right arm and left leg in the war of 1870. There were twenty hearts that beat faster when the owners heard the shrill voice of the old veteran. Acher was one of the owners.

The next day, after the burgomaster had blessed them this valiant band set out for Ulm, the concentration depot, where they were to meet their future comrades-in-arms, the remainder of the gallant 45th. For two days they rested at Ulm, then the entire corps was marched to the railroad yards. The company from Weisenhorn was lucky. It secured a car formerly used for horses. Frederick, or Fritz, as his companions called him, with three others had an entire box-stall to themselves, where they played pinochle all the way to Allenstein in East Prussia. Here their voyage by train amid luxurious hay, straw and dirt ended, and their march began.

Von Hindenburg had already smashed the Russian advance by the battle of Tannenberg, and the retreating foe had already crossed, nor, however, without great loss, the Mansurian lakes and swamps, and were now in full flight through their own villages of Mlana, Kolno, and Angustow. As the Bavarians marched through Prtelsburg they caught their first horrible glimpse of war's ravages. There a band of Russian foragers had sacked the village; then, after having committed indescribable ferocities, they had burned it to the ground. When the 45th marched through, the Russian villages of Vincenta, Warsocz, and Radzilow, they saw the same thing that they had seen in Prussian villages time and again. At Trostiany a young peasant mother with her babe in her arms begged for "Klep! chorny klep! bweta klep!" The youthful mother looked so like Fritz's own wife that he was forced to imagine his own dearest one begging for bread, black bread.

Suddenly a loud throbbing was heard in the air. A green signal lit up the skies for an instant; a red, spluttering thing

dropped at Acher's feet. He picked it up, and after putting out the red torch attached to it, carried it to his captain, who handed the little oilskin package to the colonel. The latter, after hastily tearing open the envelope and reading the contents, gave orders to the men to dig trenches, because, as he said, the enemy, heavily reinforced by artillery, were about to make a desperate stand. So for two hours the men labored, until, even in that cold Russian winter, beads of sweat stood out on their faces. Then they fell into the newly-dug trenches absolutely exhausted.

To Acher it seemed as if he had barely lain down before all his weariness left him; the cold, crisp air changed into a mild breeze, and the blisters that had been hurting him for days while he was on the march, had been made well. Just at that moment the Russian beggar woman, who had made such an impression on him, came and beckoned him to follow her. He could not help himself; he followed, head down, seeing nothing, as if he were walking in the midst of a cloud.

For an age he traveled in this strange fashion. Then the landscape grew familiar. He knew instinctively that he was within a few miles of Weisenhorn.

But was that dull red glow he saw on the horizon? Smoke and flames leaped where he knew the village stood. He ran forward as fast as his legs could carry him. Oh! how his lungs ached! Was there nothing but smoke to the atmosphere? Suddenly he saw the main street of the ill-fated town. Where was his wife? Where were his parents? His new-born babe whom he had not yet seen? He must save them from this holocaust if he could!

He is stumbling up the main street now. Thank heavens! His trim little cottage is untouched by the flames! He runs to the door. It is locked. Pull! pull harder! harder yet! The door holds. He stumbles to the side. He will open a window, climb in, and save his loved ones! At the window his knees weaken, and utterly exhausted he sinks to the ground. His head catches on the window-sill. He looks through the pane.

Merciful heavens! Can such things be! The room is full of Cossacks! They plunder everything in sight! Things once

dear to Wilhelm's heart lie strewn in confusion on the floor. The baby, his own, his very own, whom God has denied him the pleasure of seeing alive, lies dead, its brains beaten out by the corner of the table. His father is dead, his heart pierced by a bayonet. The mother of his adoption is tied to a chair. His wife, Liza, stands in the corner, gagged and bound, a helpless witness of the enemy's looting.

The house is fired. The Cossacks leave. Fritz tries to go to the rescue. His legs refuse to move, his voice to shout. The roof falls in. Soon all will fall in. There is a horrible cracking noise. The burning timbers crash to the ground, pinning him to the earth.

His voice was restored to him. With a terrible shout Frederick awoke. The cold sweat stood out on his forehead and chills ran up and down his back. A shell hitting the rampart had thrown a mass of dirt and debris on the poor man. With a great effort he dragged himself from the wreckage and leapt high into the air, his eyes bloodshot, his face distorted, yelling to the powers of light and darkness against the Cossacks!

There was a brief cry of "A madman! A madman!" The young lieutenant raised his pistol and fired. Frederick Acher fell lifeless to the ground.

* * * * *

Three weeks later Liza Acher received by mail a little card, telling her that she was no longer a *frau* but a *wittfrau*. It read as follows:

Private Frederick W. Acher III
(45th Bavarian Reserve Corps)

Died of fever resulting from over-exposure at the front.

J. R., II

Two of a Kind

THE VOLTAIRE, situated in the most exclusive and wealthiest part of a most exclusive and wealthy city, was the quintessence of the word "smart". Built by architects who were themselves to be numbered in the elite, it was equipped with every accommodation, including two magnificent ballrooms and a luxurious swimming-pool, to make the rich man forget that there was such a thing as one's own home. Its motto, or rather, its requirement, was "Money first, smartness a close second." Accordingly, its patrons were those whose fortunes were counted in the millions, and whose brains were not counted at all.

Among the people to whom The Voltaire was a permanency, the Lantoys stood as the nearest approach to the personification of its motto. Five years before, their father and mother had been killed in a motor accident; the brother and sister were the only children left and, in consequence, a huge fortune was divided between them. The father's will had stated that this division was not to be made unless they agreed to live together for five years after his death; this period was now nearly at an end — in fact, only two weeks remained before they were at liberty to separate — a proceeding over which neither felt any particular sorrow. To be considered smart was one of their ambitions, if that may be called an ambition, but to choose between the two words "smart" and "fast", the majority of their friends and acquaintances would have given all odds to "fast".

Although they maintained a sumptuous suite of rooms in The Voltaire, they spent the greater part of the time away from the hotel, indulging in every form of amusement. On the first night of the remaining two weeks, Evelyn Lantoy had retired at an early hour, as the result of a dance at which everybody had been invited to stay to breakfast. A slight headache, however, kept her awake until after midnight, and just as she was about to fall asleep, she heard a key crash against the lock-plate of the living-room door. She slipped out of bed into a silken kimono, pushed open the door connecting her boudoir with the main living-room, and listened carefully.

Cr-rash! This time the key shot into the hole. Evelyn switched on the light. "Steve Lantoy!" she cried. At least, what had once been Steve, stood before her. With his silk hat over one ear, his collar and tie gone, pleated shirt covered with futurist stains, and a weak, genial look on his handsome face, her brother, Steve, presented a ludicrous appearance.

"Is thish the poleesh stayshun?" he demanded thickly, when she had shut the door behind him.

"Steven Lantoy, where *have* you been?"

"Becaush if it ish you can't arres' me. I'm not dhunk — I'm just intoxshicated!"

"Steve! Did you hear my question?"

"You ask where I been — there's the question. I been intoxshicated — there's the ansher. Simple, isn't it!" and he put his head on one side and smiled weakly at Evelyn.

"You've been to Halli's again!" she fired at him.

"That reminsh me. Lemme tell you good one I heard to-night. Feller said if Halli could drive a racin' car as fasht as he runsh hish place, he'd break the world'sh record. Ish' nat a good one?" He leaned against the door, helpless with drunken glee.

"Yes, and Halli's is ruining you, all right!" snapped Evelyn.

"Me? I'm in the pink of fishical condition," he asserted with a deprecating gesture.

"As far as I can see, your nose is the only thing that's in the pink of 'fishical condition,'" mocked Evelyn; and tired of questioning him, she removed his hat and coat, and finally got him into his own room.

When she peeped in next morning she could hardly suppress a smile. On each side of his bureau a shoe was carefully tied to the light fixture, his coat was hanging from one corner of an expensive painting, and a beautiful bust of Napoleon looked rather hilarious with Steve's silk hat drooping over one eye.

Knowing that by now her brother had recovered his reasoning faculties, Evelyn proceeded to hold a long and serious talk with him. The outcome of it all was that Steve promised not to visit Halli's again until the two weeks had expired. He stuck to this promise with surprising tenacity until there were left

only three days of the required time. On the first of these three days, however, at breakfast, Steve became very much excited over something in his morning paper. "Say Ev, listen to this!" he cried. "'On December 25, there will be given at Halli's a huge masque ball. Everybody is invited, and prizes will be given for the most original and tasteful costumes. The price of admission, ten dollars, includes everything for the evening. No one admitted without a fancy-dress costume. Music by Machiavelli's orchestra and Karlsruhe's band.' Wow!" shouted Steve, springing from his chair and fox-trotting madly around the table. "Say, can't you see me there now sliding around to that Siberian music!"

"Sit down," replied Evelyn calmly. "You aren't going."

"I'd like to know why not!" exploded Steve in the midst of a difficult step that nearly upset his coffee.

"Well, it's the last night of your exile from Halli's, and the eve of our separation. So there!"

"Oh, Evey dear, have a heart for just this once, and let me go!" pleaded Steve, and leaning over, pretended he was about to kiss her, but at the last moment skilfully extracted from her fingers the best part of a delicious buttered roll.

Evelyn, however, was inexorable, and turned a deaf ear to all her brother's pleadings and promises. When Steve saw that it was of no avail to beg her, he resolved to go anyway. "How will she know whether I'm there or not?" he assured himself, and began to make preparations at once for the ball.

He ordered a costume that day and had it sent to his club without any suspicion from Evelyn. The costume, designed and made up by an artist in this line, was unique. A tightly-fitting suit of black satin, relieved at the wrists and throat by snatches of filmy lace, a black satin skullcap cleverly joined to a thin rubber mask of the same hue, and curiously-pointed slippers also of black satin, made the wearer a decidedly conspicuous figure.

To anybody who was anybody at all, Halli's represented the superlative in every form of pleasure. In the dim ages, it had been a commonplace enough little cafe — like any other in town; but when Halli took possession, all was changed.

Through many stages of tearing down and building up, there evolved a modern palace of pleasure, a palace, the foundation of which composed the ultra wealthy of the great city. Magnificence was the keynote of Halli's, and in every room, from the two huge ballrooms to the exquisitely-furnished gaming-rooms, the emphasis was noticeable.

When Steve arrived, the ball was just beginning to get momentum, and the first thing he knew he found himself in the midst of the whirl. The superb combination of Steve's figure and costume never left him without a partner, and occasionally he was obliged to choose from two or three.

When the babel of colors and conversation was at its loudest, and when dancing-space was smallest, Steve saw coming in, a girl who made him catch his breath.

Tall, dressed in a wonderful gown of black chiffon with a black hood and mask, the slanted eye-holes of which gave its wearer an appearance unmistakably *mechant*, the newcomer stood forth in strange contrast to the brightly-costumed revellers around her.

"Wouldn't we make a pair together, though!" thought Steve, and leaving his partner at the first opportunity, he dodged his way rapidly through the maze of dancers towards the girl in black.

"May I have the pleasure of this dance?" he requested, with a formal little bow. She looked up at him and nodded her head in assent, and he marvelled at the glitter of her eyes through the narrow, Oriental-like slits in the mask. But he was to marvel more. He had danced with countless girls, had taken prizes with many in various competitions, but he knew that he was dancing with the most wonderful of them all. To dance with one who understands your slightest inclination, who can read your next thought almost as soon as it passes through your own mind, is to dance forever.

Many eyes followed that pair around the floor, many looks of admiration were bestowed upon the two in black, and finally they were called upon to give an exhibition dance. Refreshed by frequent visits to miniature sideboards, ingeniously concealed in diminutive alcoves around the ballroom, and fired by the

admiration from so many, Steve and his partner performed some truly wonderful dancing. The great room resounded again and again to the sound of thunderous applause, and the favored pair bowed in graceful acknowledgment and retired from the floor for a breathing-spell.

"Are you tired?" inquired Steve solicitously of his mysterious partner. She nodded. "Let's go to the Red Room for a little tete-a-tete," he suggested. Again she nodded and rising they made their way toward a small palm-garden at the lower end of the ballroom.

The Red Room was the sanctum of Halli's. It was designed for Halli's most intimate friends, and among these Steve was especially favored. Pushing through the palms and flowers, the pair stopped in front of a heavy oaken door, in the center of which was a curious coat of arms wrought in silver. Steve reached up and struck it several sharp blows, which were accompanied by a muffled click, and the door swung open — to shut noiselessly when they had stepped in. A small but merry group, shouting and laughing, rushed to meet them. "Everybody who comes in must unmask!" cried a pretty girl in the lead.

"You take yours off first!" said Steve.

"That's not fair. You take *yours* off first!" replied the girl in black.

"I'll count one, two, three, and you both take them off at the same time," volunteered the pretty girl. "Ready! One-two-three!"

"Steve!"

"Evelyn!"

"B. N. TING"

Autumn

The call of quail and partridge now rings clear;
From dawn till dusk the leaves come pattering down.
The ancient hills are proud in bright display
Of yellow, red, and brown.

A yellow winter moon looks coldly down;
The wind moans gently through the pine tree's crest
The bleak and dreary landscape seems to shrink
Before the shivering blast.

Across the great salt marshes to the south
The strings of ducks and geese begin to fly.
Their daily cries resound across the waste,
Beneath a leaden sky.

The ceaseless ocean gnaws upon the coasts;
The white-winged seagulls throng the shores once more.
Across the lonely dunes the chill winds sweep
Upon a barren shore.

V. C. HEILNER

The Phantom Canoe

IN the eastern section of New Jersey is the little town of Asbury Park, a pleasant place, offering many advantages not to be found elsewhere. There I have spent the past nine summers. At the very edge of the town is located a certain inland body of water known as Deal Lake. This is, in itself, a thing of mystery. No one has ever discovered its source; some hold that it is fed by other lakes, whose existence is unknown: others that it is fed by underground springs; but nobody is able to learn positively. Whatever may be its origin, it extends for some miles back into the country, is beautiful to a degree, and is deep enough to warrant care when one is upon it. Its environs are of great historical interest, for upon its banks frequent battles were waged during the Revolutionary war. Many a day have I devoted to exploring its wooded shores, and with every part I am familiar: Loch Arbour, Deal, Interlaken, Avondale, Edington, and Wanamassa. But of these the last-named had always been of greatest charm to me because of the legend told of it.

This legend declares that there came to Wanamassa a band of Colonial soldiers, bringing with them a certain Hessian who had been proved a spy. Short and grim had been the court-martial. They were enraged, infuriated, by the despicable crime of this cringing, terrified wretch, who begged them, on his knees, for mercy. He was dragged cowering to the crest of the sloping bank a hundred yards from the inexorable set of executioners, who waited only for the word of their captain. The doomed spy, glancing about him, saw, just below, a canoe, left there by some Indian ally to the Americans. A condemned man grasps at any chance, however remote. With a sudden bound he was over the edge of this incline. Down to the water he rolled, and leaping into the canoe, seized the paddle and pushed off into mid-stream. But he was not destined to escape. Before he could draw out of range, one of the soldiers, quicker than his fellows, gained the edge of the bank, and, raising his musket to his shoulder, fired. Night had begun to thicken, and the swiftly-moving canoe made a difficult mark, but the trained eye gauged speed and distance perfectly. The weapon

cracked, and the figure in the canoe rose to its feet, wavered, and toppled over the side, while the bark craft drifted on and on, and out of sight. All this took place nearly two hundred years ago, but the spirit of the Hessian is to be seen every night after sunset — a figure all in white, desperately paddling a white canoe.

So runs the legend of Wanamassa, and it is devoutly believed by the simple folks of the neighborhood, who aver stoutly that it is as true as Holy Writ, and who shun the vicinity of the lake, after nightfall, as one would avoid a pestilence. I have always ridiculed these "nocturnal myths", and was incredulous when first I heard this fanciful tale, but I have had convincing proof of the foundation on which the story rests. It came about in this way.

In early September with the summer drawing to a close and much leisure mine, I had chosen a particularly fine afternoon for further exploration of the extreme boundaries of the lake. I was heedless of the time, and night came upon me unawares and wearied, for I had paddled far beyond Wanamassa in my zealous wanderings. Warned by the failing light, I made my way back to my canoe, and began hastily to paddle, for every evidence of an approaching storm was to be seen. Never had I worked as I did then to lend greater speed to the craft; which, though light as down, seemed to drag as I bent to the dripping paddle. For nearly an hour I paddled steadily before I saw the welcome promontory of Wanamassa, a blot against the graying sky. But now the dreaded storm was upon me. Even as I leaned forward to note my watch, a great jagged streak of lightning rent the sky above, and a vicious peal of thunder boomed out. With an inward curse at the thought of my negligence, and of the comfortable hotel miles distant, I turned the canoe into a tiny bay, and securing my canoe by imbedding my paddle in the soft mud, I awaited the storm.

The wait was brief. Another long, deafening peal of thunder, a second blinding streak of lightning, and the tempest broke. I have seen many storms, but never one to resemble this. Scarcely a stone's throw from me a great beech was struck and shattered by a bolt, and the awful concussion shook the earth behind me.

For what seemed an eternity, I lay there, deluged by the great drops, whose force stung as they struck furiously upon my body, too terrified even to realize that the storm was abating. Gradually the drops became fewer, the sky cleared, and the rumble of the thunder grew less distinct. It is a peculiar anomaly that one invariably finds himself angered after experiencing great fright. Thus was I, and grasping the paddle, I freed it, and made ready to leave. Suddenly my attention was arrested by something moving out from the shadowy bank across the water. Who might it be? Surely no fellow-wanderer was abroad at this hour. I gazed earnestly, at first in curiosity, then in surprise, then in awe. For the canoe which bore toward me made no sound — there was no plash as the long paddle struck the water. The moon had risen, and the canoe was nearing the brightly-lighted space of open water. Nearer, nearer it came, and then — I saw it?

It was of strange design, high in the bow and stern, and decorated with some grotesque symbol, but most appalling of its oddities — it was white, as was its solitary occupant. The face was turned full upon me, and upon it was an expression such as no mortal face ever wore. The eyes glared, the mouth was agape, the scanty hair flew back from the low forehead. These details ground themselves into my brain almost instantaneously. The unreal craft had moved hardly two hundred feet when the ghastly figure turned, looked back over his shoulder as though he were seeking pursuers; then he seemed to double his mad stroke. Of a sudden he stopped, rose slowly, and toppled into the water, which enveloped him noiselessly, as if he were of it! The canoe bobbed on and on till lost to view, the moon shone brilliantly upon the dancing waters, and nothing remained of the apparition.

I take it that I am no more cowardly than most people, but I confess freely that I fled from that place as though I were followed by all the powers of evil. I had seen the notorious spectre of Wanamassa, the phantom canoe?

J. P. BOWERS

"Yellow"

A ONE-ACT PLAY

CHARACTERS

CURTIS LEPAGE, a college football player, "yellow".

GEORGE NEVERIN, his room-mate, captain of the team, "steel".

[SCENE:— A college boy's room. Semi-darkness at the rise of curtain, lit only by street lights outside. A band playing a stirring college march goes past, then the noise dies away. A step is heard outside. LePage enters, throws hat and coat down, then goes to window, looking down into street. His whole attitude is of dejection and humiliation. Finally he rouses himself, shrugs his shoulders, and turns on the light. He is a big, good-looking fellow of twenty-two or three years, with stern face for his age. Stands a moment, lost again in thought, then drops into a chair.]

LEPAGE: Yellow! (*Brings his hand over his eyes as if to shut out some unpleasant sight*). Yellow! And to-morrow I'll have to go out — and be looked at and talked about — and ridiculed! What have I done to bring it about? Nothing! Nothing? Is dodging to one side to save your neck from getting broken, something for which to be completely ostracized? I was sick anyway — ought never to have gone into the game — and here I am now — branded! branded! Oh, isn't there any way to get out of it? [*A short silence*]. Have I got to stay here and be the goat of the whole place from now on? No, I won't — I won't. I'll do something to clear myself — something! If we had won, it might not have been so bad, but — oh! the game was lost on account of me — me — yellow! (*Springs from his chair and walks up and down the room excitedly*.) I'll go away at once. I won't stay here any longer! I'm no good now, anyway—— (*Sinks into a chair; his head drops lower and lower, as though he were falling asleep. A firm knock arouses him. Raises his head and calls:*) Come in!

(*The door opens and Neverin enters. He has a thoroughly tired and disheartened appearance and drops down on the window-*

seat in quiet weariness, looking steadily at Lepage, who has not stirred. At last.)

NEVERIN: Well?

(No answer. Lepage still sits motionless, his hands under his chin).

NEVERIN *(louder)*: Curt!

(Lepage turns his face in Neverin's direction, gazes at him steadily, then turns toward him, still in his chair.)

LEPAGE: I haven't done such a dreadfully disgraceful thing, have I, George? Tell me; say something anyway, for Heaven's sake! Was it such an important play, George; was it? George, I didn't tell you before the game how sick I was. I couldn't keep from entering when it was so near. And I thought I was all right when we started playing. And then when I saw Harvard's big husk coming down on me — I — I — *dodged*. And now the whole place is whispering and jeering at my name because the game was lost instead of won, as it ought to have been, through *me*! How can I go out on the street to-morrow? *(Neverin is motionless, still keeping his eyes fixed on his room-mate's face.)* Say something, George, for Heaven's sake, say something. Tell me I'm all sorts of a fool, but *say something*!

NEVERIN *(curtly)*: I haven't much to say, Lepage.

LEPAGE *(cringing at the appellation)*: No, no, not that, George, not that! I'm still Curt, anyway. I've got the right to hold that, haven't I? Oh, *say something*!

NEVERIN *(rises, goes over to Lepage and sets a hand on his shoulder)*: I don't know what's inside you, Lepage, but there seems to be a good, big, real yellow streak; *(Lepage shudders)* and I hope it will be thoroughly gotten out in course of time. I don't think the lightest man on the team would have done what you did to-day. I never suspected you'd fail, Curt, I thought you were pure steel all through. But I guess there's a cast-iron streak somewhere, which is too weak to let you play the man game long. But don't think that I'm entirely alienated from you forever, Lepage; if you can show me that you're a real guy and not yellow, I'll like you just as much as ever. But now I guess you'd better not expect too much from me — or anyone

else, in fact, for a while, until this—has worn off a bit. (*Turns his back, his hands in his pockets. Lepage glances at him, shaking his head despairingly.*)

LEPAGE (*as if to himself*): What will Hilda and mother think of me? Oh, I'm glad there are no more to know my failure. Mother may not see it to be so bad, anyway, but Hilda—well, she loves me too much to let it make much difference. She's a lot like a sister in some respects and a lot like a mother in others. She may be merciful—— (*To Neverin*) George! (*Neverin turns*) George, you've known Hilda as long as I have, and what—what do you think she'll say to this—thing?

NEVERIN (*dryly*): I don't care to think, Lepage. Hilda is broad-minded, but there are some things she wouldn't go, and this is one. I'm sure of that.

(*Lepage, crushed by his answer, droops lower in his chair, then murmurs a few words, muffled and scarcely distinguishable.*)

LEPAGE: Well, there's one thing I'm thankful for. I'm glad dad and brother are dead. They would have wanted to see me make a big success in college—instead of *this*; and I don't know what it would have done to them. So there's only mother and Hilda. I'm glad of that—glad of that—— (*Neverin, as though eternally pursued by the thought of Lepage's failure, turns upon him again, his face hard and cold.*)

NEVERIN: Did you hear Harvard's band go by? Did you? Did you? Well, it would have been our band if you hadn't gone yellow! And you know that, Lepage, you know that! (*Lepage, thoroughly infuriated in a despairing way, rises and thrusts forward at Neverin, his hands grappling.*)

LEPAGE: *D—n you, shut up!* (*Reaches his throat and chokes him, then suddenly lets go and backs against the wall, cowering. Neverin, white and trembling, stands clinging to the mantel, his eyes bulging out at Lepage. His breath comes in quick gasps as he speaks.*)

NEVERIN: Be careful of yourself—old man. Don't let your feelings get away with you like that—again. It's—it's dangerous, Lepage.

LEPAGE: You made me, you —— (*helplessly*) Oh, it's all a nightmare — all this — a glaring nightmare, and pretty soon I'll wake up. Of course it's not real. (*Then with a quick, high sob*) No! No, it's all too real and hard. I'll never, never wake! (*There's a knock on the door. Neverin goes to the door, takes a coin from his pocket and then returns, telegram in hand. Tears it open, reads it, then grows pale.*)

NEVERIN: I guess there must have been some mistake, Curt; this is for you, but, but — (*He hesitates, confused*). You'd better sit down in that chair. (*Wonderingly, Lepage obeys.*) Now can you take a big blow like a man — Curt?

LEPAGE (*strained and anxious*): Yes, George, what is it?

NEVERIN (*reads*): "Mother and Hilda Fenwick killed in train wreck. Come to Auburn at once."

(*Lepage, very white, remains motionless a moment, then, with a swift, cowering gesture, throws his arms about his head and falls forward onto the table near which he sits. There is a long silence. Neverin finally drops the paper and turns to the window, embarrassed. Then Lepage raises a ghost-like face and points toward the door. Summoning up all the strength in him, he utters two words.*)

LEPAGE: Just go.

(*Mechanically, Neverin obeys, shutting the door tight behind him. Another shorter silence. Then Lepage rises, stiffened and old. With unsteady steps he crosses the room towards the mantle, broken.*)

LEPAGE: I said I was glad father and Dan were dead. I was. Now there's no one. (*Laughs.*) No one! No one to know my disgrace. How nice — how convenient! Ha-ha! Ha-ha! (*Like a crazy thing he flings his arms about him, raving, wild-eyed*) No one left — no one! And the only ones who know it now are the fellows here. It isn't such an awful thing anyway, this being yellow, compared with —— (*Stops, struck by the hideousness of the tragedy again. Turns about, panting.*) Mother! Hilda! Gone — both gone! Gone! No one left! No friends here — no friends anywhere! Alone! (*The last atom of mental and physical strength squeezed from him, he falls forward on his knees before the window-sill, face downward. His whole body tears and wrenches*

itself in an agony of strangling sobs. His fingers close tightly over the silk window curtains. For a long time he kneels thus, then rises again, still ghastly in face and carriage. He begins to talk as though continuing a long monologue). Only one way left. A blessing — a heavenly blessing. All — everything, every pain gone in an instant — and then, darkness. Yes, it is the only thing to do, and I'll do it now. It's so easy — so very easy — just a little pull at the trigger, and then — happiness! Joy! Joy! Oh, blessed quietness! (Eager, trembling, he rushes into the next room and returns with a bright pistol and a box of cartridges. Loads the revolver and walks toward the window). Here — here where the grinning, happy fools can see me fall. Here where I can curse the whole city when I go — and oh, it will be good! If there is a Heaven I'll see Hilda, and even if there isn't — it will be better than this place here. Nothing here to live for — oh, why live? It's so easy — so very easy. I can almost see Hilda now, out there in the street lights — and there's mother, out there, too! Strange that they should be there — very strange! But now I must stop talking and do it. It's so easy — so very, very easy. Only a little pull and then it's all over — then let them jeer! Let them say yellow all they want; it won't matter by that time. How much peace you gain by it, and how much pain you get rid of! It's so easy — so easy —. Now, all ready! (Straightens himself, pistol to his head, one hand outstretched to the city below). Jeer! Jeer! I don't care, I'm going to be free very soon! It's so easy, you know, so very easy! So — (He stops as if frozen. Then very slowly he lets down the pistol and turns about). They call me — yellow! (Glances again at the pistol, shakes his head). No! (Fretfully). It's so easy! (Looks again at the pistol, then puts it on the table. Then he squares his shoulders with a brave, free gesture. His voice has gained its resonance. Color floods his face again. Takes the pistol and empties it. Royally he raises his head). No! They — call — me ! yellow! Am I? (Exalted, he throws wide his arms as if to challenge the world).

CURTAIN

F. H. DOWD

“He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last”

IT was a beautiful Italian sunset. The sky was all aglow with ever-changing colors, and the low Alban hills rose mistily above the horizon. As the sun sank lower, the heavens blushed deeper, till at last only faint tints of red could be seen. Night descended over the city of Rome. In the Via Nazionale and the gay Corso lights flickered into being, and soon all thoroughfares were thronged with a crowd on pleasure bent.

Over on the slopes of the Quirinal all was dark. The plain stuccoed fronts and the windows with their heavy blinds, presented a mournful aspect to the chance pedestrian. Yet, if his eyes were keen, he might have discovered through the cracks of the windows a wanton ray of light, that betrayed the presence of man within, and suggested the existence of a whole Roman household. And if he had been of an evesdropping disposition, he might have perceived through the chinks of one of these buildings an interior to arrest his attention.

The general tone of the room was rich old brown. Furniture of ancient Italian walnut was scattered tastefully about. Antique armour and bronze medallions decked the tapestried walls, while rich carpets from the sunny East deadened the tread underfoot. At one end of the room was a large desk, piled with correspondence, and littered with antique specimens of various sorts. Above it blazed a Venetian glass chandelier, the only one of the three in the room that was lighted. Directly beneath its rays and behind the desk sat a young man, absorbed in thought. Before him stood a cabinet photograph of a girl, at which he glanced intermittently. In the lower corner was written the brief but comprehensive message: “From Pauline to Jack”.

Jack Gibson was a young curio collector. He had spent the greater part of his life amassing the wealth of art that surrounded him. Yet, for all his treasures, he would not have given a groat, when he thought of Pauline Blanchard. “Queer,” he mused, “how it happened. When I went on that yacht party with Pauline, I had no idea that there’d be such a disturbance. Public opinion certainly is a dangerous thing, but I can thank

it with all my heart for giving *her* to me. I wonder what became of the poor devil she was engaged to. Kind of rough on him, and — oh, well, I should worry, anyway. It's the survival of the fittest, that works out in the end. Next week Pauline and I will be married. I don't care what happens after that."

He was interrupted by a sharp knock at the door. "*Entrez,*" he called. The door slid open and disclosed a tall, dark stranger, who directed his eyes at young Gibson. The stranger opened the conversation.

"I have a letter of introduction, here, from Signor Mussini, who informs me that you are an authority in my own particular field of Roman antiquities." He handed him a letter.

Gibson took it, and after glancing at it carefully, raised his eyes with new interest at his visitor. "Aha! So this is Mr. Milton Baleau. I'm glad to see you, sir. Sit down, and we'll have a chat on some of these statuettes which I have just discovered. They are of unique interest, I believe, and were dug up only recently in some ruins in the Campagna." The two men sat down, and with collectors' zeal began to discuss matters of mutual interest.

Thus they rambled on for some time from topic to topic. Once Gibson noticed the other examining Pauline's photograph on the desk. "That's my fiancée," he explained.

"A fine-looking girl," Mr. Baleau answered.

Finally the latter divulged the real object of his mission "I have discovered a secret catacomb!"

"What! Really?"

"Yes. It is hard to believe, and all the more incredible since it is not far from the city's walls. Up to now, no one but myself has known of its existence. I have made several explorations, and am convinced that it contains objects of supreme value. Here, for example, is a specimen which I found. You see it is of no little worth." He produced a tiny clay statuette from a package in his pocket and handed it to Gibson.

As the latter took it, his eyes lighted up with the gleam of a true curio hunter. "By George! it looks like the real thing! Do you think there are many more like this?"

"I'm sure of it," returned Baleau, and I'm going to take you into my confidence. I want you to accompany me on a trip to the place to-morrow night. Are you with me?"

"Wait a minute. I can't tell yet. Yes, I can; hang it all, I'll postpone that date with Henry till the next night. Where shall I meet you?"

"You'd better postpone it longer than that. When we once get to work in that catacomb, you won't want to stop for some time. The treasures in there are something wonderful, I tell you! But to-morrow night I want you to meet me without fail at the old church on the Appian Way. Does it suit you?"

"It does, and I only wish it were to-night."

The visitor rose and departed.

On the next evening, shortly after nine o'clock, two men walked rapidly along the old Roman highway. They came to a little crossroads and turned into a field. Baleau walked carefully over the ground till his feet struck a crumbly pile of masonry that just emerged from the ground. He knelt down and felt with his hands until they found a plank. This he raised and revealed beneath a yawning cavity. Here, he said, was the entrance to the catacomb. He drew forth from his pocket a flashlight, and handed it to Gibson.

"Take this," he said, "and hang onto it. I've got mine in my pocket."

They descended, feet first, into the cavity and found themselves in a subterranean cavern, cut into solid tufa rock. From it radiated black passageways, each like the gaping mouth of some monster. Baleau fastened the end of a ball of twine to a cleft in the wall. Then he plunged into one of the mouths, allowing the string to unwind behind him. Gibson followed, and shortly the two were examining with wonder the intricate corridors and chambers of the catacomb. Up and down they went, winding through dismal passages, that branched off on every side into unknown vaults and caverns. It would have been impossible to keep their bearings had it not been for the thread which formed their only connection with the outside world. Here and there they stopped to examine an interesting

chamber, or pry into one of the sealed coffins in the living rock of the walls. Once they stumbled over a pile of bones lying on the uneven floor of a vault. Baleau stooped to inspect them.

"Some poor fellow who got lost in here. Notice how the rats have eaten the bones. If one were lost in these corridors, the chances are that he would be devoured alive by the swarms of these rodents!" He rose, and as he did so, the flashlight escaped his grasp and fell to the floor, where its glass and bulb were shattered.

"Confound it! That's gone! Let me take yours, Gibson, until we get out of here. I just want to show you one more room before we go. It's the one that contains the statuettes of which I showed you a sample."

They stepped within and fell to examining a shelf full of the crude clay ornaments which Baleau indicated. When they had finished, and both had filled their collection-bags, Baleau spoke.

"Have you ever tried turning off your light while in a catacomb?"

"No," replied the other.

"Well, it gives one the queerest sensation in the world. I'll turn off the switch for a few seconds to let you see how it feels." So saying, he turned off the light, and they were in utter darkness.

"Turn it on! Turn it on! The darkness is so dense you can almost feel it!" cried Gibson.

In the darkness Baleau moved to the door of the cavern, and when he spoke his voice had a tone of bitter mockery. "No. Since you seem to be so fond of adventure, I'm going to leave you here to find your way out as best you can. I am the fellow to whom Miss Blanchard was engaged before that yachting trip of yours. Good-night, Mr. Gibson. My respects to your bride, next week." His footsteps passed swiftly down the corridor, and Gibson was left alone, dazed, bewildered, to shriek his despair at the unhearing walls of stone.

GEORGE E. COOK

By the Fireside

As embers glisten burning low,
And phantoms play amid the glow,
The mind would wander far away
From trouble and the strife of day,
To sweeter shores:

Some Eldorado's fairy ground,
Where flowers bloom the whole year round:
Where lips of sunshine kiss the deep,
Translucent sea, and soothe with sleep
The ocean's roar.

Oh, happy isle, where joy and grief
Are harmonized beyond belief,
My soul to thee with languor cries
To dwell beneath thy fairy skies
And ever stay!

Oh, land where cares and sadness fade,
Where souls find solace undismayed,
Where struggling hearts may sleep in peace,
And from the torturing conflict cease,
For e'er and aye!

The fairy phantoms flare and leap,
Then,— darkness hushes into sleep
The mellow glow. The silver shore
Has vanished to appear no more,—
And I'm alone.

ARTHUR KNOWLES

My Orient Maiden

MY friend Ranstrom dropped in at the club on Fleet Street, one dreary afternoon, when a thick fog enveloped London like a pall. "Say, Tom, what about a little hunting trip?" he said.

"All right," said I; "where were you thinking of going? Up in Northern Scotland?"

"Northern Scotland nothing," he snorted. "Why, man, I'm after real game. I mean tiger-hunting in India. Are you with me?"

"Nothing would suit me better," I said; "when are you going?"

"The first of the week "

"All right, I'll be ready."

Thus in a few moments I had made an engagement that was afterwards to play an important part in my life. The rest of the week I spent in purchasing what things I would need for the journey. I had done considerable deer and caribou shooting in the Dominion, and I had several light rifles which would meet my needs very well; besides, Kiel had been tiger-hunting before and was an old hand. On Sunday night I was all ready, and leaving my apartments to the care of my man, set off on the following morning with my friend.

* * * * *

A few weeks later, I was awakened in the heart of the jungle by Kiel, who was shaking me vigorously. "Get up, boy," he was saying. "We've found the spoor of the largest tiger in the jungle, and the tracks aren't over an hour old." I dressed hastily, and mounting our elephants, we set off on the hunt. We soon came to the spot where the tiger's prints had first been discovered. There in the soft mud, by the mutilated carcass of a goat, was the mark of a huge pad. Kiel Ranstrom gave a low whistle. "In all my years of tiger-hunting I've never seen tracks equal to these. By the size of them, this tiger is the granddaddy of them all." The guides went on ahead of us, while all eyes were alert for further signs of the animal. When we had gone a few miles further, we were forced

to slacken our pace on account of the thickness of the jungle. My elephant stopped and thrust his huge, fan-like ears forward in a listening attitude. Suddenly a terrible scream rang out ahead of us. I caught sight of the flash of a great striped body; heard Kiel shoot, and the next instant my elephant stampeded. Through the forest he tore, with me clinging to the rocking howda for my life. The jungle grew denser and denser. I was beginning to wonder where I would end up when I was suddenly hurled from my lofty perch to the ground, where I lay stunned; while the shrill trumpet of the terrified elephant grew fainter and fainter in the distance.

As I lay there, I became aware of a figure standing a short distance away observing me, and as I struggled to a sitting position, holding my throbbing head, I saw it to be a girl. Or was it a vision? Her raven black hair fell streaming over a pair of delicately-formed shoulders, and her lithe and graceful figure was clothed in a long, loose garment. She spoke.

"You poor man," she said. "Are you hurt?"

I was too astonished to speak. Here, in the midst of an Indian jungle I was spoken to by a wild native girl in almost perfect English! A rippling laugh broke from her. "I suppose you are surprised to hear me speaking English. The answer is simple. You see my mother was a native and my father an Englishman. He taught both my mother and myself to speak English. They are both dead now. But come, let me take you to my house; you are hurt."

I staggered to my feet, and with her help managed to stumble along through the jungle. One of my legs felt queer and numb, and I dimly wondered what was wrong with it. In a little while we came to a hut situated in a clearing in the jungle. An old woman came out to meet us and assisted me inside. I afterwards learned that she was the girl's nurse. The interior was quite comfortable, if you can call an adobe hut comfortable, and I sank exhausted on a rude couch. My leg was beginning to throb. I must have swooned, for the next thing I knew, the girl was bending over me and bathing my head.

"You have broken your leg, I think," she said. "You must keep quiet. You can stay here until you are better."

For the next few weeks I lay in the hut, tenderly nursed by Cecile. A few days after, I was wondering what had become of Kiel, when I heard voices outside and in he stepped. "Well, old man," he said, "at last I've found you. I've been looking from one end of the jungle to the other for you. I thought one of those tigers had got you. You ought to see the skin of the one that scared your elephant. It's a corker, all right. Now to get you out of here."

"Oh, he mustn't be disturbed until he's better," interrupted my nurse.

"Well, it's up to you, Tom," said Kiel; "what do you think about it?"

"I think I'll stay here," I said. "I'm very comfortable."

"All right, just as you say. The camp isn't very far from here, and I will come over every day."

I grew rapidly better. Kiel came to see me daily, and under the careful attention of Cecile I soon recovered. She seemed to grow more charming every day, and I found myself wanting her always near. I could hardly bear to have her leave me. By this time I could walk, and Kiel, seeing that I could take care of myself, went off for a few days' hunting trip to the east.

"How would you like to get up and see the sun rise in the morning, Mr. Page?" she said to me that night after Kiel had left. "It is a wonderful sight when seen from a hill, a short distance from here." I cheerfully assented and went to bed, dreaming of those laughing eyes and pearly teeth.

The morning came, and we set off through the semi-darkness. She seemed lovelier than ever this morning, and the gentle breeze seemed to waft to my nostrils a wonderful intoxicating perfume. At last we reached our destination and sat down to wait for the sun.

One by one the stars paled and disappeared, and the dawn came swiftly, as it does in the tropics. Over the tops of the palm trees, the sky was tinged with a wonderful pink. And now the sun rose slowly, casting its radiance over the whole jungle. The freshness of the morning and the heavy odor of tropical flowers cast a spell over me. It reminded me of a poem a friend of mine had once written, which began:

“Away in the distant Orient,
In the land of the morning sun—”

And such a sun as this was!

She was sitting near to me, very near. The soft morning light cast a radiance over her that made her seem sweeter than ever. She was more like an English girl than a Hindu. I suppose her English blood ran the stronger for that. Her hand stole into mine, and the next instant we embraced.

Life was nothing without her now. I would make my home here in India, where I should spend the rest of my life. Kiel could straighten up my affairs at home for me, and Cecile and I could live and love to our heart's content. The thing now was to get hold of Kiel. I knew about where he'd be, though I didn't know how long he would be away. I would start out right away so that I could get things straightened up, and Cecile and I could be married as soon as possible.

I explained things as best I could to her. At first she wished to go with me, but I persuaded her to stay, and kissing her tenderly I departed.

Kiel had made better progress than I had surmised, and it wasn't until a few days later that I caught up with him. I had passed through several native villages on the way, where I was told that a severe plague had broken out, and when I reached Kiel, he told me that two of his boys had been taken down with it that morning.

I told him my purpose. At first he thought me crazy and refused to listen to me, but when he saw I was in earnest he at last gave in and promised to do all that I asked of him. We sat up most of the night talking, and at dawn I bade him farewell. It was his intention to leave for civilization immediately. I hated to part with him. He had always been a great friend of mine and a true one. The last I saw of him, he was smoking his pipe and waving his sun-helmet at me.

I had given up England and all I had, it was true. But it was worth it. Even now I could see Cecile's laughing eyes and pretty face, and hear her charming accent as she pronounced the English words, so I spurred my horse forward in anticipation.

It was dawn when I reached the hut. It was just the kind of a morning as that of some days ago, when together we had watched the sun rise. A strange stillness seemed to surround the place. I rushed up to the hut and through the door. Cecile was lying across the couch, her lovely hair streaming down over her body. "It's all right, dear," I shouted, and rushed over to kiss her. I started back in horror. One look was enough. The plague had claimed its victim.

VAN CAMPEN HEILNER

The Fable of the Blue Smock and the Sport Coat

(With apologies to George Ade)

THE BLUE SMOCK sallied forth one fine Summer's Night in search of Adventure. Now the Blue Smock wasn't naturally adventurous, but to-night there just had to be Something in the way of Amusement. To the Movies with Older Brother didn't appeal. So Older Brother, at the Blue Smock's suggestion, wound his own carefree Way, doubtless in the Direction of the Seaside, where dwelt a Certain Person with a Victrola and a Long Line of what is generally known as Bull.

Being rid of Older Brother, the Blue Smock meditated. A Paddle along the Sound? No — same old Stuff. Call up Jim and be entertained the rest of the evening by Small-talk and bum Ford Jokes? The Thought sickened the Blue Smock. No, there was but one Thing to do, and that was to catch the next Jitney that should come skating down the Street, call Little Brother, and whisk off to that dreadfully *bourgeois* but awfully nice Place-where-they-dance; namely, Herman's Casino. So Herman's Casino it was, Jitney and Little Brother in Tow.

Little Brother had a Great Peeve. He wanted to pull off the Beau Brummel Stuff at the Popular Dance in the Town Hall, instead of acting the Watch-Dog for the Blue Smock.

"You know Betty Mahler will be there, L. B.," promised the Blue Smock to the Discontented One. "And you know she dances awfully well; you said so yourself, and once you said she was a Regular Broiler."

"I know, but ——" grouched Little Brother.

"Oh, you'll like it all right when you get there," consoled the Blue Smock.

At the Casino it was the Same Old Stunt. The Blue Smock was Kidded, Fox-trotted, Cantered and Solf-drinked to her Heart's Content Until — the Sport Coat showed up!

It was without Doubt, the Real Article.

But the Blue Smock sniffed and didn't look at the Horrid Thing, who *did* look nice, though. It wasn't so fresh as the Blue Smock thought It at first, and quite a Relief after all the Rurals.

And then —

She was sitting in one Corner while a Young Duck had trotted out for Refreshments, when the Sport Coat nervily advanced, Extended Hand, Broad Grin, Recognizing Smile and all That, and threw the following tremendous Bluff:

"Why, how the Dickens are You? Haven't seen You for Ages! How's Summer going? Having a Good Time? Etc! etc! etc!!"

The Blue Smock's Sense of Propriety stood on its Head in a terrible State of Fussation. Finally it put its Heels down, stood squarely on its Two Feet, and then the Blue Smock made the following nervy Speech:

"Well, look at us will you! Where on Earth have you been? Mr. Blink, my Old Friend Mr. Blank, whom I used to know when I was at Abett and he was at Adrover!" The latter part of this Harangue was addressed to the Young Duck, who had trotted back with the Drinks and was immediately stunned by the Sport Coat's classy Get-up.

The Evening wore away with the Speed of a Second-hand Ford in a Family of Ten, all full-sized. Little Brother gave the Wide-Eye to the Blue Smock two or three times as the Latter tripped about with the Sport Coat. But the Blue Smock was prepared. She kept up the Bluff.

"You needn't tell Mamma, though, even if we did know each other at Adrover," she wound up as they were being Jitneyed Home.

* * * * *

That Winter the Blue Smock, now meek Blue Serge, bent over her Typewriter and wondered again if the Sport Coat lived on Riverside Drive or Long Island.

And the Sport Coat, now quietly garbed in Blue Serge also, bent over the Number Nines of a Stout Shoe Customer and still wondered if the Blue Smock was always carried around in a Limousine or whether Dad let her run a Mercer.

MORAL: "*Kleide machen Lente.*"

F. H. DOWD

Rambles of the Spectator

2. THE MONK

HE was sitting moodily on the garden wall when the Spectator saw him. His fingers fumbled restlessly with the rosary in his lap. His gaze wandered off into space. Here was indeed a pleasing picture for the sensitive observer: a garden of orange and olive trees and a low stone wall in front framing a sparkling bit of blue Mediterranean behind; a playful afternoon sun filtering through the greenery above and flecking the sombre brown of the brother's garb with spots of gold. All nature seemed to unite to make the scene a cheerful one; but just as black tends to absorb all other colors, so the look of sadness on the young monk's face seemed to lend a mournful note to the whole garden. The good old Spectator, struck by the tragedy in the other's features, approached him and spoke to him gently.

"Good afternoon, father. A fine day for a stroll in the garden."

"Yes, signor." The reply was languid. The speaker did not shift his vacant gaze.

The Spectator seated himself in silence on the wall beside the other and drummed slowly with the butt of his cane on the masonry. Several minutes passed in silence. Finally the priest addressed the Spectator in a dreamy, absent fashion.

"It is a fine day, Signor. It reminds me of another day five years ago before I came to stay here. It is a poor tale, Signor, but I must tell it you. Listen. Let me explain."

The Spectator leaned forward attentively.

"Tell me," he said.

* * * * *

"It was five years ago, I said; and yet it seems scarcely yesterday. I was a singer at the Royal Theatre in Naples. My wife was the beautiful actress, Maria Signorelli. We had two little children and were happy. Ah! little Guiseppe, and you, little Paolo, I see you yet! The prettiest children in the world, Signor, if you could have seen them. We lived in a little villa at Sorrento when we were not playing at Naples. It was there,

in that little villa by the sea, that the days of my happiness were spent. There I took Maria when we were first married, there the children were born, and there we lived in bliss till that night of horrors five years ago!

"It was, as I have said, just such a day as this. The sun shone bright in the sky, and sprinkled down through the orange leaves to the garden. Guiseppe and Paolo played in the gravel on the ground. Maria and I were sitting even as you are now, upon the low garden wall, watching the children in their play. Our hearts were happy. We talked and laughed at many little trifles. Our minds were free from care. That night my wife was to open a new season in Naples, and our thoughts naturally ran on the opera. Suddenly in the midst of our conversation my wife caught me by the arm and pointed to our youngest child, Paolo. What I saw might well be a cause for wonder. Around the cherub's features played a sort of sickly yellow light. Its source was not apparent, its character could not be defined, but it was there, a ghostly, mysterious something that made my knees quake. I glanced at Guiseppe's face and it, too, was surrounded by the pale yellow luminosity. I looked again at my wife's features, and lo! — they were similarly afflicted!

"It would be useless to try to describe to you, Signor, what my feelings were as I saw the face of each loved one suddenly enveloped in unreality. I was shocked, terrified, but only for a moment, for the light faded, and the cherished faces again became the same. Still it was a sign. How I embraced them all and wept over them that day in the garden at Sorrento. Those few hours were worth a century of common life.

That night we returned to Naples. Maria wanted to have the children always beside her, and so at her orders the nurse brought little Guiseppe and Paolo into my wife's dressing-room, there to sleep peacefully during the performance.

"There was a big crowd in the theatre that night. Every seat was taken, for my wife was a favorite with the people. All promised for the most successful night of her career. The opera was *Rigoletto*, and she was to play *Gilda*, her best role. The rest of the cast was the finest to be had. I was to sing the part of

the *Duke*, myself. The orchestra was complete. Entirely new scenery had been provided.

"The first act opened well. The singers had never done better. I received an ovation, for my part. But when the second scene came on, and Maria appeared as *Gilda*, the audience was carried away with delight. Her voice was like magic. It charmed the ear. My heart overflowed with love for her as I watched her from the wings. She was wonderful, divine! And she was my Maria — my own, my very own.

"The opera advanced from one success to another till the last scene when I was singing the great *La donna e mobile*. I was sitting alone in the cabin before the false fire. Without, the storm raged; the lightning flashed. Suddenly I was conscious of a flickering light over my shoulder — a light which came neither from the fireplace nor from the lightning-flashes. At the same moment I heard a scuffling behind the scenes and muffled cries of 'The lamp! the lamp! Put it out!'

"The light flared brighter. The cries became louder. Looking quickly up I saw the cause of the excitement. A defective light had set fire to one of the upper drops and it was blazing in an alarming way. A few sparks and shreds of flame fell to my feet. I tried to continue my part, but my voice refused to obey me. Some one rang the alarm and the steel fire curtain began to descend. There was a mad scuffle on the stage. Men ran to the hose and tried to turn on the water. It was no use — the current had been turned off the day before.

"The fire gained headway. Billows of flame swept through the scene-packed loft, and soon it was a roaring furnace. Burning brands rained on the stage. In the first frenzied rush for safety, my first thoughts had been for my wife and little ones. I must get them out of this inferno at once. I ran into the dressing-room. It was deserted. I was seized with a sickening fear. What if my loved ones had fled in the wrong direction, and were already trapped in the fire zone! 'Maria! Paolo! Guiseppe!' I shouted frantically as I tore through the struggling mass of people in the smoke-filled corridors back of the burning stage. 'She is safe!' yelled some one less excited than the rest. 'She went out by the stage door! I saw her!' It was all I wanted.

Maria was safe; the children were with her. I asked no more. I speedily made my way out into the street. 'Maria!' I called again. 'Maria Signorelli!' 'I saw her go away with the children!' yelled a voice at my elbow, and I recognized the stage manager.

"By this time the rear of the building was burning fast. Tongues of fire shot from the windows and enveloped the outer wall. There was little hope for anyone left in the building. Then came a call for volunteers to open a door in the basement and rescue a crowd of women and stage hands trapped below. Four men responded, among them the stage manager and myself. The former had a key to the fatal door, and we other three went along in case one of us should be overcome with smoke.

"We entered the blazing structure and started to grope down a long black passage which the flames had not yet touched. It was knee-deep with water from the hose which the firemen were now playing on the building. The smoke was suffocating. We had gone but twenty steps when one man was overcome and struggled back with difficulty. The heat was frightful, and a constant crackling and a frequent crash warned us that we must hurry, or it would be too late.

"We struggled on, farther and farther into the black entrails of the fiery monster above us. The other man was overcome at the second turning of the passage and fell limply into the water. The stage manager and I crept on together. He knew the way and held the key to the door. I followed. But I knew that I was the stronger of the two. If he should fall I must go forward alone. Oh!"—the young priest crossed himself—"it was a terrible journey! The heat grew more intense each instant. The water rose higher and higher. And now through the smoke one could see little flickers of flame coming from above.

"Then came the last corner. The stage manager could go no further. He leaned on my shoulder and tried to scream in my ear. 'The—the door! Straight ahead! Straight—ahead! Unlock it! Take——' He thrust the key into my hand. Then, panting, he clung desperately to the wall. All depended on me!

"I stumbled on. I cannot describe the horrors of that last passage. The flames had reached it; they gnawed the ceiling and dropped hissing brands into the water below. Once a huge billow of fire swept the corridor and blocked the way for a moment. Through cracks I could see the glow of the stage above. The door was barely twenty feet in front of me. Between, the ceiling sagged lower and lower. It was only a question of moments before it should fall in.

"I hesitated an instant — a single instant, but that was enough. Fear — senseless, desperate fear, seized me and shook me like a leaf. I tried to advance. I thought of that band of piteous, pleading women just a few feet in front of me. I held for them the key of freedom and life. But I was afraid. I saw the hideous ceiling drop lower every second. I felt the scorching heat about me. What need to kill myself? My own wife and children were safe. I could do nothing. My limbs were paralyzed. I fought to control them. It was no use. My soul cried 'Advance!' My cowardice cried 'Retreat!' My limbs refused to do either. Fear had robbed me of all motion.

"Then of a sudden I heard a chopping noise ahead of me. Ah! the firemen were coming! They would save the women trapped in front of me. My cowardly conscience grasped at the idea. I was no longer needed. My strength returned to me and with a burst of energy — heaven help me — I retreated!

"It was a hard struggle to get out, but at last I emerged, exhausted. They took me to a hospital where I lay unconscious for some time. It was not till the next day that I learned that fourteen human beings had been burned to death, trapped in the cellar behind a locked door. And heading the death list were the names of Maria Signorelli and her two children, Paolo and Guiseppe!

"Despite my condition, I tore down to the morgue, whither the bodies had been carried. It was too true. The bodies of my little ones had been burned beyond recognition, but that of my wife had scarcely been touched. She lay there in the casket as *Gilda* in the opera was to have lain, but her sleep was eternal."

Tears blinded the eyes of the young monk on the wall.

During several seconds he wept silently, his face in his hands. Then he was able to continue.

"Since then I have travelled east and west around the world. But with all my wanderings I have never escaped the image of my wife, my Maria, with my two children clinging to that fatal door, while I, on the other side, with power to save them, hesitated and turned back when only a few feet away,—because I was afraid. Fear! Fear is the blackest curse of men! If I was afraid then, how will I be when I stand before my God to be judged, with the blood of fourteen innocent mortals on my hands. It is too much! I'd rather die a hundred deaths than live that moment of agony!

"Here in the monastery, when I had been worn out by travel, the brothers took me in. The life is quiet. The work among the poor is light. And, above all, it is near Sorrento where I spent my happier days. Once a month, I cannot help it, I must return to the place. I must look at it to realize that there was once a past. And then — then I come back and pray — pray all the time that I may be forgiven my horrible crime of omission, of turning back when I was able to advance and save. Even now I must go and pray. Farewell, Signor."

As he stopped speaking he slipped off the wall and shuffled slowly along the gravel path. The Spectator followed him with his eye. The sun had just set, and blue twilight was wrapping up the grove. Off over the bay a sinister streak of red marked the bed of the sun. A star or two was in the sky. At the other end of the grove the Spectator could see a long silent procession of monks filing into the lighted chapel, to the rhythm of the mournful chant. And last of all the young monk joined the procession and on entering the chapel, closed the door on himself and his woes, leaving the garden to night.

JUSTUS VANE

PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR

FOUNDED 1854

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Editorial

The term progresses. The leaves are already nearly gone and the weather begins to remind us of the approaching winter. During the last few weeks there has passed a vast procession of things in this our school life. We have been founded and dedicated. We have seen the student activities launched and advancing. Those of us who are new have found out what a first rating is, and those of us who like to call ourselves "old", have realized anew the joys and sorrows that attend it. We have seen a football season commence and have anxiously watched it with alternate hopes and fears during the course of its progress. We have seen soccer games, track meets, and cross-country runs. A host of events has passed before us.

And now that the holidays are in sight, and the first strenuous efforts of the year have been spent, it is our task to settle down and live the remaining weeks of the term for all they are worth. No matter what you will be told, the weeks directly preceding the Christmas holidays are those to which some of the pleasantest memories are directed in after life. It is then that our thoughts turn to home, and all the thrills that go with a homecoming. We have no compulsory athletics, hence there is an eternity of time on our hands. No great excitement is scheduled. This is the time for calm, earnest effort and deep enjoyment of our existence. I wonder if some of us realize that

a little hard, serious work done now will go a long way towards assuring our scholastic position for the rest of the year. Too many of us are inclined to throw away these days of ease. Now is the time when our efforts are least needed in other directions. Why not put them on our books while it is least difficult to do so? We are sure to benefit by it in the end.

As the days grow cold, and we feel more and more the need of external warmth, it is gratifying to hear that steps are to be taken in the near future to institute dances in the new Grill. There can be little doubt as to the great benefits that such entertainments will confer on the student body at large. Hitherto there has been nothing of this kind, and for this reason many former students fail to look back on the school as a home, though they may consider it a shrine. But now we feel that things are going to be different. There will be other ties than those of school relationship to pull our memories back to the hill. We are going to be able to remember an entirely new phase of school life, which, moreover, will make our reminiscences doubly pleasant.

It is one thing to commend these dances and another to plan for their occurrence. Though the Peabody House is admirable in nearly every feature, its floor is unfortunately small to be used for large dances. A writer in the *Phillipian* has suggested one means for overcoming the difficulty. Obviously some such system will have to be adopted to make the entertainments successful. In the meantime we should be glad to print in these pages any suggestions, in the form of communications, that members of the student body should care to contribute.

The *Mirror* announces the reelection of Raymond F. Beardsley of Roxbury, Connecticut, to fill the position of Managing Editor, which was left vacant by the resignation of Richard H. Bassett of Northampton.

Exchanges

The *Mirror* acknowledges with thanks the following undergraduate publications:

The Exonian, The Smith College Monthly, The Yale Record, The Harvard Lampoon, The Widow, The Cornell Era, The Williams Literary Monthly, The Bowdoin Quill, The Tome, The Blue and White, The Spectator, The Oracle, The Vindex, The Lawrenceville Literary Magazine.

PROFESSOR (*to brilliant one*): You don't seem to be worrying very much about that zero on your last exam.

B. O.: Why should I? It's nothing to me.

PREP: I think the Sunday evening collection is a very good idea.

SENIOR: Yes, there's a lot of sense in it.

MISS FLUTTERBY: Did you make the football team this year?

FATHEAD: No, I decided to let the coach do it!

YOUNG M. D.: What's your motto, Doc?

OLD M. D.: Have patience.— *Widow*

"Do you love me still?"

"I do; you seldom are."— *Lampoon*

SOPH: Does your car smoke?

SENIOR: Only when I try to back 'er.— *Record*

IT: You ought to be good at geometry.

THING: Why so?

IT: Your head is both plain and solid.— *Widow*

DOCTOR: How do you feel, Colonel, when you have actually killed a man?

COLONEL: Oh, not so bad. How do you?— *Record*.

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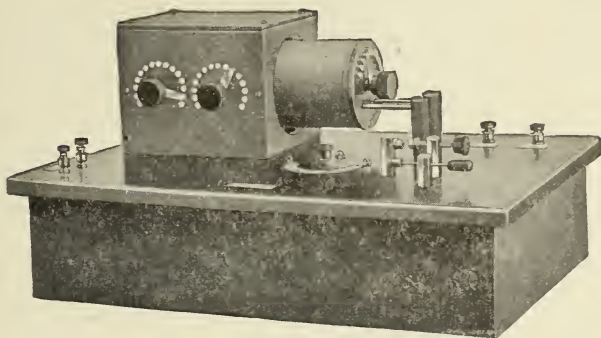
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Rupert Brooke

SELDOM does an epitaph hold our attention long; there are too many written. A statute might well be enacted limiting them to very great men, those so great that they do not need any. There have appeared, however, in the last few years, two very remarkable ones. "Hereabouts died a very gallant Gentleman" speaks of more than many pages of biography, no matter how excellent, might do. Much quoting has not cheapened it; nor diminished at all the full, pleasing sound, and very high sentiment, strong factors for insuring its perpetuity, even when the bleak burial cairn of its subject shall have been long obliterated. The other epitaph in mind was written only a few months ago and has scarcely been faded, as yet, by the rains and suns of the Aegean. The words are:

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

Rupert Brooke wrote it of himself; the world has accepted it as the most beautiful tribute to be returned to his memory. That sunstroke on the Aegean has ended a romantic career. Were we to write a fairy-tale of our ideal poet, were some remote creature of our dreams to be suddenly given flesh and form, our hero so created would live largely as he lived. A brief biographical sketch may suffice. He was educated at Rugby, where he won — mark the combination, American schoolboy — his colors and the prize for English poetry. Passing up to

Cambridge, he became one of the leading intellectuals among the undergraduates. It is interesting to note his connection with the Cambridge Fabian Society, and certain tendencies, which, had he been of less genius, might have classed him as a "crank". After a few years of travel, on the trail of Stevenson, among the islands of the South Seas — vivid impressions of which he sent to the *Westminster Review* — he returned to Grantchester Rectory. At this moment the war broke out, and for his heroic soul there was no place at home. He died in service, on the anniversary, as one writer has noted, of the death of Shakespeare. His were all that England could give a man and all that a man may secure for himself; social position, travel, culture, a place in the world, were his. These he faithfully laid down, in all their superabundance, for the service of the land from which he had received them. I find from this a deep significance in these closing lines of the sonnet *The Soldier*:

And think this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Those lines carry us back to something of his beautiful spirit, and the rare, happy life. He "was both fair to see and winning in his ways. To use the word his friends describe him by, he was 'vivid'." It is easy to believe that he never escaped the "first fine rapture" of life — I like to think that even had he lived man's allotted time, he would never have passed from that radiant, potential youth in which he died. He was the lover of a strange kind of beauty, yet possessed no sympathy for the formal *beauty* type of Swinburne, nor for the fragile, neurotic work of the decadents. He was too full of the spirit of youth to love these things. He was simple and direct — I think the beauty of his imagination, and the simplicity of his imagery are nowhere better illustrated than in these lines from *Day That I Have Loved*. Day has passed out from the shore: the grey boat, like Arthur's barge, is dim in the distance. The poet is at the water's edge:

The grey sands curve before me
 From the inland Meadows,
 Fragrant of June and clover, floats the dark, and fills
 The hollow sea's dead face with little creeping shadows,
 And the white silence brims the hollows of the hills.

In spite of the romantic life which Fate allotted him, Brooke had a deep and utter detestation for romanticism in literature. He seems almost to have been afraid of it; he certainly avoided it with the care of a Masfield or a Gibson. *Wagner, Dawn*, and *A Channel Passage* might easily have come from the realistic pen of the author of *The Everlasting Mercy*. *Dawn*, though it is the weakest of the three mentioned, is obviously the most quotable:

Opposite me two Germans snore and sweat.
 Through sullen swirling gloom we jolt and roar.
 We have been here forever: even yet
 A dim watch tells two hours, two aeons more.

The windows are light-shut and slimy wet
 With a night's factor. There are two hours more;
 Two hours to dawn and Milan; two hours yet,
 Opposite me two Germans sweat and snore.

It has been suggested that these were written, not to emulate Masfield — but simply as jokes, the “natural ebullition of youthful spirits.” The theory is very acceptable. But the question of similarity, or of imitation, between Brooke and the school of Gibson and Masfield extends further into Brooke's poetry than this. Both were of one voice protesting against the thing called “mere beauty”. They tried to escape it, not like Noyes, by a high idealism or by turning, like him, to a remote age for new, untouched material; but rather they ran against established tradition, and sought salvation through coarseness and violence. Of course this is not so important a truth, nor so potential a one, with Brooks as with the others. The young poet was a more balanced, rounded being than his contemporary realists.

For a poet so full of life, a lover of strength, and of his very existence, there is a strange feeling for death. It is omnipresent; it is not burdensome, but rather has a note of expectancy, of hope made large by some exalted faith. Especially in the

sonnet series entitled *1914*, and inspired by the war, has the poet expressed his interpretation of the eternal problem. Quotations like the following define his attitude pretty clearly:





Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there
But only agony, and that has ending;
And the worst friend and enemy is but death.

. Safe shall be my going,
Secretly armed against all death's endeavour;
Safe though all safety's lost; safe where men fall;
And if these poor limbs die, safest of all.

and these lines from another place:

Proud then, clear-eyed and laughing, go to greet
Death as a friend.

And had he been allowed to live, what then? John Drinkwater saw in him a new Shelley; another critic writes: "It is not because of the fortuitous accident of dying young and in Greece, nor because he was inordinately fond of swimming in the dark, that he reminds me of Byron; he was possessed by the same exuberant and defiantly adventurous spirit, the same protesting passion of revolt, and the same delight in real existence." If he might, after the war, come home to Grantchester Vicarage, to the deep pool, the scattered books, and for "honey still at tea", then our high, prophetic dream might be fulfilled. Now is it ended, for somewhere beyond Lemnos, "a young Apollo, golden-haired", enjoys the fullness of life where:

Not with vain tears when we're beyond the sun,
We'll beat on the substantial doors, nor tread
Those dusty highroads of the aimless dead 
Plaintive for earth; but rather turn and run 
Down some close covered byway of the air, 
Some low sweet alley between wind and wind, 
Stoop under faint gleams, thread the shadows, find
Some whispering, ghost-forgotten nook, and there
Spend in pure converse our eternal day.

RAYMOND F. BEARDSLEY

The Housecleaning of Henry Hoosit

IN some respects Henry Hoosit was a middle-man; in others he was a "top-man". Salary, dwelling, and social life, placed him in the first-named class; height, mind, and love of adventure, ranked him high in the second.

Henry's height was the height which is always spoken of in terms of stocking-feet, and it required no small amount of time for the eye to consume the total length of Mr. Hoosit's body measured up from the aforesaid stocking-feet. To be exact, Henry was six feet three inches tall, which imposing height was coupled with a wiry strength not to be calculated in a casual glance.

Outside of his regular employment, one of Henry's favorite diversions was reading. His taste was all for classics, for he scorned to peruse the current literature of the day, and although his modest quarters were somewhat scantily furnished, the empty spaces were well filled with rows and rows of books. He had seen and coveted, in the window of an up-town book-shop, a beautifully bound set of Shakespeare, the price of which required long saving on Henry's part, but which only made him all the more determined to own the books.

Of his three "high" qualities, however, Henry's love of adventure stood highest. Perhaps he got some of it from his books, for he liked to imagine himself experiencing the joys and sorrows of the characters with whom he came in contact; still he was a born adventurer, for he was constantly in search of something new and out of the way.

One Saturday night, having eaten a full and hearty meal, he jammed his battered derby on his head and left his lodgings. In a rather aimless and genial mood he boarded the first street-car that came along, rode for the better part of an hour to digest his supper, and then got off. The section of the city in which he found himself was a new one to Henry, and he observed that it was also decidedly noisy and tough. After passing two or three brightly-lighted shops, he found the street growing darker and darker, and was just about to turn around when he heard two voices behind him. Out of mere curiosity he kept on and pres-

ently heard in a hoarse whisper:

"Hully Chee! Ain't he a big bloke!"

"Huh! He could knock de dome off'n de capittul wit one swing!" came in an equally hoarse whisper. Henry clenched his big fists, ready for anything.

"Wotta yuh say we sign 'um up?" questioned the first hoarse whisper.

"Les' do dat!" answered the second.

A moment later Henry felt a lusty tap on his shoulder, and looking quickly around, or rather down, he discovered two short but burly men, both trying to talk at the same time.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," said Henry. "One at a time — you'll last longer."

In response to this, one of the men shoved a card into Henry's hand, and by holding this card up to the light reflected by the shop-windows, he was able to make out:

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"Well, what's the idea?" he demanded, scrutinizing the pair more closely, whom he now discovered to be of exactly the same height, with faces so tough that they were almost funny, and each with a heavy sweater underneath his coat.

"Well, yuh see it's dis way," responded the one who had proffered the card. "Blood-hound" Smit' was gona meet "Hatchet" Connelly in a six-reel go at de Triangle A. C. to-night. But de "Hatchet" started practicin' on his wife yesterday, so dey run him in. Now dere ain' gona be no fight unless we get some guy to tame de "Blood-hound".

"What's that got to do with me?" asked Henry.

"You're de guy what's gona do de tamin'," volunteered the knight of the T. A. C.

"Hum!" said Henry. "What sort of a fellow is this Blood-hound?"

"Aw, don't fret about dat!" they assured him. "You could beat 'um to deat' wit a ten-cent whip!"

"Well, what am I going to get out of it?" demanded Henry.

"Dis fella here," answered the card-bearer, indicating the

"fella" by giving his companion a solid punch in the back, "is de treasurer of de T. A. C. and I'm de pres'dent. Wen de mixup is over you go to him and he'll give yuh five seeds fer showin' up in de square ring. If you puts a muzzle on de Blood-hound, it's twenty. Wotta yuh say?"

"I'm with you," said Henry with the spirit of the true adventurer. "Where is the Triangle Athletic Club?"

In answer, the two men made for a board fence in front of which they had been standing, and signing for Henry to follow, they disappeared through a small door. Henry felt no qualms of fear whatever in following them, for he considered boxing essential to the adventurous spirit, and some of his friends bore loud testimony to this fact. After many twists and turns through dark alleys the party came at length to a dingy building, the one visible light of which was placed above a door in the basement. Following his two guides through this door, the adventurer found himself passing successively through an office, dressing-room, small gymnasium, and finally out to the ringside. This consisted of nothing but benches, and even boxes, placed in a semi-circle around the actual ring, which was slightly raised and roped off. The benches accommodated a good many, however, and when Henry looked in, the air was thick with the smoke from many cigarettes. The audience was the toughest and loudest he had ever seen.

"Dere's one more spill before yer act comes off," the president informed Henry. "Yuh'll jest have time to get yer duds on."

When Henry and the "Blood-hound" climbed under the ropes for the final bout of the evening, there was a roar of laughter from the spectators. For Henry topped his man by a head and the difference in size was ludicrous. Henry decided that the "Blood-hound" had been aptly named — for he looked all of the part. The referee now came forward and bellowed like a bull.

"Dis evenin' 'Hatchet' Connelly was scheduled to meet de 'Blood-hound'. But de 'Hatchet' has lost his edge for de scrap so I take great pleasure in introducin' to yuh for the foist

time, 'Hoosier' Hoosit, de boy what tinks he can twist de 'Blood-hound's' tail."

After the roars of laughter and applause had died down, both men peeled off their dressing-gowns and advanced to the center of the ring. A loud buzz of admiration went up as Henry advanced, for there wasn't an ounce of fat on him anywhere, and his muscles stood out like thick ropes. The "Blood-hound" was short, but powerfully built, with heavy shoulders and arms.

To narrate the six rounds would be but to describe a "stall". Henry soon found that his opponent had no science whatever, and that his own blows had no effect upon the iron jaw of the "Blood-hound", so he toyed with him and pushed him about the ring, much to the disgust of the audience, a good part of which left before the bout was over.

When Henry had put on his clothes again, he made his way to the office where he found the president, treasurer, and a bunch of "sports" talking over the "scraps" of the evening. After three or four minutes, as the treasurer made no movement to pay him, Henry moved over and demanded his five dollars.

"Wot's dis?" grunted the treasurer. "Wot did yuh do to earn five kopecs?"

"Do?" replied Henry. "Say, you don't think I followed you for a mile to show up here in the ring for nothing, do you?"

"Youse can go now," said the treasurer mildly, beginning to count out some five-dollar bills under Henry's very nose. "Cut de gag and beat ut."

"I'll give you just about two minutes to hand over that five, and if you don't there's going to be some real fighting this time," warned Henry. The crowd of sports had been edging nearer and nearer toward the two speakers, and now they formed a semi-circle in back of the two officers of the Triangle A. C. As the treasurer didn't pay the slightest heed to Henry, but went right on counting his money, the big fellow waited until he saw a favorable opportunity, and then with a quick motion snatched four five-dollar bills from the hands of the astonished treasurer. The outraged officer was on his feet in a second, however, and with a bellow made for Henry. "Come on, boys — get de big sucker!" he roared, and in response the

T. A. C. phalanx moved as one man against the holder of the bills. With his back against the door which led out into the street, and topping any one of his opponents by a head, Henry's situation was not at all bad. Jamming his derby on tight, he met the first onrusher — the unlucky treasurer — with such a terrific swing that he not only knocked this personage flat, but also caused him to bowl over two others. Two burly fellows now flung themselves forward with great show of savageness, only to meet with a short-arm jolt apiece which crumpled them up like paper. They were coming thick and fast, however, and Henry's arms were going like a windmill, while his eyes were everywhere at once. The crafty president had watched his chance to creep up and get between Henry and the door, and having accomplished this, he made a flying leap for the enemy's back. Luckily Henry saw him, out of the tail of his eye, and ducked just in time; the president landed right in front of Henry, who, taking advantage of the unfortunate man's position, kicked him neatly and with great dispatch half-way across the room. Finding the battle going against them, the army of the T. A. C. enlisted an ally in the shape of the office furniture. To have drawn a gun or knife would have violated all rules of fair play, but chairs, tables, and other harmless weapons were perfectly permissible. Henry entered into the new game with great enthusiasm, succeeded in maiming three of the foe by dexterous handling of a heavy desk-chair, and cleverly dodged a lamp which broke into a thousand pieces against the door behind him. The knights of the Triangle now deemed it prudent to retire — six of their number were holding down a goodly portion of the floor — and after a farewell volley of two book-racks and a stool, they fled for the dressing-room, leaving Henry in complete possession of the field. He, however, didn't care to wait until the enemy had secured reinforcements; he made for the front door and got out as quickly as he could. Then he remembered his well-earned twenty dollars. With a whoop of joy he broke into a run in the direction of uptown, and turning the first corner, ran plump into a policeman. "Hey! Hey!" he shouted, as Henry ran by him. "Come back here!" Henry came back, and putting his hands on his hips, gave the "cop" a terrible

glare, and said, "Well, what do you want?" "Oh - er, have you got the time?" asked the officer, flattening out meekly against a lamp-post. "Not to talk with you," hissed Henry and broke into a run again. After about fifteen minutes he stopped in front of a small shop, looked carefully in the window, and then went in. With a big dent in his derby, his tie under one ear, face covered with scratches and dirt, and his clothes torn in many places, Henry's appearance was not prepossessing. "How much is that set of Shakespeare in the window?" he asked the terrified salesgirls.

"Twenty dollars!" they announced in chorus. "Give it to me quick!" he said, slamming the four five-dollar bills on the counter. The two girls fell all over each other in trying to wrap up the books, but finally Henry Hoosit left the shop with his arms full of Shakespeare and his face full of happiness.

B. N. TING

The Sacrifice

THE burning mid-day sun shone down upon the parched desert. For miles around, nothing could be seen except the glaring sands — sands over which the heated air quivered and trembled as if alive. On the horizon, far in the distance, a black spot gradually grew larger and slowly developed into the form of a man. A man — but what a hideous sight! What garments he had left upon him were tattered and torn into shreds. His blistered feet were without shoes, but they no longer sensed the pain of the heated sands. Great scratches showed red on his leg, marks left by treacherous rocks. His head hung low on his sunken chest, while his parched lips and swollen tongue gave mute evidence of the hours spent without water. Suddenly his faltering feet failed him and he sank a helpless heap.

Soon a speck appeared in the blue sky, which circled around and around, slowly swooping toward the form stretched out beneath. Other specks appeared and others, seemingly coming out of space. Nearer and nearer they circled, until with exultant screeches, the hideous birds descended to their horrible feast.

II

A small grove of trees cast their cool shade upon a pleasant patch of green grass, through which a little stream found its course, gradually to be absorbed in the heated dryness of the sands a few hundred feet beyond. The source of the stream was a babbling spring of clear water, near which sat a man. He was dressed in the clothes of a prospector, which were much the worse for wear. He reclined languidly against a tree, and watched the playful water rush joyfully and unhesitatingly to its death beyond. A day and a half he had been in that pleasant spot, while his companion searched for the ranch that they knew was not far off.

They had divided the last bit of provisions and they had cast lots to see which should stay and which should depart on the search for relief. Fate chose the weaker of the two to go, and forth he had gone, never to return.

The man at the spring had long since despaired of ever

returning to civilization again. It was only due to the encouragement and persistence of his companion, that the pair had reached the oasis. And now that the mainspring of the two had run itself out on the lonely sands, he had lost hope, had seated himself in the most comfortable position which his weakened, emaciated body could find, and now calmly awaited the sweet repose of death. The pangs of hunger were terrific, but so deadened were his senses that he hardly felt them. Patiently he sat there watching the little stream of cooling water run its life out on the dry sands beyond.

III

The men at "Bar 6" ranch were impatiently awaiting the return of the two men who had left a short time previously on a prospecting tour. Several days had passed beyond the time set for their arrival and still no news had come of them. One of the ranchers had ridden to a little hill not far away, in the hope of seeing some sign of the two wanderers. He had almost given up hope, when he noticed some vultures, messengers of death, circling toward a spot in the distance. The thought suddenly entered his head, that perhaps these birds were hovering around the bodies of the two prospectors. He rode hastily to the ranch and got together a small party of men to ride out and investigate. They rode on and on, guided by the circlings and swoopings of the birds, until at last they perceived the body of the unlucky prospector on the sand. In spite of his greatly altered appearance, they readily recognized him. They had come too late. Bad luck had followed him to the end; the last spark of life had flickered and gone out.

Still the relief party found no traces of the dead man's companion, so they decided to retrace the path made by the dying man. It led them in a wide circle to the spring, where the other prospector lay calmly awaiting death. There they found him, weakened but still alive. Carefully they took him to the ranch and nursed him through long weeks, back to health.

Over the grave of the unfortunate prospector they raised a simple cross, upon which was written, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. *John*

15:13." Although the weaker man, he had cheerfully taken the course pointed out by Fate, knowing that it led to death. His comrades could say or do no more in memory of him. His was the glory which few men attain.

BRANTZ MAYER

A Tale of Lucrezia

IT was one of those calm Italian evenings. Below us were spread the smooth waters of Como. Around on all sides rose the blue mountains. The sun had just disappeared behind a purple ridge and the lower world by the lake began to be steeped in a soft, dreamy twilight, though the peaks still flared in the sun. The atmosphere was cool, not altogether calm at our slight elevation above the water, but delightful. The hour was ideal for a stroll. Below us, far down the tortuous road, something stirred. At each movement came a little tinkle, faint but clear. It seemed to approach. I turned to my companion, an American who had resided long in the place, and put to him a question as to the identity of the strange thing that approached us. He threw his head back reminiscently and closed his eyes.

"If I tell you, will you be patient?" he asked. "It is a long story."

We shuffled over to the vineyard wall and settled ourselves upon it. Then my friend began his narrative.

'About three years ago, there lived a girl, not very far from here, named Lucrezia. She may have had another name, but if she did, no one cared to know it. She was *the* Lucrezia of the district, and her title to wear the name was undisputed. This girl, as I remember her, was about eighteen and very beautiful. She lived in a little cottage by the lake, alone except for an ancient deaf-mute aunt, or grandmother, or something of the sort, who didn't very much trouble her existence. Lucrezia came and went as she pleased, worked when she had to, and seemed to lead a very happy life. She was loved and admired by all the young men of the country, and used freely that rare opportunity, so dear to feminine hearts, to jilt and turn down whom she pleased. Thus her life was full, not only of happiness but of romance, which makes a woman's life doubly worth while.

"Now there was a certain young man in the country, poor like Lucrezia, who seemed to embody all that was perfect in her eyes. Naturally the two were in love. Perhaps just as naturally they were engaged. Even the day for the marriage

had been set, which shows the extent of the love between Lucrezia and this man, Antonio. But Fate came between them. There was a third party in the love affair, in the person of one Giovanni. Before the engagement he had been quite active in his attentions to Lucrezia. He had courted her perseveringly, had offered her all his fortune, which was quite considerable for a man of this country, and had lavished gifts upon her. So far, and just so far, he was acceptable to Lucrezia. She loved wealth and ease, but she loved beauty and strength and courage better. None of these latter qualities could be found in Giovanni. Antonio, on the other hand, possessed them all to a considerable degree; so Lucrezia gave her love to him and her open contempt to his rival.

"A few days before the engagement was announced there happened one of those little incidents, customary in romances of the sort, which served to increase the favor of Antonio with his sweetheart. They had gone together to a little country fair up in the mountains, and Giovanni had sneaked up alone behind them. Antonio did not know that his rival was present, and left Lucrezia in the crowd for a moment, while he went to seek ribbon for her. When he returned he found his place filled by the assiduous Giovanni who, in spite of the protests of the girl, refused to go away. Violence ensued. Giovanni picked himself up from the ground a few minutes later, when he regained consciousness, and swore a vengeance which he was too cowardly to accomplish. He stopped his wounds, pulled his damaged limbs together, and slouched sulkily away.

"Not many moons later Lucrezia received a hurry call to the bedside of her lover, who was dying from some sudden and unknown cause. She hastened to him, entered the death chamber, and remained alone for some time with him. When she finally emerged, very pale and trembling, Antonio was already dead and shrouded in one of the bed-sheets. She requested that he be buried thus, with no ceremony or funeral procession. They granted it for it was her right. He was buried almost at once in the improvised shroud. Thereafter she kept strict mourning, living in absolute retirement. No one heard her complain or express any grief for her loss. When she appeared it

was usually night-time, and then she went forth merely to purchase the necessities of her household existence. Her face was set and motionless, she *did* appear slightly older and more haggard, but no scrutiny revealed any other signs of sorrow. Her movements were enveloped in mystery. Everyone in the village speculated on the strange death of Antonio and the stranger bedside conference with his sweetheart. All sorts of rumors sprang up about these matters, in spite of the doctor's assurance that the death was natural. Was the doctor's knowledge infallible? Had he not made mistakes before? Was it at all likely that natural death would come to a young man in the height of his strength and manhood, when his marriage was only a question of days? Much unwarranted suspicion fell on Lucrezia. Why had she wanted to conceal the burial and cover up the details of his death? She had acted strangely since. Something must be wrong, to be sure. In their excitement nobody noticed the sudden absence of Giovanni from the village. If they had, suspicion would have flowed in a different direction.

"One fine evening Lucrezia emerged from her cottage with a basket on her arm to buy provisions. Contrary to her custom she took the open highway to the village, and when she had advanced some distance down the road, deliberately stopped and waited. She sat down on the vineyard wall and placed her basket beside her. A light breeze swept down the lake and stirred a few rebellious strands of her raven black hair. In the pale twilight she looked irresistibly beautiful. Her throat was bared to the breeze, her large black eyes burned in their sockets, her lips — you couldn't see them, but you thought they were redder than the proverbial cherry. (They *were* red, too, thanks to a certain fluid purchased some days previously in the village). I passed her, myself, as she sat there in the dusk, and for once I understood Antonio's love.

"As I said before, she was waiting, and soon there appeared the object of her wait. It was Giovanni, returned from his absence, plodding slowly up the hill. As he approached her she leaned back and fanned herself. A lazy smile spread over her face, and she greeted him. He was truly surprised, and scrutinized her features carefully to see if he could read any deceit.

He saw nothing wrong and gladly returned her greeting. The unfortunate man was drawn under the spell of her marvelous beauty, and had neither the strength nor the will to resist. He offered his arm, she accepted it, and together they wended their way to the village. As they walked and talked together, and the girl wove her charms tighter around him, he gradually relaxed his self-control. That nervous eagerness to please, peculiar to the lover whose suit is all but hopeless, became apparent in his every word and gesture. They reached the village and he must accompany her back. They stood long together at the door before they parted. She had won him over. He was hers.

"As the days went by Giovanni became more and more hopelessly entangled in the meshes of the artful Lucrezia. She let him see her every day. He would have made it oftener. At sunset every evening you could see him trotting up the hill with his little bunch of flowers in his hand and a nervous, fidgety smile on his face. She would meet him at the door and usher him in. Then would follow a long and intimate conversation in which she took but little part. He didn't seem to notice this fact, however, nor did he remark the quick, searching glance which from time to time she would cast at him from beneath her black eyelashes. He was blind to everything except his passion, and that was blind, too. Thus, wrapped in a double veil of darkness, and cast before a dangerous sweetheart, the poor man was in a precarious position.

"Things couldn't go along in this way without something happening. In a few months their engagement was announced, and the day set for the marriage Giovanni was as proud as a prince. He strutted around town as if he owned the place, and stopped at every corner to throw a penny to a group of street children. But it was queer that he never brought his fiancée out in broad daylight. They walked together sometimes in the evening, but avoided meeting anyone, probably at her suggestion. Everybody commented on the strangeness of their behavior. It became increasingly evident that something was wrong.

"If anyone could have pried into their solitary moments

he would have readily seen that in reality she didn't care for him. In fact, one fellow, a half-witted young fool, claimed to have peeped in at the window of Lucrezia's house during one of their little private interviews. It was the night before their marriage day. According to this fellow they were sitting together on a bench. Giovanni put his arm around her waist and kissed her on the lips. For one instant lightning flickered from her eyes, her hands clenched beside her, and she bit her lip till the blood flowed. Then she controlled herself. Needless to say, Giovanni saw nothing of this.

"The wedding day came around at last. Giovanni flitted nervously around town all the morning, attending to little things and dropping in on his sweetheart every half-hour. The ceremony was held at noon, very quietly, with very few persons attending. An excuse was given out that Lucrezia felt it too near the death of her former fiance to have a big marriage. Strangely enough, I was asked to attend, partly because I was a foreigner and would tell no tales, and partly because they wanted a reliable witness to the affair. The bride was dressed all in white, after the manner of all brides, except for a black ribbon tied about her throat, which ribbon served to emphasize the marble whiteness of that part of her. Her face was suspiciously full of color. So were her lips. But of course her lamb-like husband didn't notice anything. Besides, she was really beautiful. She was one of the few women I have seen who wore paint becomingly and did not suffer in the daylight.

"At the close of the service Giovanni, all trembling with delight, drew out a paper transferring half of his property to his wife, and had it signed. I signed it as a witness. Then the two withdrew in a closed carriage to the villa which Giovanni had bought for his bride. Then came the crucial scene. It was unwitnessed, yet something very terrible must have happened. The two entered the house and were alone. About a half-hour later there came a terrible scream from an inner room of the house. It was Giovanni's voice. There followed the sound of an angry male voice and a burst of female laughter. Something heavy fell to the floor. Servants and neighbors rushed excitedly in and found Giovanni lying prone on the carpet and Lucrezia

calm and collected, sitting on a sofa. She was very pale; a thick black shawl was wrapped about her, but otherwise her aspects presented nothing unusual. The neighbors tried to lay hands on her. She quietly motioned them away. 'Leave him alone,' she said. 'He will come to.'

"They fetched some water and splashed it on his head. Sure enough, he opened his eyes and looked about him. When his eyes struck Lucrezia he again uttered that terrible scream and swooned away. She merely laughed a little, leaned her head languidly back upon the cushions and closed her eyes. They bore Giovanni up and out of the house, back to his own former residence. When he again regained consciousness all he could murmur was, 'Take her away! In the name of Heaven, take her away!' It was very curious. And as for Lucrezia, when her husband was gone, she placidly lit a cigarette, gave an amused little laugh, and lay peacefully back upon the sofa.

"During the next three months, Lucrezia lived as high a life as she pleased. Giovanni never saw her again after that fateful day. She came and went in her carriage, bought the most expensive and elaborate clothes that could be had in the country, and indulged in all sorts of private extravagance. Giovanni lived practically the life of a hermit. He saw no one, went out little and began to grow very pale and emaciated. He had formerly been fat, even objectionably so. Now he was reduced to a skeleton and barely seemed to be able to keep body and soul together. He refused to talk, however, and angrily dismissed the suggestion of having a doctor. He appeared very low.

"Suddenly, one morning, after the three months had passed, the whole village was electrified by the news that Lucrezia was dead. Moreover, it was a case of suicide. Her servants found her dying in her bed, surrounded by a pool of blood, with a bloody knife lying on the floor. The coroner was summoned. An inquest was called. Everyone was in a quiver of excitement.

"Then it was that Giovanni confessed. He appeared at the inquest, dragging himself along with difficulty and leaning on a staff. His speech is too long to quote. The substance of it all was this: He had been mortally jealous of the dead Antonio

and had longed but not dared to satisfy his hate. When Antonio struck him, however, his fury knew no bounds. He secretly hired an assassin from another town and had his rival poisoned at his dinner. At the time he did not know that Antonio was suffering from the initial stages of that most terrible of diseases — leprosy! Lucrezia knew it and was faithful to him, in spite of it. Soon she herself developed symptoms of the disease. Antonio told her on his deathbed that it was Giovanni who was responsible for his death. He had caught the hired poisoner shortly after he had felt the first pangs of death, and had forced him to give the name of his employer. Lucrezia swore to him as he lay on his last bed that he should have a *vendetta* or, in other words, be revenged. To accomplish this purpose she had deliberately lured Giovanni to her, watched for the fatal symptoms in him and called the engagement when she saw them. In the meanwhile she had kept herself in retirement, as much as possible, from the public view. At the marriage she had stipulated that she should be given one-half of Giovanni's fortune. During the three months that followed she spent every centissimo except enough to buy a handsome tombstone for herself and Antonio. She even went so far as to order the stone before she died. Directly after the marriage she had revealed the marks of leprosy on her shoulder to her husband. It had driven him momentarily mad. Then she had quietly revealed the dreadful scales on his own shoulder! That was too much, and he fell to the floor! During the last weeks of her life she had vainly striven to conceal her own symptoms. When at last they became too apparent she had stabbed herself and died, no doubt thanking her patron saint and the Blessed Virgin that she had lived to accomplish her vengeance. She knew that *he* would not dare to commit suicide.

“Of course, with the tale spread abroad, the sympathy of the whole town was with Lucrezia. They even wanted to mob Giovanni but were afraid to go near him. Justice is pretty crude around here, anyway. They haven't touched him since. But they make him wear a bell so that they may always know when danger is coming. He lives all alone in that little white house up the mountain. That was he coming up the road, a little

while ago, tinkling at his crazy old bell. He's still got some more life of torture left in his bones. He'll die a slow death from the foulest disease on earth.— Here endeth the tale of Lucrezia. Some romance — eh?"

It was some romance. By this time the daylight had altogether left us and a big Italian moon hung in the sky. The tinkling of the leper's bell had stopped. A light appeared in the little white cabin up on the mountain. A shiver ran up my back and I caught my companion by the arm.

"Let's go home," I said. "It's cold as the ultima thule out here in the dark."

JUSTUS VANE

The Indiana Anthologist

THE State of Indiana has made some extraordinary contributions to American literature. I make no reference to James Whitcomb Riley or to Walt Whitman; but rather to a more recent phenomenon. Anyone conversant with matters literary will now call to mind the much talked-of *Spoon River Anthology* of Edgar Lee Masters. Perhaps here is the best place to state that it isn't poetry, as one might expect an anthology to be. The only justification for calling it poetry is the appearance of the lines to the eye, before reading is commenced. One needs only to cast a hurried glance at the lines here quoted to be assured of this:

"I belonged to the Church,
And to the party of Prohibition;
And the villagers thought I died of eating watermelons,
In truth I had cirrhosis of the liver,
For many noons for thirty years
I slipped behind the perscription partition
In Trainor's drug store
And poured a generous drink
From a bottle marked,
'Spiritus frumenti'."

"Nine-tenths of the Anthology," writes one reviewer, "is, as verse, equally bald, flat and uncouth," and the statement has come to at least one reader as unqualifiedly true. The most that can be said in defense of the book is that its pages were never meant to be poetry — but rather a shrewd sketching of a few eccentricities through a medium more enhancing, to the peculiar types presented, than prose. Viewed from this standpoint, the work is probably a success. A lover of Pre-Raphaelite poetry is no proper judge of that. How Swinburne would have loathed these lines:

"Where are Elmer, Herman, Bert, Tom and Charley,
The weak of will, the strong of arm, the clown, the boozier, the fighter?
All, all are sleeping on the hill."

But from the viewpoint of the inhabitants of Spoon River, how excellent! I have wondered, after reading the Anthology, and various favorable reviews, if the majority of the American people

are not *inhabitants of Spoon River* — if that birthmark is not a fundamental cause for the failure of our nation in the twentieth century to make a master poet? Our "American mind" — to use Professor Perry's appellation — lacks the qualities necessary for the production of such a genius; it can appreciate only what it has experienced — the domestic infelicities of Benjamin and Mrs. Pantier, the ideals of Cooney Potter, and the lives of another type, not recorded in the Anthology, the American Business Man, and the hurrying mortals who serve with him. The last two decades have brought out little, if anything, of universal depth and import; the provincialism of Edgar Lee Masters is not so very much greater than that of Robert Frost, even though Frost has a novel theory of poetry with which to redeem his homely New England "experience". But this is a digression.

In this new "*comédie humaine*" there is much powerful expression, and poignant character-work. Masters has brought together, in the graveyard on the Hill, all the failures of a generation of inhabitants of Spoon River. Here the self-told stories of saloon-keepers and Sunday School superintendents, judges and the judged, deacons and idealists, reveal a sordid tragedy of life — touched here and there with a strange comedy, stained with grim scandal — a rebellious humanity. You hear Mrs. Pantier's denunciation of her husband:

"I know that he told you that I snared his soul
With a snare which bled him to death. . . .
But suppose you are really a lady, and have delicate tastes,
And loathe the smell of whiskey and onions. . . .

You learn a thousand and one important incidents in the lives of the astonishingly-named Hod Putt, Georgine Sand Miner, Peleg Poag, Anne Rutledge, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Jonathan Swift Somers; of Drummond, who went mad memorizing the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, and the oriental Yee Bow, of whom:

"They got me into the Sunday School
In Spoon River —
And tried to get me to drop Confucius for Jesus.
I could have been no worse off
If I had tried to get them to drop Jesus for Confucius.
For, without any warning, as if it were a prank,

And sneaking up behind me, Harry Wiley,
The Minister's son, caved my ribs into my lungs,
With a blow of his fist.
Now I shall never sleep with my ancestors in Pekin,
And no children shall worship at my grave.

But one tires of this — and how suddenly! The best side of life is left out entirely; Dean Swift would have enjoyed this phase of it — one wishes Masters had had the prose gift of the author of *Gulliver's Travels*; then he might have left poetry alone. The *Anthology* grasps you, retains you, perhaps it engrosses some; it is at times entertaining, and may occasionally stir the emotions, but why give the form of what it was assuredly never meant to be — poetry?

RAYMOND F. BEARDSLEY

The Price of Love

AS she watched the drooping figure of Walter Livingston go slowly and sadly down the marble steps to his waiting automobile, Alice wished that she had not sent him away so hurriedly. But when she remembered her old father, Col. Amesbury, and her long line of soldier-grandfathers, her eyes flashed and her ears began to pound as they had done a few moments before, when, in words that they were never to forget she had told Livingston that "he was afraid — yes, afraid to go out and fight the Germans like a man."

Livingston, like most of his wealthy companions, had led a care-free existence, with automobiles, seaside residences, yachts, and countless entertainments as his usual surroundings. His mother had died when he was a child, and his father had vowed that he would be both mother and father to the little lad. As the boy grew, his father, in his mistaken indulgence, allowed him to have or do anything that he wished, so that when he entered college he had acquired the cigarette habit, and spent most of his time haunting theatres and cabarets, or tearing through the night in his powerful roadster. How he ever managed to get through his Freshman year was an impenetrable mystery. But he did it. Though he never studied, his natural ability seemed to carry him through his examinations.

At about the beginning of his sophomore year, at a large undergraduate dance, he met Alice, and from that time he was a different young man. His wild night escapades were discontinued; forgotten was his former high life, and he took a new outlook upon his career. He rushed into football, the nearest thing on which to vent his energy, and for three years played a star game. But he seemed not to care a whit for the glory meted out to him. It was only the praise that he read in Her eyes that counted. He was whole-heartedly in love with her.

But now she had shattered all his dreams of happiness. They had been engaged three months when war broke out with Germany. Many of their friends had volunteered and gone. But Walter's father had died and he found himself left in sole charge of one of New York's largest banking houses. The war

office was constantly demanding large loans, and young Livingston was tied to his desk and kept from enlisting. Alice had not realized the position in which he was placed, and consequently one night when he called, in the midst of a heated argument she accused him of cowardice in not volunteering, and handing him his ring, told him she "never wanted to see him again."

* * * * *

Three months passed, and the Germans were steadily pushing the Americans back from the New England coast. It was known that on August 10, another German force was to be landed on Long Island, and an American aeroplane scout was needed to find out if there were any means by which this force could be destroyed, for the whole Atlantic fleet was engaged in a terrific struggle near the Panama Canal. Of course there were volunteers galore, but none had a powerful enough machine to escape the German Taubes, in case of a chase. The night before the scheduled landing, a young man in an army aviator's dress, stepped into the quarters of the commanding officer at New York, and asked that he be given the task of destroying the transports. He stated that the size and speed of his machine were those of the latest war model from the Curtiss factory, and that he could easily carry eight hundred pounds of explosive. Reluctantly the officer gave him the task, for though he knew that here was the only machine capable of doing the deed, he hated to send such a fine young man to what he knew to be certain death. The German anti-aeroplane guns were almost infallible.

Crossing the parade-ground to the hangar where big "No. 49" was kept, the young aviator climbed into his seat, and after seeing that the tank of vitrolatum, a newly-discovered explosive, was full, signalled to his mechanics to start the engine. With a steadily increasing roar the great plane leapt forward and tore at its fastenings, until it was finally released and shot out into the gathering dusk, a gray-winged phantom of the night. At a height of a thousand feet the great bird turned its nose toward the southeast, and soon disappeared in the twilight.

Slowing the engine down, for he was now very near the

supposed landing-place, the pilot glanced through the glass bottom of the car into the darkness below. Suddenly a red, then a green, then a white light flashed on the horizon. Quickly glancing toward the blackness which was the sea, he saw an answering flash of red, green, and white. Knowing that these must be the Germans signalling, he turned out to sea and started to search for the transports he knew to be approaching. Soon the signal was repeated, but more to his right; then a little ahead of him, then a little more to his right. "So there are three of them, are there?" he murmured. "I wonder if I can get them all."

As the transports neared the beach, their courses converged toward each other, until the vessels were less than two hundred feet apart. Far above, the lone aviator watched all their movements by the glow from their funnels, and, just as they commenced to slacken their speed, started downward at a velocity that rivalled lightning itself. Faster and faster he flew toward his prey, when, without the slightest warning, two great shafts of light pierced the sky. One of them caught the speeding machine. The Germans had heard the steady roar of the "No. 49's" engines, and were bent upon bringing down the aerial intruder.

Quick as thought the anti-aeroplane guns spoke; but they were not quick enough, for the pilot had already launched two of his terrible bombs on the unsuspecting ships beneath. As he passed in a direct line over the vessels he released twelve of the missiles in rapid succession. Although those little cylinders containing the world's highest known explosive fell very fast, the machine was travelling at such a rate that it had passed over the transports after the fifth shot. Suddenly the sea seemed to belch forth a column of fire that reached to the zenith and was gone in an instant. The aeroplane was hurled upward like a leaf in a windstorm, its pilot crumpled in a heap over his steering-wheel. The mighty concussion leveled buildings and tore up shipping for miles around. The shock was felt as far as Boston, and in Philadelphia windows shook and rattled as from an earthquake.

When Alice had sent Livingston away on that terrible night she realized the hypocrisy of her position, for she, too, had done nothing to help her country. So the next day, in spite of her parents' protests, she joined the nurses' corps in one of the Red Cross hospitals. As she was very capable she was soon transferred to one of the larger stations on lower Manhattan, where the more trying cases came pouring in. Day after day she was seen, coolly assisting in the most difficult amputations, probing for shrapnel, and other bloody and trying operations. So sweet and kind, yet cool and collected, was she that soon the suffering soldiers named her "The Little Angel". And so she was, always with a soothing hand or a smile to keep the sufferers' minds off their pain.

Four hours after the terrible explosion had played havoc in New York, an ambulance came tearing up to the hospital door with another life-and-death case. It was the young aviator. He had been found down near the Battery under the pile of wreckage that had been his aeroplane. It had been driven there by the terrific concussion, floating on an even keel because its stabilizer planes had not been crushed by shrapnel. An hour later he came from under the ether, and was carried to his cot in the ward. One leg was in a cast where it had been broken in two different places, and a broad white bandage covered his eyes and face, for when the machine fell the gasoline had exploded, blinding him for life.

As he lay there moaning, his feeble hands clutching at the bedclothes, he kept crying over and over again, "Alice!" "Alice!" One of the nurses, who was trying to quiet him, turned at the sound of a step behind her, and saw "The Little Angel" standing there. It was not "The Little Angel" of yesterday, but instead, a wide-eyed, white-faced ghost of a girl. She had heard the cries of the sufferer, and with a realization that fairly choked her, had known it was Walter. She had seen nothing of him since that night in June when she had sent him away. With a sob that tore at her heart, she sank beside the cot, and seizing one of his hands covered it with kisses. "Walter, Walter, forgive me — I didn't understand — won't you forgive me?"

Slowly, gropingly, the injured man seemed to emerge from

his delirium, and blindly stretching out his arms, asked in an almost inaudible whisper, "Is it you, Alice? — my Alice — Is it all right, dear?" As his weakened arms fell they closed about the neck of her to whom he had proved his worth.

P. K. THOMAS

“A Merry Christmas”

MOTIONLESS, save for an almost imperceptible shifting of his forearm, “Red” Blair lay waiting for his turn in the grim drama being enacted in the wastes of Northern Canada, with only the eternal snows to witness the finale of a human life. A scanty hundred yards away, crouched too behind a huge boulder, waited the man known to Blair as “the sheriff”. and into the mind of each came a vision of what was dearest to him. Blair — “Bare-faced Jerry” to his kind, saw himself safely across the border and lodged in the most perfect of isolation — the Bowery native’s dream — New York. A month in hiding, then he might return to the world again. Nothing could prevent him — nothing other than the unseen enemy who barred his path. And Blair grasped his rifle even more tightly and waited — waited

Four long months past, at the first report of “Red” Blair’s name in connection with the knifing of a prominent gambler near Alberta, Kane, sheriff of Great Bear, had begun the long man-hunt the conclusion of which was at hand. Stretched here in the snow, his rifle at his shoulder, he had begun to dwell upon the home he had left in response to the wire from his fellow-officer in the adjoining county. He had laughingly promised his tiny daughter that “daddy” would return at Christmas time, without fail. And now, with Christmas Eve heralded by the lengthening shadows on the surface of the snow, already partially gone, he was unable to return to the tot whose every lisped question was for her “daddy”. Unless — he gripped his weapon even more tightly and he waited — waited

Wearied by the monotony of the wait, tired of the inactivity enforced on him, Blair began slowly to raise himself along the edge of the protecting rock. And Kane, watching from his shelter, realized that the climax had come. So slowly as to appear immovable, the figure behind the great rock came into view. As his face rose to sight, Kane fired — and missed. He could not drop back into the hollow from which he had risen.

Scarcely had he touched his trigger when Blair's bullet took him—squarely through the right lung. And, as he toppled slowly, a dark stain formed on his coat and on the snow before him. The other man raced for the sparse group of trees in which was left his horse, leaped into the saddle, and raced away. The shadows grew longer, and the cold more intense, but the figure in the snow did not stir. . . .

"Diamond Liz" Cragen did not conform strictly to the social ethics of respectability, and her honesty was as short as her vocabulary, but she preserved one genuinely true love, and that she cherished for "Red" Blair. "He said he'd get back here Christmas, an' he'll do it." She had assured herself times without number after the hasty departure of her lover. And now, upon Christmas Eve, he had yet to make good his promise. But she persevered in her conviction. "'Red' takes his time, but he'll show up," she replied to all queries. And though she may have noted the proximity of the great day, she never doubted.

* * * * *

For some miles after he had left the scene of his crime, spurred on by caution, Blair doubled and twisted as best he could through the snow. It was growing late, and the snowing of the path before him gave his horse some difficulty, but "Red's" confidence was unshaken. What though he were unfamiliar with the country? A few hours' riding would put him safely over the border, and then his task would be completed. He had made sure of the direction in which he was riding. Due northeast lay the boundary line he must make to escape, and he was making straight for it, so far as he could tell. The woods made it rather slow going, and the cold was becoming vicious, but he could bear it for a short while. He was nearly at his goal now, he thought. But the swirling flakes made it impossible to see. However, he would merely keep riding until he knew his whereabouts. It had grown very dark while he had been riding and his wearied horse was beginning to feel the effects of the strain. He spurred the beast on to greater speed—he was tired and cold, and impatient of delay. Surely he had not much farther to go, for he seemed to have been riding for days. And now an open

space loomed up through the trees — a kind of clearing, in which the great, shadowy boulders rose up in wierd, bizarre shapes like the phantasmagoria of a dream. He would stop here and rest a bit, and almost before he knew what he was doing he had slipped from his saddle and was stumbling through the clearing. He recalled dimly a warning heard against stopping to rest in the snow, but he would delay merely for a moment, then he would continue onward. But first he must — must — rest — a — bit and afterward —. He made no attempt to fight off the fatal drowsiness creeping over him. Half crawling, he neared a huge rock whose shape was vaguely familiar; before it, stretched full length, lay what resembled faintly the body of a man. An oddly-shaped branch felled by the wind, he told himself, as he began to lose consciousness. And then the half-seen objects disappeared, his head dropped forward, and he sank into oblivion. Nothing stirred in the clearing. The night hours wore on. And the golden sun, harbinger of another Christmas day, rose slowly to discover "Red" Blair of New York and Steven Kane of Great Bear lying a scanty four yards apart, rigid and cold. And nothing stirred in the clearing.

J. P. BOWERS

The March of "Kultur"

THE BEGINNING

THE stable's straw, tinselled from an occasional gleam of light stretched from the high lanterns, flashes like wan gold. Toward the end of the heavy room comes an occasional low from the soft-eyed cattle. The snow whispers lightly against the roof in a subdued, endless sigh. But inside everything is still and soft as sleep — a contrast to the late wide singing of celestial voices from the skies. The stable is not empty, however; at the door cluster rough-bearded shepherds with great, awed eyes, and in one corner, striking out boldly against the dullness of the scene are three figures, richly clothed, suggestive of some foreign place. Strange gifts lie upon the shining straw; and all retain the continual, reverent aspect of mute adoration. Before the three kneeling figures, in a soft, but finely golden mist of light, lies the Mother, still and pale, with the Child at her breast. There is no lullaby save the hushing sound of the snow, there is no spoken word of homage, and the Mother stirs, lifts her head gently and smiles down at the small bundle by her side. She does not see the bowed men, nor the shepherds, but she seems to remember the recent strains from the glad heavens, for the smile still lingers on her face. One thought alone holds her in her great happiness:

"He will be a great Teacher," she murmurs.

* * * * *

The stable is dirty and bare, save for a few tin pails and iron farming utensils. The ceiling is decked with motley shreds of cobwebs. The wind cries like a strayed child outside the dirty windows, and from a distant stall comes the hungry moo of a thin cow. Outside, in the rays of a dim lantern, stand a crowd of French sentinels, grim, hawk-like, their backs on the scene inside. For, in the farther end of an empty stall, like a frightened bird driven from its ruined home, crouches a pale, round-faced German peasant woman, a small, squirming bundle in her arms. An occasional cry rises from the child, and the old man kneeling before the woman looks at the pair with curious, dog-like apprehension. And through all the desolation,

the suffering, there seems to be one gloriously redeeming thought in the woman's mind; for she raises her golden head and gazes long at the infant, then murmurs quietly:

“He will be a great soldier!”

F. H. Dowd

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Editorial

It is quite the custom, I believe, to say in the December editorial a few words about Christmas and the delightful holidays that cluster about it. I do not intend to be unusual so I shall let the custom stand. We all know Christmas as a season which occurs annually — that is at an interval far too long for undergraduates and too brief for exacting professors. It is generally accompanied by a change in the routine of one's existence and an exchange of useless gifts. To the fortunate it brings happiness, to the unfortunate a bitterness difficult to remove. To the boy away at school it means a glorious lark at home, in which girls, unbounded frivolity, and self-indulgence are important factors; to the parent at home it means a long reach into the paternal pocketbook, and over it all, a real pleasure at seeing the boy again. To all who sell, it signifies a gain in trade; to all who have and to many who have not the means to purchase, it signifies an increase in buying. To the opulent it gives another inward glow of satisfaction; to those in the depths of poverty it adds, by the contrast of its festivity, another pang of misery. For the old, old maxim holds — "To him that hath shall more be given, from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath;" that is, his hope. So much for the nature of Christmas.

The purpose presents a far more difficult problem. Some

historians hold that the custom of observing the Festive Season dates back to a religious origin, and we even have documentary evidence of the fact. Whatever the origin, however, it seems now to have lost all religious significance. The present purpose must be analyzed anew. After careful probing I have drawn the following conclusions: 1. That it is to give weak and puny man a chance to indulge without criticism his own desires for recklessness and extravagance. 2. That it is to unite in brotherhood and joviality (a laudable purpose, as you see), all those who perchance have strayed into a partial oblivion as to the fellowship of God's creatures. 3. That it is to punctuate the long years of one's youth and the shorter years of one's old age, that one may forget for a little while the cold reality of the world, with a period in which license is given to throw reason aside and enjoy that freedom which Adam must have enjoyed when he left Eden. "And is it not human and natural that these things should be so?" I seem to hear you ask. Yes alas! It is only too natural. Of course I do not mean to say any thing against the observance of Christmas. I ask pardon if I have done so. I simply desire to give you information on a subject rather neglected nowadays, and fervently hope that you may disperse to, and unite, at your different homes to join in a joyful celebration of a foolish, useless, delightful, old-fashioned Christmas.

Not long ago something was said about constructing a golf course for the school and organizing a team to meet golf representatives from other schools. It is a good idea, very good. But when we stop to consider the thousands of good ideas we might follow out, we realize that a limit must be drawn somewhere. Our Athletic Association has already assumed a considerable burden in following out a few — a very few, of the ideas which have presented themselves. Andover already supports more different sports than the majority of preparatory schools of her own or greater size. Besides the three major sports we have teams in soccer, cross-country, tennis, hockey, swimming, wrestling, and lacrosse. Rifle-shooting seems to be developing popularity, and last spring fencing was taken up with some success.

England's policy of building two battleships for every one built by Germany now seems laughable to us. Are we going to introduce this policy into Andover, and try every new plan that comes up, merely because one of our brother schools has successfully adopted it? Far be it from me to criticize what is done by those better informed on these matters than myself. Still it does not seem advisable that we should become too deeply involved in a tangle of minor sports, which detract greatly from the main issues and are a constant drain on our pocketbooks.

It is always a pleasure to the *Mirror* to record the doings of our alumni. This time we beg to announce the appearance of a very entertaining book by an alumnus of Andover, a former editor of the *Mirror*, entitled *Clowns Courage*. The book is an assembly of grotesque fairytales — weirdly jumbled fables, that flash forth from their multitudinous cracks and wrinkles countless sparks of humor. The tales are very appealing. The subjects are modernized, and have been raised from the level of children to that of grown-up children, or adults in their playful moods. The book deserves the attention of the public in general and especially that of all who call themselves loyal Andoverians. It is published by Richard G. Badger of Boston, under the author's pen name of "Patrick Scarlet".

R. B. H.

Exchanges

The *Mirror* acknowledges with thanks the following undergraduate publications:

The Exonian, The Exeter Literary Monthly, The Smith College Monthly, The Yale Record, The Harvard Lampoon, The Widow, The Punch Bowl, The Cornell Era, The Williams Literary Monthly, The Bowdoin Quill, The Wesleyan Literary Monthly, The Tome, The Blue and White, The Spectator, The Oracle, The Vindex, The Lawrenceville Literary Magazine.

IGNORANT YOUTH (*in Vergil*): How did those snakes go so fast?

PROFESSOR: Why! They just got a wiggle on, I suppose!

"I can marry any girl I please ——"

"Of course you can, but it's mighty hard to find one that you do, isn't it?"— *Record*.

SOPH: I hear they have canned the Dean.

FRESH: What dean?

SOPH: Sardine! — *Tiger*

PROF: When was the revival of learning?

STUDE: Day before exams! — *Jester*

MARIE: Was he on his knees when he proposed?

ESTELLE: No! I was! — *Punch Bowl*

SHE: How I wish I were a man.

IT: Do you weally?

SHE: Yes; don't you? — *Lehigh Burr*

JOE: That student from Cuba is always knocking.

JIM: Regular Havana wrapper, eh? — *Jack-o'-Lantern*

SHE: I hear that Jack has a new girl.

HE: No, that's just his old one painted over.

— *Pen State Froth*

PROF (*in History*): Was it Porter who said, "Take no quarter from the enemy"?

STUDE: No, sir; no porter ever said that! — *Ex*.

TEACHER: What animal attaches himself to man the most?

JOHNNY: Why — er — er the bulldog, ma'am. — *Ex*

SHE: A baby was sent by parcel post yesterday.

HE: A male child, I suppose. — *Record*

NICE OLD LADY (*while the teams change goals between quarters*): How mean to give Yale such a big penalty! — *Record*

"I'll have to eat my turkey at a boarding-house."
Gee! That's tough!" *Punch Bowl*

FAIR FAIR VISITOR: Can you tell me why the State exhibits are all closed on Sundays?

GRUFF GUIDE: Well, I should say so! Don't you know that the States all belong to the Union? — *Chaparral*

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On the other hand, if the proportions

are not right and if the cigarette contains inferior grades of tobacco or hidden nipping sting at the tip of your tongue or that "sandpaper tickle" in your throat.

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But with another cigarette in which the blend is less skillful, even though the tobaccos are of the highest grade, you will find along towards the end of the day that you are likely to have that feeling of having "smoked too much."

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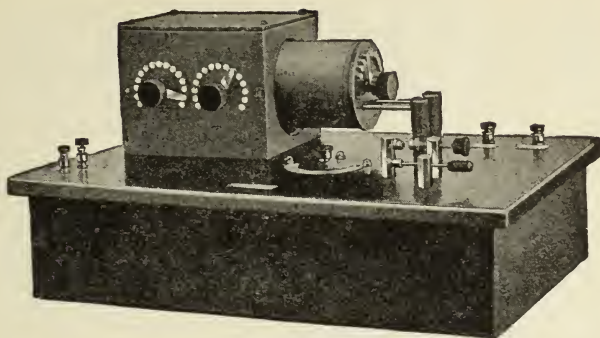
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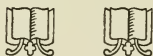
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Kentucky Lady

MAMMY LIL!"

A stir, the misty gleam of a candle along the dusky panels of the huge old drawing-room. The swish of silk, a faint old perfume.

"Mammy Lil — here Ah am, come and see me!"

The girl who spoke touched the flame of the candle she carried to other candles and the room lay in a mellow light. Mammy Lil's slow, ponderous footsteps sounded outside and the next moment she was standing in the door. At the sight of the girl she threw up her hands.

"De good Lawd done sent one of his angels from de sky," she breathed after she was able to recover speech, difficult to produce partly from her bewilderment and partly from lack of breath.

"Honey, how did you make it? It's jes' a — jes' a *dream!*" The last word she uttered all ignorant of colloquialism.

But Mammy Lil' expressed herself well. It *was* a dream — a quivering, frothy, silky dream, an even gleaming dream, with here a puff of fog-like frill, and trembling laciness, then broad surfaces of soft satin. The happy girl turned and turned about, gently touching the lovely dress with delicate fingers, lifting a white shoulder to peep over it at the reflection in the long mirror in front of her, while the huge black woman stood and gaped at the graceful picture.

"And it cost — oh, so little, Mammy, at least to be such a — a dream, you know. And Ah designed it all mahself; think of it! I looked everyweah fo' a pretty design, but they were all so — just-the-samey, you know. So Ah said to mahself, 'We'll see, Miss Rosalia, we'll see'. And Ah sat mahself down

and drew all sorts of dresses and finally drew a dress like this—and then Ah bought the material and — as Aunt Suzanne would say '*La voila!*' You don't know what that means, do you, Mammy Lil'?"

"No, Miss, Ah nevah did luhn Latin."

A white throat raised in laughter and the girl, with red, smiling lips said, "Oh, that's French, Mammy, and it means 'Heah it is! Oh!'" and she was off in another little trance of delighted vanity, turning and posing to catch every line and gleam of the dress.

"And Marse Jawge gwine to take you to a dance way out'n a college somewheah? Mah goodness, he sho'll be a proud boy! They won't be no purtiah gal on de floah, Ah know!" and Mammy Lil' burst out in a fit of delighted exclamations.

"Now, Mammy, stop yo' flattering. Think of all the beautiful girls with much more money than Ah have who'll be theah, and so stylish! Why, Ah'll probably be a little, small country mouse compared with them!"

"Country mices are much handsomah than city ones," volunteered Mammy, half understandingly. At this the girl's white arms were about the old black neck, all the lovely laciness crushed to the great, stolid breast, while she laughed happily at the naive remark of the old black.

"You deah, deah Mammy Lil', how Ah love you! You think Ah'll be — oh — quite nice, then?" She drew away and placed her white hands on the great shoulders.

"Honey, Ah knows it!" said Mammy Lil' sweetly.

There came a ring at the doorbell. The girl fled from the room and immediately returned, a yellow envelope in hand.

"It's a telegram, Mammy, for me; what do you suppose it can be!"

She tore it open — read. Mammy Lil', watching her, saw her shrink and let the paper drop to the floor. With an elephantine movement she reached the girl's side.

"Honey, mah little girl, what's de mattah? Theah, theah, don't look so white. Tell me, what *am* de mattah?"

"Oh, Mammy Lil', mah heah't's broken. George is very sick — he won't be able to take me to the dance. Oh, Mammy

Lil' — I'm awful wicked, but it hurts moah because I can't go to the dance than because he's sick. He couldn't be so very sick, anyhow, he's so strong, you know. Oh, Mammy Lil', Ah'm goin' to cry!" and the girl dropped, all whispering silks, on the big sofa and tried to choke back the sobs.

Mammy Lill's great heart was wrung at the girl's grief. She stood silently above her, a great protecting shadow, and then, as noiselessly as possible, turned and marched stolidly from the room, her good eyes rolling. Outside, she mopped them with her apron.

"Poh lil' child," she wept. "Poh lil' child. A-countin' an' a-countin' of the days, and now Marse Jawge is sick and she can't go. And dat dress — all foh nothin'!"

And the girl on the couch tossed about in her little tempest of grief and disappointment.

"So much trouble, so much thinkin' and thinkin' about the dance and how nice he'll look — and maybe Ah — and now ——" A fresh burst of grief stopped the speech in a despairing gulp. After a while she rose, calmed a little.

"You're no use now — you, and you, and you," she murmured woefully, touching the different frills that made up the dress, with solemn fingers. "You're no use now, you might just as well be nasty old calico or gingham — he'll never see you — leastways not at the dance. Oh, Ah can't beah it, Ah just can't! — Oh, Ah wish mothah would come back — and fathah! Ah want to tell them both about it — Ah want to make 'em as sorry as Ah am. — Now, Rosalia, stop yoah poutin' and cryin'; it won't do any good, and it makes Mammy Lil' feel bad. Ah must get away fum heah — outdoors somewheah — oh, anywheah! Ah wish the whole town knew! They will pretty soon, Ah suppose, but it won't be any use then. Oh, mah pretty, pretty dress — youah no use now — Ah — Ah think Ah'll dye you black and weah you always aftah this. He'll nevah, nevah see me in it —"

She turned suddenly and putting on a big coat, from which her little face peered out grotesquely sweet, she fled from the house. As she stepped out on the sidewalk a huge collie bounded down the steps and ran after her while she walked quickly down

the street — anywhere, anywhere to get away from the horrid yellow paper and the woeful message it contained.

“Ah’ll not stay heah in this town any longah! The first great adventure Ah’ve evah had — all spoiled and ruined and the prettiest dress Ah’ve evah owned ——” Her mouth puckered pitifully and she stuck her chin far down into the depths of the big collar to hide it. She passed a man who stared and stared as he caught the despairing gleam in the two brown eyes which gazed mournfully out of the top of the coat-collar. “Rogah,” she said to the dog who now trotted beside her, “Rogah, ahn’t you sorry foah me? Look at me, Rogah, and say something.” The dog barked and circled in front of her at her words. “That’s right,” she resumed, “only don’t smile so, Rogah. Yuh ought not to smile when Ah can’t go to the dance, don’t you see, Rogah?”

She had reached a small footpath at the edge of a deep wood now, and walked a little more slowly, grieving, thinking, and finally trying to determine what to do. “Ah might go into a convent — lak they do in books ——” At the exaggerated thought she became suddenly conscious that her grief was unnatural and childish, and her manner changed. “Silly thing,” she said. “Thea’ll be a lot of moah chances foah fun sometahme — but, oh deah, when will Ah evah have such a dress again! Ah can’t afford it very often. But then — oh, Ah don’t want to moralize about it, Ah want to sweah out loud! Ah wish Ah deahed — Rogah, sweah foah me! That’s right, again, again, again! Loudah, so that old lady ovah theah can heah. Theah — I feel much bettah — Thank you, Rogah!”

She hastened her steps again and as the tall trees closed over her she began to think rapidly. “Ah’ll go anyway,” she determined at length, “Ah’ll go anyway, and stay with Aunt Josephine and watch ’em come to town foah the Prom, in all theah silks and frills. And Ah’ll see Brothah every day, and — and Ah’ll put on mah dress and show it to him — maybe it’ll make him get well. Yes, suh, Ah’ll go anyway, and”, stopping short in the path, “Ah’ll go *now!*”

She turned quickly and hastened out of the dim wood, the dog at her heels. She was almost running now, and panting in

little gasps—"Yes, suh, Ah'll go and have an adventuah and be a 'Mysterious Puhson'." The name delighted her and she repeated it, "A Mysterious Puhson!"

At the house her tears had quite vanished and she was about smiling as she faced her mother, who held the telegram in her hand, a pitying look on her gentle face.

"Rosa, Ah'm so sorry ——" she began.

Rosalia stopped with a dramatic gesture.

"Yes, mothah — mah mind is made up and Ah'm goin' anyway — Ah'm goin' to stay with Aunt Josephine and Ah'm going to be a Mysterious Lady!"

Mrs. Chadwick's face bore a look that held both astonishment and pain. "But it's so fah, deah girl, and you've nevah traveled alone very much."

"Yes, mothah, Ah know, but Ah'm going to be an adventuress"—innocently—"and Ah'm goin' to the College and— — resolutely—"Ah'm going to weah mah dress, *this* dress," she threw wide the coat, "foah George to see — in the hospital. Yes Ah am, mothah, and — wheah's the timetable? Ah'm goin' on the next train — you can send mah trunk along!"

She was laughing hysterically, flinging off her hat, coat and gloves in a heap on the couch. "Let me see Mammy Lil' and let me tell her it's all right and that Ah'm goin' to see George anyway. Mammy!" she called. "Mammy!"

Mammy entered in a surprisingly short time. "Honey child ——" she began.

"Mammy, Ah'm goin'— goin' to see George and he'll see mah dress — mah dream."

Mammy's eye widened. "An' yo' goin' to *dance*?" she asked eagerly.

The question was almost too much for the girl, but she rallied and replied smilingly: "Yes, Ah'm goin' to the dance, but not with George, Mammy, with a *Mysterious Man*!" She could not make Mammy grieve and the little romance seemed permissible, though she smiled at the childishness of it.

Mammy's eyes showed mostly white as she repeated the girl's words, "*A Mysterious Man?*"

"Yes, Mammy, it's goin' to be an adventuah! And Ah'm goin' to weah mah dress foah George to see — in the hospital, so's to make him well!"

"Well, ain't dat fine, now — all fixed up, Ah guess Marse George is awful sorry he cain't go!"

"Oh, of course, Mammy Lil', but he's a big man and can stand it all right, Ah guess! But, deah me, Ah've just got to hurry, because Ah want to see him and it takes two days to get there, you know, Mammy. And it costs a lot of money, too — Ah don't hardly see — but then, Ah'll be all right, 'cause this is mah great adventure, you see."

* * * * *

That afternoon a demure little figure stood on the village station-platform and when the great train roared up to the little station Rosalia kissed her mother and Mammy Lil' and father all good-bye, and then she was speeding over the country in search of the Great Adventure, in which she was to be the "Mysterious Lady".

II

"Cab, Miss?"

"Yes, Ah guess so. Wheah does Aunt Jos — Ah mean, Miss Josephine Briggs live?"

"Take you there right away, Miss!"

"Well — all right. How much do you charge?"

"Fifty cents, Miss."

"All right, only be quick!"

"Why, yes Miss!"

It was a rickety old cab and the streets were imbedded with trolley-tracks. It only took a sharp twist of the wheel from out of the bottom of one of these ruts to break the wheel and frighten the horse into a mad gallop. The driver swore loudly and despairingly, Rosalia shrieked in a similar manner, and it was all ended by an exceptionally tall young man running out into the street and seizing the wild-eyed horse's bridle. As soon as she felt the vehicle stop, Rosalia grasped her suitcase wildly and began to shriek. A strong arm helped her out and she found herself face to face with her tall rescuer.

"Oh! Did you save me?"

"Yes — that is — come with me quickly to the other side of the street; you're likely to be made rather conspicuous if you stay here much longer. You see, I'm a school-fellow and the boys know me and ——"

"Oh, do you know George Chadwick?" The question came like a shot.

"George Chadwick — well, I guess! Nigger's the best halfback we ever had ——"

"Oh, you *do* know him then! Ah was *so* afraid you wouldn't. You see he's sick and Ah'm his sistah, and Ah've come to — to take cyah of him and to — to — well, just to take cyah of him, that's all." She stopped suddenly, a little embarrassed.

"Oh yes, I see. And you want to see him ——"

"Right away! Yes suh! Befo' Ah go to Aunt Josey's, befo' Ah do anythin' — Ah want to see him!

"All right. I'll take you there. The hospital is a couple of blocks down the line, on Hafton Street. I'll take you there now and I guess you can see him as his sickness is not contagious. I was over there this morning and he seemed fairly comfortable."

"Did he? Oh, that's nice! Ah *hope* they'll let him see me. He doesn't know Ah'm heah, you know. You don't think it will be too much of a surprise, do you?"

"Oh, no! Nigger's a big husk and can stand a lot!"

They were walking rapidly now through a crowded section of the city. Rosalia noticed that practically all the University men they met knew her escort, and she judged that he must be one of the "big men" of the college. She was trembling with excitement as they rounded a corner and walked up a large walk leading to a heavy-looking building. In there he would be, feverish, lonely perhaps, wishing for the good home and her care instead of the severe, white-clad nurses . . . He would be there and he would be worrying about his studies and her disappointment and all He would ask for mail from home . . . He would

"We would like to see George Chadwick. Is it possible for us to do so?" questioned her partner politely of the head nurse.

"I think so — yes indeed. This way, please," and they were following the stiffly-starched figure up long flights of stairs,

past bleak walls, painfully plain in their cleanliness. They were on the second floor — they were turning down a long passage. "Which door, which door?" questioned Rosalia's heart again and again. At last their guide stopped, turned a key in a lock — opened a door for them smilingly.

"George, George, Ah'm heah anyway — Ah came just to see you and to ——"

"Rosa — Rosa," was all he could say, his arms out wide. She entered them gently, for he looked very weak and sick, and gently kissed his brow.

"Ah've come, George, Ah've come and Ah'm so happy! You'ah goin' to see me in mah dress!" She whispered the last so that they, the nurse and the man, might not hear. The latter was standing back a little, surveying the glad scene with an interested smile. He now came forward at George's bidding and waited for the greeting — half-laughter and half-tears — to settle down.

"She was being run away with by one of Francis' crazy rigs and the fool driver didn't have the sense to stop the thing."

"Well, he couldn't, you see — the hoss was frightened," put in Rosalia. "And, Oh, Brothah,, you should have seen him stop it. He rushed right out in the street and grabbed the bridle and saved mah — mah life!

Then they all went into shouts of laughter at the citation of the drole melodrama. Rosa had taken off her wraps and was sitting on the white chair near George's bed, her gentle little hand soothing the big, hot one. Her heart ached a little to see the pain in his eyes and the restlessness with which he stirred about, even in his great happiness. But her optimistic young heart won over the darting little fears and one would have thought that there was nothing in the world for her but lightness and laughter. The tall escort noticed this and began to experience the sensation of having a cool, embalming sort of breeze flow over a certain distinctly raw and discomforting place somewhere in the region of his heart. Certain things, certain hot words and insulting notes, began to be forgotten — perhaps only momentarily — a certain heavy weight that tugged at his brain unmercifully began to be lightened. A certain person even,

with all her wiles, began to be a little less than the most-to-be-thought-of thing in the world —

"But Ah really can't stay heah any longah," he heard her say, a little distantly, as if in a dream still. "Aunt Josephine will be wild — she'll think Ah've been kidnapped. So good-bye, Bub, and get well very soon — *and don't worry about me!*" significantly. "Come — Oh, deah me, George, Ah don't know this boy's name — isn't that funny? What is his name?"

"Beg pardon, Sis. Let me present Mistah Donald Atherton."

"Theah! Ah'm *so* relieved. Ah'm glad I can introduce you respectably to Aunt Jo. Wouldn't it have been funny if Ah'd said, 'Aunt Jo, please meet Mistah — whah, Mistah Hero!' But she'd have understood, you know; Oh, you'll love Aunt Jo, Mistah Atherton. But, come, Ah'm all ready. Bye, Bob! Remembah — you shall see it — yes, yes!" And she was gone, and there were tears in the brother's eyes as he turned and looked at the long line of city roofs outside his window. And the nurse, who had hurried in and out with clean linen and bottles, murmured, as she shut the door softly on him, "There young ——" and then coughed!

III

"Yes, Ah'd like to see mah brothah, Gawge Chadwick."

It was not the customary time for visitors, but the pleading look in Rosa's eyes, sure withal of the longed-for permission, made the stern head nurse nod stiffly and summon a second, less official one, whom Rosa followed, with a step of old familiarity now, up to the second floor, past the shut doors, to the one at the farther end of the hall.

"Thank you," said Rosa, all smiles, to the nurse. "Ah can manage now, Ah think." And she went into the sick-room, while the young nurse turned and went down-stairs.

Rosa wore a great, full coat, which she held closely together, with hands that were eager to snatch it off and display the dress. She tiptoed softly to one corner, relieved herself of the coat and then tiptoed again over to his bed. He was on his side — gazing out over the city — blue in the new night and full of twinkling, ruddy lights.

"George!"

Tremblingly she waited. He turned slowly.

She had turned up the night-lamp beside the table. Its gleam caught every line, every filmy cascade of the dress. It crept up her bare arms and stayed in her soft hair, making it glow like old gold. Rosa's cheeks were aflame, her lips red and smiling as she posed, without vanity or conceit, ready for conquest — ready for admiration.

"Lovely, sistah!"

The proud brother lay passively, delighted and a little awed. The sight of her there, so dainty, so ethereal in all her girlish joy at seeing the wide, slow smile creep over his face, was like a restful dream, but a dream that stayed, that talked, and that exhaled a soft perfume. He was too weak to say anything more, but the girl wanted no words. She was content with the glorious look in his eyes, as they followed her every move. For several moments she remained so and then seated herself beside him again.

"You see, George, it's just like the story Ah made up so's not to make Mammy Lil' cry. Aftah Mistah Atherton took me to Aunt Jo's, he asked if he couldn't call sometime while Ah was staying heah. Oh, wasn't that nice of him? And the next day, yesterday, he came with flowers, George, with roses — lovely ones! And George — mah deah, sick brothah — *Mistah Atherton has asked me to go to the Prom with him!*"

The brother could only throw wide his arms and smile faintly — but with the same light in his eyes, and whisper:

"Ah knew he would! Ah knew he would!"

"Isn't it just *wonderful* of him! Me, little Rosa from Kentucky, going to the Prom with the President of the Senior Class. Oh, but brothah ——"

She could go no further. Some spiteful imp crept into her eyes and made them well in spite of all her efforts. And he pretended to look out of the window so that he might not see her mouth with that detestable pucker ——

After a few moments:

"But, nevah mahnd, George. You've seen the dress, and Ah'll come every day — twice — and read to you — and we'll

go home togethah when you get well. And you will get youah diploma — the President said so, George — he said you could easily. I went to his house, for *you*, George, for *you*, and asked him. And, George, he spoke so finely of you! He said, 'George is the most sincere, democratic, and natural boy in college!'" She spoke with much dignity, striving to keep out the drawls of the South in her speech. When she looked at him his eyes were shut and his face was all awry with uncertainty whether to laugh or cry.

"Theah, theah Bub — Ah'm sorry Ah made you so — so happy — 'cause that's what it is, isn't it?"

A nod was enough.

She turned down the night-lamp, noiselessly slipped on the great coat and crept out of the room.

IV

"Say, Jim, who's the dame in red! Over there by the big pillar. Frank Mowrie's sister? *Some* queen, take it from me, boy. And — well, look at this, will you? Say, honestly, the girls are getting better every dance. Who *is* that cute blond over there by Tom Street? Don't know her? Gee! I'd like to know if I got a dance with her or not."

Shorty Crane was "all excited" as he frequently expressed it to his neighbor, John Verne. His little eyes were fairly popping from his head as he viewed each new girl escorted past him by one of the committee. His own partner had not yet arrived and he was doubly excited on that account.

"Told me not to come after her, the crazy kid. 'Oh, but Dad will bring me in the car!' These girls nowadays are too darned independent, Jim, d'you know it?"

Jim, calmly indifferent, said 'H'm," and moved away, leaving Shorty much vexed and terribly bad-tempered.

"Blockhead! Unfeeling weedge! Not even — ooh, ooh, well, well ——!"

Words were useless. Shorty only stared horribly at Rosa as she stepped past him — flutteringly, airily. After a while he recovered his breath.

"So that's the dame Dan's taking," he gasped. But she doesn't look at *all* speedy or painted up. The fellows say she's

a regular sport. They do look like that sometimes, though. Maybe it's not the same one! Maybe she gave him the cold mit and went off and eloped with somebody. He certainly *told* me he was going to take her — and how nutty he is over her. I wonder if they *did* fight. *She* doesn't look as if she ever shot a butt!"

So musing, he was startled by a slight pressure on his arm, and his partner, a thoughtful-faced girl — of an utterly opposite type from him — rested her hand on his sleeve and they moved off.

The dance was becoming more and more dazzling to Rosa's eyes — her partner more and more handsome and gallant, and her gown more and more lovely, when it happened. For, inexplicable, horrible, a great, dull wave beat through her and the sobs burst out into her astonished partner's face.

"Good Lord, Miss Rosa, what's the matter!"

He held her close as they danced to shield her from curious eyes.

"Oh, take me — take me — anywheah. Ah'm dying — Ah think. George — George — oh, take me ——"

"Home!"

"No, no! Oh, no. But — but Ah want to see George. Ah — want to know — if he's all right!"

They stopped dancing as soon as she began to sob out loud and went into a little palm-room, far from the rythm of the music. Rosa sat down in a great chair — a disconsolate, crushed thing — and sobbed like a scared child. Atherton was embarrassed. But, fairly well acquainted with the wiles of women, he knew that her grief was only excitement, combined with anxiety about George. It was impossible to picture a certain person crying like that.

"And she's gone — I hope," was his thought as he viewed the tired little heap in the big chair.

Gradually Rosa calmed. At last she straightened up and smiled bravely at him.

"Ah'm so silly," she finally said, with a little quivering outrush of breath.

"No, only excited — and anxious, he affirmed. "But it's foolish to be anxious, you know. George is going to get better — the doctor told me so — absolutely! He's going to get all well, little girl, and it'll be all right."

He rose quickly. Something was gnawing wildly at his heart. He *must*, he *must* forget the Other. They had told him he would — that he was only fascinated by her glittering charm and her wealth — and her aristocracy. That last was the hardest. This terrible feeling of revulsion toward her must be false, for there was aristocracy, "blue-bloodedness" — wealth — beauty! Everything!

Everything?

There in the chair was the huddled girl. What she had said to him once about sincerity and democracy came back at him with a blow —

"*But your family — your aristocratic name,*" something goaded. Then the surprising thought, "What relation does *this* girl, *this* middle-class little creature, bear with your standards — your love?"

Slowly at first — then with a wild rush the answer, the truth, burst upon him!

He loved the Kentucky lady!

He knew it, because it wasn't like the feeling he had for the Other — who now was only a dim outline somewhere in the past.

Quite like a serious-minded man he strode back to her.

"Please get up!"

Wide-eyed she obeyed, something blessed shining from her dear eyes. He saw it, and rejoiced.

"I know I've shown myself a horrible snob — but I've reformed — I'm all right inside, little girl, and I ——"

"Ah know, Mistah Hero — Ah know! Ah'm *so* glad and Ah — Ah love you too. You're so fine inside, though somebody made a mistake in bringing you up. But Ah know you were in trouble ovah something and Ah wanted *so* much to help. But I didn't daeh! Ah somehow knew it would come out all right — even though it did make me act lak a booby — oh, Ah didn't mean to say that!"

"You didn't cry because you were afraid I didn't love you!"

She only nodded at him — full of smiles —.

The orchestra's rhythm beat upon their ears: "*Sweet Kentucky Lady, dry your eyes!*"

Speechless with exaltation, the young lovers entered the throng of dancers.

FRANK HARRISON DOWD

The Way of It

I saw a Wise Man selling brooms,
(And wondrous wise was he)
Who garnered copper pieces ten
For wares worth barely three.
He spat his foul tobacco, and cracked his knuckles grey —
And quoth, "No man leaves natur', sir, for to stay away!
For I have earned my eighteen per, forninst a clackin' loom:
But here I be, pack-bowed an' free, so — care to buy a
broom?"

I met a Pale Man wasting pens,
And paper, ream and quire,
Inlaying sonnets delicate,
Whereat men might admire.
He showed his rose-pink verses, and when I asked the why,
He quoth, "Behold! If these bring Gold, to ends of Earth
go I,
For I've a crazy cruiser that coughs along the swells,
And oh, my lungs are empty, for the salt fog and the
smells!"

I met a dozen Men of Sorts,
Whose rooms were blue with smoke,
Sleek-moulded by the Cities;
Smooth-worded when they spoke.
They mouthed their mild Virginia, and though their
hands were white,
They argued comprehensively of lock and stock and sight;
They told of greasy cabins, in settlements new-born,
And knew the joy of men who say, "We'll meet with
Geese, the morn!"

Poet, Peddler — Priest or Potter,
They take their several ways
Of seeking proper leaven,
For lightening their days:
For some ones hold to shooting, and some ones swear by
 hooks,
And shining reels and empty creels, above thrice empty
brooks:
 But, oh, the Broom-Man held the truth, reclothe it how
 ye may,
Who quoth, "No man leaves natur', sir, for to *stay* away!"

H. S. F.

An Appreciation of Lincoln's Fame

AS we glance over the short history of our nation, we are surprised to see the number of great men our country has produced. Statesmen, authors, leaders, all in their time have exerted a great influence over the social and political life of the world. But ours is an infant among nations; these men lived, as it were, but yesterday. When a thousand years have passed, and America has reached her maturity, who among all this throng will be remembered? Who, but the man who was in one, statesman, author and leader, Abraham Lincoln?

Lowell, in his immortal little poem, has given us a beautiful picture of the man, and the grandeur of his fame.

“Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly, earnest, brave, farseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.”

Lincoln may be truly called the “First American”. Born from the lowliest ranks, he was raised to the highest position which is in the nation's power to give. This fact especially endears him to the great mass of “common people” all over the world. He was one of themselves. He worked as they work, and when success finally crowned his labors, and he occupied a position in which his authority was practically unlimited, he was the same patient, unpretentious Lincoln; as easily accessible as ever he was when a lawyer in a little Illinois town. He stated that America was dedicated to the proposition that all men are created free and equal, and throughout his life he strove to achieve this ideal. He will always be remembered as the embodiment of American principles; the idol of democracy.

In a far different sense was Lincoln the “First American”. He was not a Republican, not a Democrat, but was in fact, as well as name, an American. You say, “Was he not an Abolitionist? Did he not free the slaves?” Surely, and he will always be remembered as the “Great Emancipator”, but the freeing of the

slaves was merely a means to obtain an end. His great goal was the union of his "Divided House"; the preservation of the Union.

Lincoln was without doubt one of the greatest statesmen the world has ever seen. The period before the Civil War was the most complex and trying that our country has ever experienced. Lincoln alone saw the impending crisis. His famous "Divided House" speech, delivered several years before the war, testifies to his remarkable foresight. Every act in his political career shows that he clearly foresaw the coming struggle and was preparing himself for it. Not only did he foresee the great civil war, but also the terrible period of reconstruction which was sure to follow. For it is an astounding fact, when one considers the violence of party prejudices at that time, that he never spoke or wrote one word at which the South could take offense. If the credit for the complete reunion may be given to any one man, it is certainly due Abraham Lincoln.

A volume might be written on Lincoln and public opinion. He himself said, "In this country public opinion is everything." But he was not the man to go with the tide. To be sure, he listened to the voice of the people — no man can be a successful statesman without doing this, but he never allowed it to influence him in regard to his principles. Perhaps the Emancipation Proclamation is the best example of Lincoln's attitude toward public sentiment. In 1860 the majority of the Northerners were very much against distributing slavery in the States in which it was already established. Accordingly, Lincoln stated that the slaves would not be molested in the slave States. But in two years the sentiment of the North completely changed, and Lincoln was able to issue his proclamation with the whole-hearted approval of the nation. This may seem to be inconsistent at first glance, but one must remember that his great aim was union, not freedom; his was a consistency, not of detail, but of principle.

Lincoln possessed one quality which is indispensable to a great statesman, tact. He was always able to see the other side of the question. For this reason, perhaps, more than any other, was he so admirably suited to carry on the great civil war. His cabinet was composed of some of the most brilliant men of the

time, several of whom had been his political rivals. To make such men as Seward, Stanton and Chase work in harmony, and recognize another's authority, was surely no mean task. But Lincoln did more than this. He made of them the most competent advisory body that a president has ever had. It is a strange coincidence that Lincoln and Gladstone were born in the same year. Their names will always be linked together, one as the greatest English, the other as the greatest American, statesman.

We seldom think of Lincoln as an author, but it is a matter of fact that he was one of the greatest masters of English prose. His style is wonderful for its simplicity and beauty of expression. Everything that he wrote or spoke reflects his personality. He was, of course, naturally sincere, and one is impressed by this quality in all his writings. His desire to make clear his meaning, to bring out his point, made him brief and concise. One never finds useless words or unnecessary expressions in Lincoln's prose. Some one has said that without the massive reasoning of Webster, or the resplendent rhetoric of Burke, Lincoln exceeded them both in his faculty of statement. This may be an exaggeration, but it is true that thousands can quote the *Gettysburg Address* who never heard of the *Bunker Hill Oration* or the *Defense of Warren Hastings*. But it is not these qualities which have made Lincoln's style so famous. It was something deeper, something more difficult to explain. Throughout all his speeches there runs a certain strain which, as Gilder says, is like the Leit-Motif in musical drama. This musical cadence is especially apparent in the two inaugurals, his letter to Mrs. Bixley, and the *Gettysburg Address*. In fact, it has been pointed out that the greater part of his works may be divided into lines and scanned as blank verse. Take for instance the conclusion of the second inaugural address:

“With malice toward none;
With charity for all;
With firmness in the right
As God gives us to see the right,—
Let us strive on to finish the work we are in;
To bind up the nation's wounds;

To care for him who shall have borne the brunt of battle,
And for his widow, and his orphan;
To do all which may achieve
And cherish a just and everlasting peace
Among ourselves, and with all nations."

No one can read these lines and deny that Lincoln was a great author, and a great poet. In his *Gettysburg Address*, Lincoln with his characteristic modesty said, "The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here." Long after the battle of Gettysburg will have ceased to be of interest to the world, will this little speech be cherished as a flawless example of English prose.

But it is not these qualities that have made Lincoln one of the best-loved rulers that ever a country had. They might have brought him the respect, but never the love of his people. It is because of his wonderful humanity that Lincoln to-day holds such a large place in the hearts of the American people. He was as tolerant and sympathetic toward the people in the South as he was toward his own supporters. Two months before his death he did his best to convert his cabinet to his cherished scheme of compensatory emancipation. Although he failed, the attempt stamps him as the most humane of all rulers.

Lincoln was as sincere in his sympathy as he was in everything else. Can anyone read his letter of consolation to Mrs. Bixley and doubt that every word came from his heart? I quote it here in its entirety:

"Dear Madam,

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

Is it any wonder that when such a man was struck down by the assassin's hand, a whole country was sunk into deepest

despondency? He had borne the sorrows of a nation, the responsibility of the greatest struggle the world had ever witnessed, only to be deprived of the fruits of victory and the blessings of peace. The world may forget Lincoln the statesman, and Lincoln the author, but it can never forget Lincoln the martyr. As the years go by, we can more and more clearly comprehend the greatness of this man. So will it be forever. As long as the American flag floats over a free and united nation will Lincoln be looked upon as our national hero.

PAUL RICE DOOLIN

To the Cynics

'Bout you! Look about you!
In-turned, ill souled lout, you!
Is the sky not blue enough?
Is the world not true enough?
Are the summer grasses pale?
Are the summer blossoms stale?
Are the maidens shrunk and old —
Is life lead instead of gold;
That you taint your pleasant days,
With the acid of your ways?
Cut the blindfold while you can,
'Bout you — look about you, Man!

*"Smiles are vain," the Cynics cry,
"Who call living pleasure — lie!
Fools will grin, the while they die!"*

'Bove you! Look above you!
To the stars that love you —
Smiling down their mirthful scorn
From the Place of Worlds Unborn:
Can you hope to sneer at these —
You who scorn our deities:
Fire on the warming hearth —
Hearts and hands that smooth a path?
Heaven's not so far away,
'Bove you — look above you, Clay!

*"Stars are cold and far away,"
Cry the Cynics, "And they say,
'Mortal life is futile play'."*

'Hind you! Look behind you!
Lest Life's Grist-wheels grind you!
Since our Father Adam bought,
With an apple, Human lot,

Since our Mother Eva span
Work-clothes for her gentleman,
Have the Wheels ground fine and fine,
Fashioning thy life and mine;
Yet they break and bruise and rack
Those who try to turn them back;
Yet they mutilate and kill
Those who murmur at the mill!
Wise are they who speak them fair —
'Hind you, look behind you — 'Ware!

*" 'Stars and Mills', " the Cynics cry,
" Faith, you make a merry lie!
Grin well, Fools, for you must die!"*

H. S. F.

The Double Victory

THE long evening shadows were gradually melting into the darkness of the night. A few lingering bolts of fire shot across the western horizon, marking the resting-place of the sun. From the north a black mantle of cloud climbed to the zenith and buried the earth beneath in a twofold and sinister darkness. A small ship crept through the icy waters of the outer bay and slipped noiselessly into the half-hidden harbor where it melted into the shadow of the over-hanging mountains. Not a light or a sound betrayed its coming.

After a short interval a grating sound was heard and a small boat touched the shore. Three men jumped out and walked silently to a little grove. One of them gave a low whistle, and a fourth man sprang from nowhere and joined them. After a few words of muffled conversation, the new-comer leapt into the underbrush and started up the mountain-side. The others followed and were soon lost in darkness.

Marie Lambert was folding up her materials, preparatory to descending to the little village of Viques below. The sunset had just faded with its wealth of color, which had enabled her to put the finishing touches to her sketch. It was Marie's ambition to paint sunsets — a queer ambition, perhaps, but one who has visited the Virgin Islands will understand the charm of the marvelous, ever-changing effects of the sunsets to be witnessed there. It was this ambition of hers that had brought her to the islands. Incidentally, there were other attractions. An army post, with its company of young officers, provided entertainment when other things failed. The village was even inclined to be socially interesting when, at a certain season of the year, the health colonists came over to enjoy the unusual purity of the air. Company "hops" were held frequently. Formal social assemblies were not unknown and there was usually some form of gaiety in progress at one of the hotels.

Among the retinue of officers at the post was a particularly handsome young lieutenant with a square jaw and determined mouth, upon whom Marie had centered her admiration. Marie was a dainty little girl, with wonderful golden

hair and radiant features. When she danced with the object of her attention there was a mild sensation among the onlookers and benevolent old ladies exclaimed in ecstasy over the beauty of the couple. Everybody remarked upon the luck of Howard Doron, who possessed the undivided interest of the most beautiful girl in the community — everybody except Howard. To him all girls were alike. It made no difference to him whether he danced with Marie or with Helen Briggs, the acknowledged homely girl of the town. Marie, however, was undaunted. It was only the prospect of dancing with Howard that brought her to the "hops", and even now as she stood watching the last streaks of color fade in the sky, she felt a vague exhilaration as she thought of seeing him within the space of a few hours. Turning, she started down the path to the village, lost in reverie.

Her pleasant thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a noise in the underbrush far ahead. Prompted by the feminine instinct of self-preservation, Marie slipped quickly into a thicket, and concealed herself from view. As she did so, four shadowy figures crept around a turn of the path and passed beside her. They were talking in a low tone, but Marie could hear enough to alarm her. What could "attack" and "fort" mean, but an attack on the town below and the fort and — Howard! A cold shiver passed through her, and dropping her paint-box she slipped from her cover and followed the retreating figures. After some minutes they stopped and Marie crept behind a friendly boulder to listen.

"It's this way" — the native was speaking — "With a few men right here we could control the harbor and the village, and render the defenses useless. Then with the fort under control the whole island would have to surrender." Marie had heard enough; she turned precipitately and fled down the slope, never stopping till she reached her home.

In the quiet of her own room she became more calm. What was the best way to warn the garrison of its peril? Should she carry the news directly to the post, and be disbelieved as an alarmist? No! That would never do! The only way — the idea came to her like a flash — she must go to Howard. Perhaps he would believe her. She started impulsively towards the

door. Then she remembered that Howard was gone on an inspection tour in the interior and would only be back in time for the dance. She controlled herself with difficulty, dressed hastily, and sat down to watch the clock until the few hours that seemed an eternity, should pass by and allow her to go to the dance.

* * * * *

The dance was on and Marie was endeavoring to dance composedly with a host of odiously solicitous partners. Howard had not yet come. Could he have been delayed in the interior? Perhaps there was trouble with the natives. They had been restless of late. What if the news should reach him too late to thwart the capture? The minutes crawled by. What was keeping him? What — Ah! There was a noise in the hallway. The group of stage about the door parted and in jumped Howard. His face was ruddy with health and humor, but he grew cold and dignified as he became more aware of the social atmosphere of the hall. Marie sprang to his side.

“I want to speak with you.”

He surveyed her calmly. A slightly bored expression came over his features, but he could not refuse.

“How about the next dance,” he said.

“No; it must be now. There is not a moment to lose.”

Good-humoredly he offered her his arm, and the two passed into the ante-room. Once alone she drew her chair closer to him and peered earnestly into his face.

“Howard!” He started suddenly. She had never called him by name before. There was something serious on foot, surely. For the first time a slight twinge of embarrassment colored his cheek.

“What — what is it, Miss — er — Lambert?”

“I know you won’t believe me, but it is true. Promise that you will listen until I have finished.”

Lieutenant Doron leaned back and considered her. What could the girl be driving at? She certainly seemed earnest about it. She was pretty, too. It was the first time that he had noticed it. She had called him by his first name. A strange feeling passed over him.

"Certainly, Miss Lambert, I promise."

"There are some men — I don't know how many — who are planning to take the fort. I heard them to-night on the mountain talking about it!"

Howard looked at her seriously. "I'm glad to know," he thought, "that she is capable of other things besides dancing and looking pretty." He in turn edged nearer to her.

"What did they say?" he questioned. His matter-of-fact tone disturbed her.

"They are going to come up from the lower harbor to the ridge with a machine-gun and threaten the town. With a few men, they said, they could render the fort useless. After that the island would be theirs."

Howard became very much interested and extremely reckless. He clasped her hand which was lying on the seat next him.

"Tell me, Marie, what color of uniform did they wear?" The fact that he held her hand didn't disconcert her in the least. It aided her memory.

"It was dark and I could not see well, but I thought it was blue with a red band across the breast."

"Oh!" He leaned back in his chair with a sigh of relief. She turned her eyes disappointedly on his.

"What — wasn't it — important?" A peculiar feeling swept over him, a feeling which we mortals, knowing no better name, call love. He caught her in his arms.

"Yes, Marie, it was." And she, realizing that her fondest and most cherished hopes were fulfilled, yielded.

A few days later in the local column devoted to the work of the mock war between the "reds" and the "blues", there was the brilliant story of the thwarting of a "red" attack and the consequent victory of the "blues". In a different part of the paper a victory of another sort was announced; the victory of the feminine charms of Marie Lambert over the stony heart of Howard Doron.

W. B. BRYAN, JR.

The Song of Art

(Respectfully dedicated to R - b - rt W. Ch - mb - rs)

Hark to me, Workers, for I am your mother,
Cry to me, fly to me, all in your pain,
I was who bore ye: I, and none other
Open-armed wait your returning again.
(Bring me them quickly, Oh Wind-of-the-Rain).

You are my joy: you that turn to me straightly,
Hold my true course, running forward nor back,
Simple-souled, clear-eyed, believing me greatly,
Seeing no need for the things that I lack.
(Cool their limbs, Dawn-Wind, on the World-rack).

Saving you follow me, you are my sorrow,
Petty and petted, little and light,
Dabbing at daubs that will see no to-morrow,
Bolstering lines that will perish to-night.
(Wind-of-Far-Distance, carry them sight.)

Blind are ye, Children, see ye not rightly,
Dumb are ye, Little Ones, if ye speak lies,
Though your frail courts meet to flatter you nightly,
Dead will your works be, when To-day dies.
(Buffet them back again, Wind-of-the-Skies.)

If ye seek true ends, nothing can lower you,
Though Comprehension be blind as black Hell;
Do *what* you do with my image before you,
When that is done you may think, "Will it sell?"
(Blow them clear-thinking, Wind-of-the-Fell.)

Come to me, Workers, for I am your mother,
Holding you, folding you, from your great pain;
I 'twas who bore ye, I and none other,
Sore-hearted, wait your returning again.
(Blow them Home gently, Oh Wind-of-the-Rain!)

H. S. F.

The Deeper Shame

"I LOVE you, Elinore." There was silence in the moonlit garden, faintly interrupted by the trickle of the fountain and the strains of music from the distant house. The young man continued.

"Ever since I first saw you, long before I met you, I have felt this way. I don't know how it came about. I've fought it at every turn, realizing how foolish it was. But it's got me to-night, darling. I've got to yield."

She drew back a little and cast a glance half pitying, half contemptuous, at the figure that crouched beside her on the marble bench. He raised his handsome face imploringly. His open mouth and straining eyelids looked ghastly in the moonlight. The eyes of the twain met and she instinctively turned hers away. There was something repulsive about this grovelling wretch. How should he seek *her* love—he who, properly speaking, did not deserve any woman's love. She raised her head proudly and looked straight ahead of her. It was some minutes before she answered.

"Cal, you haven't any right to talk to me like that." — A groan of despair from Cal — "I like you well enough. There was a time when I thought I could love you — before that Brighton affair. You seemed so big and strong and fearless. I thought I could trust you. But now I know more about you. You aren't any braver than I am. If you were you would have jumped in after Helen when she nearly drowned off Brighton Pier. Instead you let Jake Harrison do it for you, and get all the glory and honor that was yours for the asking."

"Yes, I'll admit I was yellow then. I couldn't help it. Somehow nothing seemed worth the risk of losing you. And — Oh, can't you understand? It was for you I did it, Elinore. It was for you!"

"And that wasn't the only time," she pursued. "Remember when you wouldn't take that dive from the Commonwealth Bridge? And remember when you lost the two-mile in the Blue and White meet? What about the interstate boat races of 1915? Why did you lose out every time in the C. A. C.? Because you

were afraid to sacrifice yourself — afraid to give your best for the people who backed you with their spirit and with their money. And yet you want me to marry you! Do you think you could do any better for me?"

"Oh! That's too hard on me, Elinore. I grant you I've lost my nerve on more than one occasion, but was it any more than anyone else would have done? Let me explain! Wasn't there too much to lose to take the risk? Doctor always did say my heart was on the bum. And then there was my knee. It isn't well yet and you know what would happen if I wrenched it again. I didn't mean to shirk. I wanted to win each time, but when I thought how ——"

"You shouldn't have thought at all. You should have gone ahead and acted and done your thinking after. That's the way to get things done, and that's the only way. It's time you're getting to realize it. But don't talk to me any more about it. It's absolutely no use. Run along now and leave me alone. It's time for your dance with Helen. Hurry on."

Calvin Underwood rose wearily from the bench, muttered some gloomy word in connection with the name Helen, and darting a last, longing glance at Elinore, slouched slowly away. Hardly had he left when a grinding step on the gravel behind her warned Elinore to turn her head. "Oh! It's you, Jake," she called gaily, as a thick-set young man stepped from behind a bush and approached her.

"Yep, I reckon it is. Heard you talking in the distance and thought I'd come around to look after you. Seen Cal?" He sat down beside her.

"Yes. He was just here. Poor boy, he's dreadfully cut up. I had to send him away."

"Been down on his knees again, has he? It's about time he's getting over that."

"Yes, it is time, but he won't listen to reason. You know how he gets sometimes. He was almost raving once."

"Fool," remarked Jake. "And then again he isn't. Don't blame him much myself. I can understand a guy raving about you." He paused a moment to enjoy the effect of his gallantry. "Cal would be a good fellow if he wasn't so confoundedly yellow.

Now I've been considerable in dirty football games myself, and I haven't yet seen a guy with a good physique and a big chance to win out, just naturally go yellow the way Cal does, for fear he'd get hurt. 'Tisn't sensible, that's all. I don't get his line of reasoning."

The two sat in silence for a few seconds. The fountain splashed musically and the wind sighed among the trees. In the darkness Jake's hand crept out and caught hers. She did not resist. After all it *was* nice to feel such a strong, muscular hand. She edged nearer. A tear sparkled in her eye and she kept her gaze fixed at the stars. "He was a nice boy," she murmured. "I was sorry I had to be harsh to him. It's awfully unfortunate for him that he has to be as he is."

And Jake did not bother his good-natured but otherwise solid head as to whether it were unfortunate or not, but clasped her hand tighter and said nothing.

* * * * *

"Lo, Cal," said a chorus of voices from behind a veil of cigarette smoke, as the door of 27 Vincent Hall swung open and Calvin Underwood sloughed in.

"Lo fellows," said he dejectedly.

"What's the matter with you, anyhow?" inquired a voice from the fog. "You moon around all day like some crazy dope-fiend. What'd you do, leave all your pep around at Elinore Vance's party last week? Has Jake Harrison been cutting you out again?"

"I dunno."

"Going to run this afternoon?"

"Guess so."

"How's your knee?"

"Pretty bum. Doc says take care of it this afternoon. Won't do to take any chances." Then after a pause—"Got anything to read?"

"Take your pick."

Cal slouched over to the table and from the pile drew out a magazine. This done, he fell into a chair and tried to fasten his mind on the print before him—in vain. A few useless efforts

and he slung the magazine across the room, and without a word left the apartment.

"What's the matter with Cal?" some one asked.

"It's that girl of his. Been crazy about her for over two years. Had a good case on her, too, up to about a year ago, when she threw him down. Now she's off on Jake Harrison. Some one said they were engaged."

"Hard on the old boy. He'd be a good runner, if he wasn't so dawgoned yellow. Wonder how he'll do this afternoon?"

"Oh, he'll come through with about a third or fourth, with lots of wind and go left in him. Makes me sick the way he won't let himself out. He don't half-way try."

"All the same I pity the poor guy. Always thought there was something back of him that was worth knowing. Trouble is, he's too devilish hard to know."

"Yes, that's so." Then after a pause, "Anybody coming over to the meet?"

The party rose, threw its cigarette into the fireplace, and emitting a quantity of smoke from its lungs, left the room.

A crowd had assembled at the start of the cross-country race. Taunts and jokes passed between the opposing factions. Small betting was noisily indulged in by some. Others conversed in low, serious tones to the runners.

The starter raised the pistol.

"Are you ready!" The two rival teams crouched to the ground. "On your marks! Get set!" The muscles tightened. Bang! They were off!

"Go it, Cal!" yelled some one. Cal's face was rigid. His knee was in plasters and he limped a trifle. "Go it, Cal! Remember the Blue! Give her all you got, this time!"

The long line of runners streamed down the lane, bobbed over a hillock and was off across the dusty plain. A few stragglers wavered under the racking pace. Cal Underwood kept near the middle, running with long, easy strides. His first burst had not left him, but he was using it moderately. Soon the grind would begin and he would need all his strength for that.

One mile! Cal was lagging. "What's the use? Five more? I can't last the next. Better give up! No! No! No!" The

stinging air burnt his lungs as he breathed hard. Five more miles of this. It was impossible! He was far behind. Over there, just ducking behind the slope — *there* was the leader. Cal groaned and ran on.

Two miles! The ever-trailing line wound on. Up and down — across dusty fields — under leafless trees — always the same steady pound — jog, jog, jog, on to eternity — the path crept by the runners. The line was broken now. Some gave it up. Cal contemplated doing the same. His knee was paining him badly. He *must* stop! After all, what was the use? Only a sweater with a letter on it, a scrap of paper, and a line in the papers — Was it worth it? “No,” his heart told him, yet he kept on.

Only two miles more! At least he must finish. He was not conscious of the landscape about him nor the road beneath him. All he saw was the number on the man ahead of him and that number he strove with all his strength to place behind him.

Three miles! The runners were thin now and far between. Four men were ahead of Cal — the first three a hundred yards apart, the fourth much farther behind and just in front of Cal. He must get a fourth place! His opponent was wobbling. It was evident that he could not last much longer.

Four miles! The first three were “bunched”. The fourth, far behind, was Cal. He would at least finish now! The grind was terrible! The landscape staggered by like a nightmare, yet through it all came the steady pat, pat, pat of the travelling feet and the raucous breathing of the runners. Would the last mile ever come? It did!

Cal had reduced the distance between himself and the first three to about two hundred yards, and could not or would not make it any less. Thus the four grim figures toiled on, neither gaining and neither losing, each battling for the inches that lay between him and the goal. They rounded a corner near the finish and entered on the last half-mile loop of the course which should bring them back to the goal. “There goes Cal Underwood,” said a bystander. “Fourth place, just like I told you. Finishes strong, with two Red men ahead of him. If he’d only let himself out!” Cal did not hear the remark.

As he rounded the corner at the beginning of the loop he raised for just an instant his rigid face. There, just ahead of him, with burning eyes and eager, quivering lips, was a face — a face whose outlines shone like a beacon among the gray sea of other faces. And beside its owner was just a shadowy suggestion of the form of Jake Harrison.

Cal didn't know just what happened! He shot forward. The third man's number glowed large before him. As Cal passed the faltering blue runner he heard a hoarse whisper, "Keep it up, Cal." Then he sprinted. So did the red man.

It was the last stretch. Five hundred yards ahead of him, and his nearest opponent only thirty feet away! Hurry! The heavens reeled! The grandstand ahead seemed to bellow like a brazen furnace! One mighty effort! He lunged forward, and as he did so, something in his knee seemed to snap. He grasped wildly for the tape and fell prone and unconscious in the gravel, his arms and shoulders just over the line.

* * * * *

A bright autumn sun peeped around the corner and glancing through the many panes of the "glass porch", shone playfully over the coverlets of the beds. It was very peaceful in there. Cal Underwood was alone, and he did not long for company. He was only vaguely conscious of his surroundings. He was in a room all white and light. That much he knew. How he got there he did not care to comprehend. It was sufficient to be there amid the warm, yet deliciously cool sheets, and feel the cheerful sunlight creep over his half-closed lids. An angry bee laid siege to a window-shade. A belated fly repeatedly endeavored to climb the dizzy height of a pane of glass. Away off somewhere in another ward a monotonous voice was talking. A clock struck the hour. Yes, Cal thought, it would be bliss to lie there forever and hear the hours struck off — to lie with half-closed eyelids and dream of nothing in particular, which is nevertheless a very gratifying something. He had but a dim recollection of the day before. He knew that he had run and seen a face, and run still harder — and now here he was. He was content to remain there. Yesterday had passed, and yet it was not altogether gone. The face remained. He could see it now — the glowing eyes,

the quivering lips, the eager, anxious expression of the face. It was very clear.

He was aroused by a slight noise in the room, and with a start opened his eyes. But the image did not disappear. Instead it looked him more sharply in the eye. For a moment he lay rigid — then with a little sigh he relaxed.

"Elinore!"

"Cal!"

She was bending tenderly over his bed. "I thought you'd like to know about the race. Has some one told you?"

"Race? Oh, yes; I remember now. How did it come out?" His tone was one of idle curiosity.

"You won!"

"Did I? So that's how I fell down, is it?"

"Yes. They decided in your favor, you know. Some said you were across the line when you fell. Some more disputed it. But they finally gave it to you. I guess that just about gives the old Blue the championship. You ought to be proud of doing so much for your college."

Cal started. "College! What put that idea in your head? College nothing! It was for *you* I did it — you and nobody else. All the gold or glory in the world couldn't have made me win that race if I hadn't seen your face on the way! That's why I did it!"

She blushed and turned away. "Still at it, Cal?" she questioned. She bit her lip. "There was something else I wanted to see you about." She took from her purse a newspaper clipping, unfolded it and spread it out before him. "You have seen this?" It was a section of the society column: "*Mr. Jake Harrison to wed Miss Elinore Vance —*"

Cal turned pale. "Yes," he replied unsteadily. "But you're going to give it up, aren't you — for me?" He looked at her pleadingly. She could not meet his glance.

"Cal," she said, "I want you to forgive me."

"Anything."

"I wish you could. You remember at that dance of mine the other week when you asked me to — m-marry you?"

"Yes."

"You remember I said you were afraid? I'm sorry, Cal. Please forgive me. You made me realize yesterday, how small and weak and trivial I was. I was proud of you. I think Cal, I loved you.

He tore his arm from the sling, seized her hand, and endeavored to press it to his lips.

"Say that again, Elinore! Say it again, just once."

She drew her fingers gently from his grasp. "No, Cal. I am not worth it. I am not worth any man's love, least of all yours."

"But, little girl, I forgive you a thousand times! Don't you see how I love you? Don't be foolish about what you told me. I had forgotten it already!"

A tremulous sob seemed to choke her, but she restrained it. When she spoke, her voice had a hollow sound. "Next month I shall marry Jake Harrison. He has left college for it and taken a job in his father's mills. Everything is all arranged. As far as society is concerned we might as well be already married."

A look of crazed despair seized his features. "Oh! but it's too foolish! It's insane to marry a man you do not love!"

"Not *it*," she said; "I am."

"You mean — you mean that you can't marry me, then."

"Yes," she said hoarsely.

"But why" — he made a last appeal — "Why can't you go against tradition and break the engagement at the eleventh hour — just for me?"

"Because" — her face burned with a deeper shame — "because I am afraid!"

R. H. BASSETT

Waiting

Night after night I set the candle in the door
And seat myself a-reading, while the clocks
In the town yonder boom the hours. Before
I rise to lock the doors the crow of cocks
Rings out forlornly in the glooming morn.
(Surely he'll come a few nights from to-night)
Often I fall asleep there, and I'm borne
Far off, away into a place of love and light.

Then when it's day again I rise and say,
"Courage, my heart, he'll come at dusk I know."
Winter sleeps round me, and throughout the day
I sit and watch the black trees 'gainst the snow.
All day my songs I sing, gay things I sew,
And people pass and peer the threshold o'er —
Day after day I sit and read and, *Oh!*
Night after night I set the candle in the door!

The War Tax

THE register of the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec showed that the new arrival, who was depositing an ordinary stamped envelope in the mail slot, was James Conklin of New York City. He had an out-of-the-ordinary look, the look of a man who might say he was "chawmed" to meet you, without appearing affected. He fitted perfectly with the surroundings of Quebec's one real hotel, and he seemed perfectly at home in spite of the fact that he had just arrived earlier that morning, the twenty-ninth of April, nineteen fifteen. He was going to be in the old French city for several weeks on important business in connection with his automobile concern.

The envelope which he was depositing in the mail-slot contained a note to his wife and a ticket for passage on the *Lusitania*, sailing May first, as his wife, who was an English-woman, was going to visit her parents in England. Mr. Conklin had found the ticket among other mail awaiting him in Quebec. It had been sent to him by a mistake of the ticket agent.

That afternoon a telegram from the Montreal agency of his firm called him to that city. He was away for seven days in Montreal. Early in the morning of May seventh, he returned to Quebec. Clouds of thick mist, accompanied by a drenching drizzle, were blowing in from the Saint Lawrence. As he hastened out of the dark depressing shed of a station, he promptly found himself the bone of contention among half a dozen French cab-drivers, who, recognizing him as a prospective guest at the Chateau Frontenac, vociferously volunteered to carry him there for fifty cents. After a few minutes he was safely settled in the ancient Victoria of that particular cabby who had secured the first grip on his bag. Slowly his carriage made its way up to the citadel, passing screeching little newsboys, whose vocal efforts were totally indistinguishable to him, because their shouts were all in the vernacular.

At last his carriage passed the *Hotel de Ville*, and in a few moments, after traversing the Place D'Armes, he alighted in front of the Chateau, that stood looking out over the Saint Lawrence from its high perch on the citadel. However, on this

day the river was barely visible amidst the mist which shrouded the Gibraltar of America.

Mr. Conklin hastened inside out of the rain, to breakfast. He was so engaged in thoughts of his wife, who, in accordance with his instructions, embodied in the note with the steamer ticket, was now safe in England, that he did not notice the thoughtful appearances of the other breakfasters, nor did he see the newspapers spread over uneaten meals.

After breakfast he went to the news-stand to get a paper. He deposited a cent on the counter and glanced at the headlines.

“LUSITANIA TORPEDOED
“THOUSANDS DROWN”

It staggered him. A mad searching of the list of the saved revealed no Mrs. Conklin. He dashed to the office, seized a telegraph-blank and scrawled a message of inquiry to the Cunard offices. He threw a dollar bill on the counter; then he noticed his mail which an attentive clerk had placed at his elbow. On the top was his letter to Mrs. J. S. Conklin, and in the corner was written, “Returned for lack of War Tax Stamp”.

R. M. S.

PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR

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Editorial

The Prom

In the bleak and winter of the year, when joy is scarce and work plentiful, when some of us give way to study and others to despair, and when we all notice the tardiness of Time, we are accustomed to warm our hearts with a Prom. A Prom is a glorious thing — isn't it? It is also gloriously expensive, but none of us will openly admit that we mind that. A Prom means a day of concentrated bliss to most of us. We are willing to go to any prodigality. What's the odds? We have a beautiful maiden at our side. The air is filled with the delicate fragrance of feminine presence. Intoxicating music ravishes our ears. What more could we want? Gaiety surrounds us. Why not push it to the limit? We generally do, if it lies in our power, and we are right in so doing. But when we are alone and serious we wonder by what principle we are justified. Why is it not better to scatter our enjoyment over the whole term in a score of smaller occasions? The question is difficult to answer, but I shall do my best.

It is commonly conceded that the chief pleasure in an event lies in the anticipation and recollection of it. Thus if a man thinks steadily for three weeks of a celebration in which he is going to indulge and at the end of that time it has to be canceled, though he may not realized the fact, he has still obtained con-

siderable pleasure from that celebration which never took place. And on the other hand, if a man is smitten with a joy so brief and unexpected that he does not realize it at the time being, he still gets much enjoyment from the future recollection of what he knows must have happened to him. The more signal the entertainment, of course, the more protracted the recollection. Now if we split the Prom up into a score of smaller affairs and distribute them over the week-ends of the term we will see that the individual parties are too small to furnish much pleasure except during the hours of their actual occurrence. With one big occasion, however, both the anticipation and recollection are very extended. The Prom is bigger by reason of its isolation, just as a mint julep is greatly prized by a thirsty Southern gentleman in a desert of Prohibition. The recollection may reach through weeks, perhaps months, perhaps years after the event has happened.

Concentrate, then, your pleasures. Spare no expense of time, effort, or money to make them attractive. And don't forget the Prom. Dress your best, look your best, provide the very best you can for the handsomest girl of your acquaintance. For if you do this you will be buying a through-ticket to the land of genuine bliss, and you will have no reason to deplore your lack of enjoyment.

R. H. B.

The *Mirror* is pleased to announce the appointment of Charles Miles Drake, of Washington, D. C., to the position of Grind Editor. This is the first time that the *Mirror* has made a substantial effort to build up a comic department, and we hope that the plan will meet with success. Accordingly, we extend our best wishes to Drake for success in his department during the year.

The *Mirror* also announces with pleasure the election of Van Campen Heilner, of Spring Lake, N. J., to the position of Assistant Editor.



OH LAUGH



RULES FOR THE PROM

1. Upon entering, rush right out in the floor and bellow "I'm here!" This will gain you instant recognition.

2. If you don't like the way the orchestra plays, go up and show them where they're all wrong. They're good men and they'll appreciate it.

3. If you feel heady after the second glass of lemonade, go ahead and take another. This will show what a reckless sprite you are.

4. Don't wear spiked shoes. Even if it is a Prom, "Mutt" may object.

5. Your girl may not be a good dancer. If so, you should rise to the occasion and make some subtle and kindly remarks, as "We're getting along finely but there seems to be too many feet somewhere!"

"Doesn't that girl over there look like Helen Brown?"

"I don't call that dress brown."— *Record*

Dear Coach:

I am a freshman 7 ft. 3 in. tall and weigh 119 lbs. Could I play on your team?

E. Z. TULERNE

Dear Prospect:

The call for goalposts has not yet been issued.

RUNNING BROOK, Coach

— *Penn Punch Bowl*

MRS. MINX — Why does Mrs. Brown hold such long conversations with the mailman?

MRS. KATT — Oh, I guess she wants to be seen with a man of letters.— *C. M. D.*

MARJORIE — Jack has eyes like a gimlet.

GERTIE — Yes, he's a regular bore!— *C. M. D.*

PRESIDENT — What do you think of these submarines?

SEC. OF WAR — They're too deep for me!— *C. M. D.*

TAILOR — How did you like your new suit?

VICTIM — I nearly had a fit when I put it on.—*C. M. D.*

SHE — Why do you work so hard?

HE — I'm too nervous to steal!— *Widow*

FIRST PLUMBER — Did you have an easy job yesterday?

SECOND PLUMBER — It was a pipe!— *C. M. D.*

"There's something in that, too," muttered the passenger as a cinder fell into his other eye.

EGBERT — Have you heard the story about the Rifle Club?

CUTHBERT — Shoot!— *C. M. D.*

SHE — Do you ever swear?

HE — No.

SHE — Do you ever lie?

HE — Damn it, you win!— *Record*

SHE — Isn't it strange that the length of a man's arm is equal to the circumference of a girl's waist?

HE — Let's get a string and see.— *Jester*

PROF (*ending up lecture on slang*)— and the only thing I can say is to cut it out!— *C. M. D.*

THE FLIRT — I wonder how many men will be made unhappy when I marry.

THE HOMELY ONE — How many do you expect to marry?
— *Princeton Tiger*

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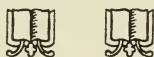
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The Masculine Element in Modern Poetry

First Means Prize Essay

THE black smoke from a thousand stacks billows upward to the sky. The swift wheels of a thousand mills race madly night and day. In and out through the maze of machinery dart myriads of pale, grimy, mortals, intent on getting to some doubtful goal, and heedless of the journey thither. A swarm of laden trains, trucks, and steamboats scuttle here and there to carry the world's produce to the four corners of the earth; while, amid shrieks, blasts, clanging of bells, and pounding of engines, rises the hum of a generation, a voice that speaks to us to press on to an end. For this is the age of Progress. We have passed the time when we were content with simple living, simple pleasure, and simple goodness. With the advent of invention we have come to require countless complexities of existence. We must travel a mile or more in a minute, and be able to converse with friends many miles away. We must be informed twice a day of the doings of the entire world. We must surround ourselves with conveniences, useless in that they merely cater to our self indulgence. One wonders that there is any place for poetry and art at all, but there is. For poetry is one of the best voices of a people or an age, and through poetry the spirit of our generation is voiced.

Thus it happened that when that monstrous masked barbarian whom we like to call Civilization, rose and shook himself, and this old world of ours awoke to its great big littleness; the spirit of the times expressed itself, among other ways, in poetry.

But the spirit of the times is success and achievement, and in this insane striving for success and achievement what room is there for the feminine? The movement of "Progress" was mascu-

line from the start. "Hurry on! Push the man in front! Knock him down! Take his place! Buy success! Steal success! Create success! Knock the man out before he tries to do it to you! Go forward, by all means! And don't stop to count the cost!" Such a spirit is of the man. Woman does not admit it. Though this sentiment is not often directly expressed it has an overwhelming influence on the work of our modern bards. Strength, fame, brute power, success; all fire the poet's imagination. Thus we have such men as Walt Whitman, Rudyard Kipling, and even our fondled Alfred Noyes, who, though they differ widely among themselves, have this in common, that they are chiefly appealed to by strength, action and energy. Kipling revels in force. He, perhaps, as distinctly as any other, typifies this attitude when, in his "Mary Gloster" he causes the old merchant to say:

"I made myself and a million——
Master at two and twenty and married at twenty-three,
Ten thousand men on the pay-roll, and forty freighters at sea,
Fifty years between 'em, and every year of it fight,
And now I am Sir Anthony Gloster, Dying, a baronite."

And again in "M'Andrew's Hymn":

"——— the auld Fleet Engineer,
That started as boiler whelp, when steam and he were low—
I mind the time we used to serve a broken pipe with tow.
Ten pounds was all the pressure then — Eh! Eh! a man wad
drive;
And here our workin' gages give one hunder fifty-five!

But "Progress" exerts another influence upon modern poetry—an influence which is, also, essentially masculine. The barbarian, "Civilization", in his by-moments exults in strength and flesh. He glories in passion, tragedy and destruction. Convention cannot bind him—he who is the ruler of the earth. He wishes to be entertained. And so Masfield, Service, Kipling, and Whitman again pour forth their powerful verses. They confront us anew with the world old sex problem. They hold up before us the throbbings of the human soul and unmask the brutal and sinister side of life. They reveal the animal and call it human. Masfield seems to be particularly given to this type of composition. Service is another of its ablest exponents.

Nearly every poet of today is touched with it in some measure or other, for good or for evil. Its chief objection lies in its quantity not its quality. If it could be restricted to the works of a few capable writers such as those just mentioned, all would be well. There is need of moderation in such strength. Unfortunately the rapacious public demands more of this "masculinism" than good writers can supply, and as a result a mass of inferior filth clogs our literature, in order that the children of "Progress" may be fed to their liking.

Not all the poets of our day can be said to be steeped in the spirit of the times. In the case of some, as in that of Francis Thompson, the mental reaction against the bustle and flurry of the world, has carried them far in the other direction. Even Kipling, in one instance, "The Three Decker" plays traitor to his sterner moods, expressed in "The Mary Gloster", and "M'Andrew's Hymn". In the case of a few — a happy few — there lies beneath the passion a true masculine element, an element of righteousness and sanity, which throughout all generations, will deserve to live. In some of Masefield's bigger works it may be excavated. "The Everlasting Mercy", approaches the desirable element in such passages as the following:

"I kneel there in the muddy fallow,
I knew that Christ was there with Callow,
That Christ was standing there with me,
That Christ had taught me what to be,
That I should plough, and as I ploughed,
My saviour Christ would sing aloud,
And as I drove the clods apart,
Christ would be ploughing in my heart,
Through rest, harrow, and bitter roots,
Through all my bad life's rotten fruits.

This is the element that should be encouraged to grow, to enlighten the verse of our era. We must help — give it our affection and support, that it may place in the way of the world's greed at least a mental obstacle, which may inspire the men on earth, and help them to walk more steadily on the uneven road of life.

R. H. BASSETT.

Sir Edward Grey and British Diplomacy

Second Means Prize Essay

AS we glance over the pages of history, we are impressed by the fact that every age, every great movement, every characteristic of a people or a period is expressed and personified by some representative leader. Rome, in the hour of her greatness, produced a Caesar, the very incarnation of the Republic's wonderful mental and physical vitality. Germany, out of the chaos of conflicting religious doctrines, brought forth a Luther, who, in his strange career embodied the hopes and ideals of his age. The world is now passing through the most tremendous crisis of its history; already hundreds of leaders have come to the front. What one of these will stand out in after years as the great man of his time?

This is a time of war; consequently there will be produced men who are the products of war; great generals, great admirals, great strategists. But the men who will win this conflict are not of this number. The real conquerors will be those who for years have been making treaties and forming alliances, waging the interminable conflict with the "scraps of paper," men known to the world as diplomats. It is in this field that the great man of our age will find his opportunity.

Although it is very difficult under ordinary circumstances to judge accurately the merits of our contemporaries, there is, at this time, one man whom all, who are in a position to give an unprejudiced opinion, admit to be the peer of foreign ministers. Sir Edward Grey has won immortal fame for himself, and the lasting respect of the world for his country, by the masterful manner with which he administered the foreign affairs of England during the summer of 1914.

Since August first, 1914, the attitude of the world toward warfare has undergone a radical change. The question that future generations will ask, will not be, after all, "Who won the war?", but "Who was responsible for the war?" Sir Edward Grey performed an inestimable service for England when he definitely fixed the responsibility for the crime upon Germany

and Austria. A review of England's diplomatic relations with the countries involved, covering the period between June twenty-eighth and Germany's declaration of war, cannot fail to show that Grey did everything in his power to avert the disaster.

Let us consider the Servian question. The Blue Book shows beyond a doubt that Sir Edward Grey was sincere in his desire to prevent an Austro-Servian war. Immediately after the assassination, foreseeing trouble, he urged the Servian government to assume a more moderate attitude. Successful in this, he next attempted to secure from Austria an extension of the time limit. This request was ignored. To settle the difficulty, he then proposed a conference of the four Powers not directly concerned. No answer to this suggestion was ever received from Austria. Finally, on the very eve of the outbreak of hostilities, he offered, in the name of Servia, to allow Austria to occupy Servian territory, even to dictate her own terms. The Austrian government paid absolutely no attention to this communication. On the following day it declared war. Sir Edward Grey had offered to buy peace at the price of the humiliation of his friend and had failed. Could any man have done more?

When it became evident that unless immediate action were taken the war in the Balkans would involve the whole of Europe, Sir Edward Grey became tireless in his endeavor to localize the conflict. On July thirty-first, he used his whole influence to promote the negotiations which had begun between Austria and Russia. All his proposals stipulated that further preparations for war should be stopped by both parties. This came to nothing on account of the arbitrary demands of Austria. Finally he declared himself willing to support in Paris and Petrograd any reasonable proposal from the central powers which might tend to preserve peace, and stated that if such a proposal were refused by France or Russia, he would withdraw from the negotiations. Germany declined to discuss the matter further and immediately dispatched her two ultimatums. On the day that this was done, Sir Edward Grey made one last attempt to prevent the outbreak of hostilities. The English Blue Book contains no fewer than seventeen telegrams which he sent on that day alone. He failed, but the world will never forget the noble fight he made.

Let us turn for a moment to the west. Here, too, the consummate skill with which he carried on negotiations in the interests of peace with Germany on one side, and France on the other, wrought a triumph for British diplomacy. On July thirtieth, when President Poincaré suggested that the danger of war might be averted by a declaration of England's intention to stand by the Entente, Grey replied that he was under no obligation to intervene on behalf of France or Russia. He saw that without the assurance of British support, there was little danger that these powers would take the initiative in declaring war. He then, fearing that Germany might be moved to aggression by this refusal to support France, warned her that in case of an attack on her part, England would not be neutral. It was at this time that he pronounced the words which, since the Congress of Vienna, have been the key-note of England's foreign policy: "England wants peace for all, but if you break the peace, do not count on our standing aside!"

It is, then, evident that the British government did its utmost to preserve peace. Sir Edward Grey, as the author of this policy, has stamped himself the great man of our time. It may be urged that an advocate of peace can hardly be considered a fit representative of the era in which the world's greatest war occurred. It must be remembered, however, that this is not really a warlike age. The world as a whole is horrified by the terrible calamity. It would be gross injustice to judge the twentieth century barbaric, because a conflict which the quarrels of previous generations made inevitable broke out at that time. The generations to come, then, when they search out the man who best typifies this age of ours, will pass over him who did most to bring about the war, and him who did most to bring it to a successful close, and will choose the man who did most to prevent it, Sir Edward Grey. His efforts were futile, but no one will ever question the sincerity of his purpose.

P. R. DOOLIN.

The New York Constitutional Convention

Third Means Prize Essay

ALTHOUGH the New York constitution, as framed by the convention, was overwhelmingly rejected at the polls on November 2, 1915, the fact that a body of men, representing the richest and most populous State in the Union was able to lay aside political differences and consider only the welfare of the people whose spokesmen they were, gives us ground to hope for a new era of government in the future. The convention met on April 6, adjourned until the 26 of that month, and was then in session until September 10. The first two months were taken up in committee meetings, in which authorities on the matters being discussed and those interested in them were heard; the remaining time was devoted to considering the reports of these committees.

Elihu Root was almost unanimously chosen chairman. He typifies the convention in his life and words; he gave it the best that a giant intellect, and understanding of his fellow-man, and the experience of forty years could produce. During this time, he has had ample opportunity to know the "ins and outs" of politics as they are, serving as United States District Attorney, as chairman of the Republican County Committee, and as floor leader in the constitutional convention twenty-one years ago; on the other hand he has, during this stretch of years, held many high positions, having been Secretary of War under President McKinley, Secretary of State under President Roosevelt, and a Senator of the United States. In him we see a man conservatively progressive, a man who believes that the will of the people should rule, but who wishes their authority be exercised in accordance with the principles of sane and wise government. Mr. Root was fully justified in saying of the convention the words that follow: "This convention has risen above the plane of petty party politics. It has refused to make itself a vehicle for party advantage, except as a faithful service to the State reflects credit on a party and redounds to its advantage." This

was true of the convention. There was an ultra-conservative element, there was a radical element, but the one that predominated was the thinking element with the welfare of the State at heart.

This body of men did many things, but grouping these things together, we find that everything had one of two definite aims, efficiency or concentration of responsibility. The chief trouble in politics has been the hap-hazard way in which things have been done, and the inability of the people to discover who was responsible. They voted for many men, they filled many offices; but as to what these men were to do, as to what duties were attached to these offices, they were entirely ignorant. Hence the convention sought, by a number of reforms, to collect and to group, to eliminate and systematize, keeping always in view the two goals, efficiency and concentration of authority.

Every successful merchant makes a budget; no commercial enterprise can do without one; no corporation exists that does not have that system. At present, however, the New York Legislature appropriates money in an aimless way, knowing not where it is going or how it is to be spent. The new constitution requires the Governor, with the aid of his department heads, to make out an annual budget and to present it to the Legislature which has power to lower but not to raise it. All other appropriations, including those for local purposes, must be passed in single bills, approved by the commissioner of public works, who may be removed by the Governor. Thus an efficient way of appropriating money is provided. The Governor cannot place the responsibility for misuse of funds on the Legislature, nor can the Legislature misuse funds and place the responsibility on the Governor. If there is a failure to provide adequate means for the State, or if there is extravagance, one man is answerable and one alone, the Governor.

The executive's appointments, under the new constitution, do not have to be approved by the Legislature. If the Governor appointed good men, and the political "boss" in control of the Legislature objected, the executive was powerless. If he appoints inefficient men now, if he is influenced by anything except the good of the State, no one else is responsible. The one hundred

fifty-two departments have been grouped into seventeen, so that they may really have practicable value and efficiency. This will save the taxpayer's money, as it will decrease the number of high-salaried officials, and the Governor will be able to have real and actual supervision of them.

If the constitution had been adopted, there would have been four instead of seven elective officers, the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Controller, and Attorney-General. Those who oppose the short ballot say that it takes away the right of the people to elect their own officers. As matters stood, the people did not elect the men who were to administer the affairs of the State, but, because there were so many, had to follow blindly the party organization. The voters would choose the heads of the executive, law-enforcing, and financial departments, who must supervise their divisions and stand or fall by them. The rest of the officials may be removed by the Governor; so they are under his personal control. The short ballot will do more to destroy invisible government than any reform now proposed.

In the constitution then, we see that efficiency and concentration of authority have been the goal set before the eyes of the delegates, and these two goals have certainly been reached. That the constitution was rejected was a great misfortune, but the document itself shows the general trend in American politics of today towards sane and conservative reform. So, blotting the past from our gaze, we may look to the future with the greatest optimism and confidence, with our purpose clear, as expressed so admirably by Mr. Root: "To do something in moving our beloved State along the pathway towards better and purer government, a more pervasive morality, and a more effective exercise of the powers of government which preserve the liberty of the people."

L. W. BIELENSON.

The Return

The snow lies white, and the blue ghost-moon
Goes sliding, scurrying through the clouds.
The stars shine restlessly and the wind
Its wintry dirge sings clear and loud.

The naked trees, in the biting air
Stand black and flat against the sky
That all but presses their ghostly tops,
So near and heavy it seems to lie.

Yet the song in my heart is still unsung
And glad thoughts are crowding my happy brain.
For there's home ahead, and I look and yearn
For the firelight glow from the wintry rain.

Dear place! I have waited long and now —
I'm coming home with a laugh in my heart,
For the lights of my destination shine
Clear and near through the dusk apart.

F. D.

Gott Strafe Muller

[FOREWORD.—Muller is a half-breed. His father was German, his mother French, and his spirit with the Allies.]

“H AVE you arranged with Muller about stowing it away?”
“Yes, I saw him last night and he said he could have it shipped as steel cable. Then they won’t suspect anything because of its weight, if they find it.”

“The ship with three red stripes around the first and second funnels, isn’t it?”

“Yes, the *Beaucree*, right there. Dock 4 on the left.”

“About us? Are we provided for?”

“We are going out on a tug and get picked up outside the harbor. Our steamer is the *Umpergott*. Its captain is an old friend of mine. Anyway, once on board, Grachet will care for us. He’s third officer, you know.”

“Then I will be here about seven? That all right?”

“Fine. Wrap up warm, though, because it’ll be cold going out on the tug.”

At seven o’clock a man, heavily muffled in a long overcoat, emerged from the shelter of a pile of boxes and began to walk softly about as if in search of something. Suddenly he ran lightly up the dock to where a small boat had just touched, and was aboard with a well-judged leap. Then the boat moved off as silently and as swiftly as it had come.

* * * * *

Far out in the harbor, under a heavy canopy of thick, gray fog, was the boat containing the two men. For nearly an hour they had been waiting, with only an occasional blast of the fog-horn to warn them of the slowly on-coming steamer.

“Here’s Muller’s note. I’d forgotten all about it till now.”

“What’s he got to say? I hope the job came off all O.K.”

“I’ll read it. ‘Dear Kopft: I took the ——’”

Suddenly the steamer came out of the fog and was almost by them before the astonished captain could get his small tug underway. Luckily she was proceeding at half-speed, so that in almost no time they had caught up to her. Then came the risky job of running the tug up to the side of the huge steamer to let off the two men. However, it was skilfully done and the little boat faded away into the haze, leaving the men standing on the lower end of the gang, through whose slats water bubbled and sucked. Softly they ascended its steps, where they found the expectant Grachet, who took them to an empty bunk in his quarters, where they made themselves comfortable.

"Well, I guess we've seen the last of the *Beaucree*. Muller prides himself on being able to conceal stuff where no one can find it."

"That's good, but let's see what he says in his note."

"Oh, yes, here it is. 'Dear Kopft:— I took the nitro, as you directed, and went down to the dock with it and set it going. But the laugh is on my side, for I put it on the German munition boat *Umpergott*'."

HENRY S. MCKEE

Noon and Night

She comes not when the noon is on the roses,
Too bright is day.

She comes not to the soul till it reposes
From work and play.

But when night is on the Hills
And the great voices roll in from the sea,
By star-light and by candle-light — and dream light
She comes to me!

F. D.

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Editorial

FOR once since the beginning of the great war some of the American people have awakened to the vital part that this conflict will play in the destiny of our nation, and there is something like a serious clamor for defense. The high military officials of our country have long been aware of our need for a better state of preparedness, and some years ago were able to organize a system of summer camps in the endeavor, at least, to open our eyes to necessity. Now that the nation has been partly aroused and the real danger has been partly brought home to us there is a tremendous cry for Plattsburg. "Give us Plattsburg and more Plattsburgs! Leave your business or your pleasure for a few weeks and learn all about becoming a soldier! Make yourselves ready, fellow citizens, to push back the invader from our shores!" Well, this is all right. There is no doubt but what the summer camps do a world of good to those who are able to enjoy them. The life is excellent for your physical health and you come back with memories of a wonderful time. But the wise fathers of the project never intended to substitute the camps for preparedness, they had in mind merely a beginning — something to show the American mind what the real needs were. We are making the hideous mistake of thinking that an army of volunteers, commanded to a large extent by six-weeks officers could easily repel a host of trained fighters. "What is cold efficiency," we cry, "to the glorious American spirit and to Plattsburg?"

Spirit is all very well on the football gridiron where you fight man to man and team to team. But in a warfare where you may not ever see your enemy but drop shells from a distance of several miles, it has a small place. Not even the courage and self-confidence of a valiant American will carry him through a machine gun volley or a curtain of poisonous gases, if he is armed only with a pitchfork in defence. To develop any kind of adequate protection we must have efficiency, and of the kind that any intelligent business man would insist on for his business. The German nation is the most efficient in the world but only has it acquired such a high standard by years of study, foresight, and system. What chance is there of victory for a set of officers with a six week's training at a summer camp as their whole experience against a set with thirty years of tireless study and a European war behind them? For after all it is the intellectual force and the equipment that counts in modern warfare, and with these neglected mere bodily strength amounts to almost nothing.

We do not mean to condemn such institutions as Plattsburg. On the contrary we would offer all possible encouragement to those who intend to enter them. But we would warn their enthusiasts to keep in mind that the summer camps are not the end, but the beginning of a system of preparedness. If we are to be effectively prepared we must carry the plan to a finish and provide a military force more in keeping with our importance.



OH LAUGH



JUST A WHISPER

We, the Editorial Board, feel sure you will catch the contagious humor of this department. In case of sickness, however, the Board desires its position clearly understood: if there's going to be any killing, don't pick on one man. The said Board will accommodate you with a list of the offenders — but we're all heavily insured.

WAR NOTE

At midnight the enemy suddenly retreated before a barely half-armed force, and was brought up in the rear by a well-masked battery.

YEP: Why is everyone taking the rims off their hats?

NOPE: Oh, they think it's so much quieter without the bands.— *F. M. K.*

Tinctum Scheide, the noted war artist, has returned from the Champagne district, where he was nearly shot (we don't mean what you mean) while drawing for this paper.

MISS FORTUNE: Who's that girl in the car?

MR. FY: That's one of my Silent Knight friends.— *H. B.*

YOU: Are you against Philo?

ME: No, I'm Forum.

INNOCENT

I had a penny, I had a dime,
 I hate to think of that awful time
 When they passed the box, and in slumber bent
 I grabbed for my money — I still have the cent.

SHEEPMAN: Must be kinder hard to ride that saddle.

COWPUNCHER: "Naw, it's a cinch.— *F. M. K.*

CAPTAIN: I wish this fog would go away.

SAILOR: Yes, it wouldn't be mist.— *F. M. K.*

UNCLE: Well, Tommy, I suppose you're getting along finely at school.

TOMMY: Yeh, I beat up three guys this week already!

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The first test is for coolness, which means more comfort to the throat and tongue. Light any cigarette. Draw in it is not sufficient to make this test. Hold it in your mouth for a few seconds. Hold it "loose" around against your tongue and throat. Now blow out the smoke. If the cigarette contains a high grade of mild tobacco leaves, combined in just the right proportion, it will always feel cool and smooth both to your throat and to your tongue.

On the other hand, if the proportions are not right and if the cigarette contains inferior grades of tobacco or hidden strands of rank, oily leaf, you will feel a nipping sting at the tip of your tongue.

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But with another cigarette in which the blend is less skillful, even though the tobaccos are of the highest grade, you will find along towards the end of the day that you are likely to have that feeling of having "smoked too much."

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No. 7

A Gilded Cupid

MISS LYDIA VAN SLICKE reclined languourously upon the silken cushions and allowed a little slip of note paper to flutter to the floor. Everything about her exhaled an atmosphere of careless luxury, from the oriental rugs on the floor to the Venetian chandelier which hung from the ceiling; from her own mass of carefully marcelled hair to the tip of her elegantly pointed toe. Beside her reclined likewise a glossy Pomeranian, symbol of Slumber. Lydia herself symbolized Slumber. But as sleep is fair, so was Lydia. She was of the purest blonde type, both by nature and by artifice — wonderful golden hair, blue eyes, a marvelous marble complexion, and amazingly beautiful features. Nothing but what was attractive about her. And she was dressed to display her beauty, that is, as far as richness could help such a display. An unintelligent observer did not recognize the fabric, but it was a material that did not conceal the grace of Lydia's person. And it was rich, representing the worthy toil of many worthy artisans. The *entiere* was expensiveness personified.

Truly, Lydia was rich and very beautiful, and with these two characteristics what more could be desired in her? Wasn't that enough to capture any young man? Yes, it was, and it did. One young man in particular, a very attractive fellow, had been captured and held. In fact, that was just what the fair one was thinking about as she entered into our story and dropped Mr. H. Kensington Bangs' despairing note flutteringly to the floor. But, oh, well — why worry about young Bangs? He was all right in his way. Lydia had liked him. But, really, if his father must lose all his money so suddenly, she couldn't help it. Only one course lay before her, and as a dutiful child of an aristocratic

father she had taken it and broken off her engagement. And now came his burning note of disappointment. Ah! it was too bad, but they must forget it. And as for Bangs, there would be no lack of others like him. She had but to cast her nets anew and they would soon be as full as before.

Must it be supposed that the Van Slickes were not opulent enough to scorn a mercenary marriage for their daughter? Far from it. Anyone openly entertaining such a thought would incur upon himself terrible social censure, for the Van Slickes were at the top of the social ladder, and very cherished was their honor by all inferiors. As a matter of fact but two people of any consequence knew the state of the family finances. One was old Van Slicke himself, who watched with anxious eyes the stock quotations of a very watery concern, and who waited in perplexity for the day when the payments on certain mortgages should fall due. The other was a hard-fisted, corpulent individual who sat, hedged in by secretaries, on the top floor of a down town office building. And from the glass exterior of his inner office door flared forth the gilded legend — A. FLOUNDER.

The corpulent individual was none other than he. Grasping, pushing, bellowing, he had brought himself to recognition in the financial world, and after having landed several promising rivals in an unpromising position he had finally landed himself on a money pedestal not to be overlooked. Big, coarse, shrewd, a tireless worker, he sat enthroned in his office chair — a king of exchange. Within arm's reach were the keys that controlled a widespread representation of wealth, and he knew better than anyone else how to play those keys. He knew, too, and chuckled at the knowledge, that the foundations of the Van Slicke's fortune did not rest on *terra firma*. By the pressure of one key (Flounder fingered it caressingly) a restraining sluice of a particularly watery concern could be opened, and down would sink the Van Slickes. But the time was not yet ripe, and the big man waited. For tucked back in a convenient corner of his brain was the knowledge that if the keys were properly managed and Van Slicke could be completely gotten rid of, there was a way in which he, Flounder, could work up a handsome profit

from the fall of the concern. It was hard to find a way in which the "Van" could be disposed of — but as I say, the time was not yet ripe for such considerations, and the big man waited.

Old Van Slicke watched the market like a hawk. With anxious face he scanned every report of the corporation in which lay most of his worldly possessions. And one day, through the dismal outlook, there came to him a confidential letter from his most trusted friend, bringing a ray of hope. The company was in a wonderful condition, said the missive. The earnings were high — repairs and running expenses low. The next year would surely see a boom in the stock. Hold on to his investments! Then as by a miracle, one drop of Van Slicke's blue blood turned red, and he resolved to fight destruction off a little longer. He knew the character of his opponents — knew that few clever financiers could wriggle safely from the grasp of Arthur Flounder. But — an idea had come to him!

As he sat in his easy chair sipping his morning coffee he referred to a note before him, and a nervous smile broke over his face. So Lydia had thrown down young Bangs — eh? Well, she was right. Lydia was always a reasonable girl. But how about this young Flounder fellow, the old man's only son? A likely young man with a still more likely inheritance. Let's see! what could be done. Couldn't he be present at Lydia's next party? Might not the two meet? He would see, he would see. Thank Heaven that his daughter had a pretty face! And setting down his coffee abruptly, he reached for the phone and called up Lydia.

Lydia had just risen. Did darling papa wish to see her? She would be right down. Goodbye, darling papa.

In a few minutes she was before him. Her father surveyed her approvingly. In a simple negligee she held her own quite as well as in fine array. Her gorgeous hair was partially concealed by the most coquettish of little lace caps, while from her flowing sleeves protruded two snow-white arms of surpassing beauty. Her father was very right in thinking her beautiful and he was very natural in being proud of her. He motioned her to a chair.

"Daughter, I want to have a little talk with you."

"Yes, papa."

"Oh, yes, ahem! It's this way, Lydia. I see by your note that you broke off your engagement with Bangs. Quite right you were, my dear, quite right! Bangs was a nice chap, and all that. We must feel deucedly sorry for the poor fellow, you know, but really ——"

"Yes, papa, that's just what I thought. We can't afford to lose our social position by marrying into poverty. Besides I want to marry a man who I know can support me in the comfort I've been used to. Harry was a good boy, and I'm afraid he's rather cut up. But he'll get over it, and — anyway, it was impossible to accept him. I'm sorry."

"Oh, yes, quite right. You're a good daughter, Lydia, a good daughter. But — er — about this engagement of yours I want to speak with you. You know young Flounder, son of A. Flounder, the bank man; he is in town — in fact, always has been. Very nice fellow, they say: tall, good-looking, nice manners, I daresay. Well, daughter, suppose you have him around here to your next party. Just off-hand, you understand. I can get someone to introduce you."

Lydia looked at her father incredulously for a moment hardly seeming to grasp the significance of his words. "You mean you want me to ask him around here next Saturday to my *the dansant*?" She spoke slowly in a low tone.

Old Van Slicke fidgeted slightly. Something in her voice seemed to strike him and he cringed before his child. "Yes, quite so."

Lydia leaned far back in her chair. Her wealth of hair burst from its bonds and fell over her shoulders. Her throat was bare. Quite suddenly a strange smile spread over her face. Her eyes brightened, her nostrils dilated, a flush mounted in her cheek; she understood her father.

Rising slowly she advanced toward him; leaned over his chair and twined those beautiful arms of hers about his neck. A single kiss did she imprint upon his forehead, a single look of clear comprehension she cast in his eyes. Then, turning, without

a word she left the room, while he, half shrinking and ashamed stared helplessly at the closing door.

* * * * *

In the midst of Flounder's mighty battle for wealth had come a son. And being born in conflict, the child had from his infancy been consecrated to the war of his father. Now the father had reached his throne, and the son was a man. Pale, slightly bent, serious, he had struggled in the old man's footsteps. From the bottom he had risen through sheer grinding work. And now men looked with interest at what he was doing with a responsible job on his shoulders. He did not possess his father's amazing disposition and ability. He was sometimes even inclined to weakness. But he had a patient mind and a tireless brain for performing his daily routine, and Flounder the elder looked brightly on his future.

There was little love between the two, but much rough affection. As the elder passed to his office in the morning he would put his head inside the door of his son's office and bellow a rough good-morning. And it was a matter of constant pride to the old man, that for the four years his son had held his position, not a morning had failed to hear a reply to the parental bellow.

The senior used to brag of the junior's steadiness before a sympathetic circle of subordinates. "Work! Why that's no name for it. I've told him to lay off, threatened to fire him if he didn't take a rest; but just as regular as the clock strikes he's on his job at quarter of eight, six days a week." But there was another phase of the young man's life that interested the head of the firm still more. "When my boy gets a few years older," he would exclaim, "he's going to marry the finest girl in the country! You fellows can envy him if you want for the job he's got and the money he earns, but if you want to see his real luck look at Maggie Donovan!"

In the old days when Flounder was a beginner, he was in business with a country storekeeper named Tom Donovan. The business thrived, the men became the warmest friends and it looked as if Flounder would become a very respectable villager. But his goal was elsewhere. One day when the sun shone bright Donovan was asked to take over the entire business for a reason-

able amount, and at his acceptance Flounder moved cityward to seek larger wealth. Since then both had married and prospered. Tom was the head of a bank affiliated with Flounder & Son, and the happy father of a blooming daughter, Maggie. The relations between the two men were as warm as ever. Flounder swore loudly that Maggie was the best girl he ever set eyes on and insisted that she should become the bride of Arthur, Jr. Tom didn't object. It was good policy to marry into the firm, and young Arthur was a clever boy. Maggie did not object. She was a simple, homely girl, and had liked what she had seen of Arthur exceedingly. Besides, it would please Dad, and Maggie would do anything in the world to please Dad. So the engagement seemed to stand. If Arthur himself had any opinions on the subject he was either too wise or too busy to express them.

Now it happened that one afternoon when business was dull and time not over-fast, Arthur Flounder, Jr., received a call at his office. It was from one of the junior members of the firm, Fred Goodrow by name, a young man of fair ability, who had the added or subtracted merit of being an aristocrat. It was two o'clock, and, as I said, business was dull. Arthur was arranging his files of letters when Goodrow tapped his shoulder.

"Hello, Fred, what goes on?"

"I want to talk with you."

"All right, but for the Lord's sake make it rapid. I ought to have this job done by four."

"Never mind your job, Art. Let it slide for once. You're all run down. I want you to come with me this after."

"Sorry, Fred, but not a chance. Got to run full time as usual."

"Wait till you hear. I got a note from Lydia Van Slicke, old Van Slicke's daughter, and she wants me to bring you around to a tea-dance this afternoon. I think you'll want to know Lydia. She's the finest-looking girl in town."

Arthur Flounder had a little bit of romance and sentimentality tucked back in a dim corner of his makeup, that business had not altogether destroyed. This quality was now awakened.

"You don't mean it! Asked *me* to come around? Oh! it's awfully nice of you, Fred, but honest, I can't go. Don't tempt me any more! Go away!"

At this moment old Flounder came to the door. "What's the row about?" he questioned good-naturedly.

Goodrow spoke. "I've got an invitation for him this afternoon, and he claims he can't tear himself away from his work. He needs the rest, and the pleasant time would do him good."

"Dad, you know yourself the way I'm fixed for time. Look at the work I've got to do before four."

"Son, work be hanged! You turn that job over to me and trot right off with Mr. Goodrow. I think I know what's good for you."

If this had been all, Arthur might have still resisted; but now there was a desire of his own, quite strong, working within his breast and he yielded. The two young men joined arms and with elastic step retreated.

* * * * *

Night came creeping dimly through the canyons of the streets, bringing in her trail a drizzling rain. To the curb of a huge Fifth Avenue home pulled a limousine from whose lighted interior sprang a young man. He was whistling softly, an unusual thing for Arthur Flounder, and his face, once pale, was now lighted with a magic flush. Handing his coat to a valet he ran lightly upstairs to his bedroom and threw himself on the bed. What an afternoon it had been. A party! He had known a few of them and none at all of this type. And Lydia! Ah! Arthur trembled as he breathed the name. Who was he that he should speak the name of a creature so divine! Lord! what a wonderful face! And what a way about her! He was entranced! How kind she had been about his dancing when she must have known how poor it was! How beautifully she had asked him to come again — By George! he *would* go again! He would —

A knock on the door.

"Come in!" His father entered the room.

"Oh, hello, dad. Anything I can do for you?"

"Nope. Just wanted to see you. I hear you were around at Van Slicke's this afternoon. He's got a good daughter hasn't he?"

"He sure has!" responded the young man with enthusiasm.

"Well, it's this way, son. I don't want you to forget Maggie. *She's* the best girl a man ever laid eyes on. Remember that. But just so long as you don't get to thinking too much of that Van Slicke girl I won't object to your going up there as much as she'll let you. Never mind the time it takes. You've been a steady worker for four years. Now it's time your good time had a show. Keep it up as strong as you want to." His eyes twinkled evilly. "But, son, don't forget Maggie. *She's* a fine girl."

"Why, yes, dad. Thanks a lot and ——"

"That's all, son. Goodbye."

He left the room trembling and retired to his den to gloat over his scheme. "P. & Q. Railway, stock down to twenty-two and nobody but *him* in our way! Lord! If I can only make him hand over at the right time the game is mine. Company's bankrupt in forty-eight hours if he sells. And then the stock all ours! It's too good to think of! With that line reorganized and run right there's five hundred per cent profit in it for us. He's hanging on hard now! Has got inside dope on the company! But he'll sell out when the big slump comes, if he's played right. As long as he thinks Arthur's going to marry his daughter he'll trust me and look to me for help. The bottle-nosed aristocrat! Then when I offer to buy private above market price when the P. & Q.'s on the toboggan — Lord! it's the best deal I've smelt of yet!"

Up in his study in another Fifth Avenue mansion a father was talking to his daughter.

"Was he nice, Lydia. Did you like the young fellow?"

And knowing her father very well indeed, Lydia replied: "Oh, yes, papa. He means very well. And he's coming to see me often. He said so. I think I shall like him very much, in view of the circumstances."

"Ah, yes! Indeed!" remarked her father. And quite unintentionally changing a word, "In view of his circumstances."

* * * * *

Time rolled by with steady gait — swiftly for some and slowly for others. Arthur Flounder, Jr., had been true to his word. He did come to see Lydia Van Slicke — very often. It

was a new thing for him — this being in love. He had never tried it before and it was exciting. Business contained nothing like it. It was altogether novel and pleasant.

His business suffered. One morning he was not in his office at quarter to eight and missed the morning bellow of his parent. It was a sad blot on a good record, but it was not the last. He let several good buying chances go by. "Yellowness," the clerks whispered, but the father knew better and allowed his offspring to go unrebuked. Yet always he warned him. "Don't forget Maggie, son. These aristocrats are valuable to know, and it's all right to have your fun; but old loves are best." At this young Arthur would blush and turn away. And then not to offend him his father would leave him.

Every afternoon at four the young man's desk would be found locked and the office empty. At four-fifteen he would be stepping up the steps of a certain mansion and uttering the most beautiful name in the world. Then, as by magic, every door would be open to him, and he would penetrate to the audience chamber of his heart's desire. She was neither warm nor cold in her attitude toward him. She was merely divinely beautiful, and that was enough. He could pardon anything for the sake of beauty, and he would have sold his soul for her. Every day his attentions became more marked, his passion more intense. Every day saw him more slothful in his work.

Meanwhile Van Slicke was watching the situation anxiously. Stocks had kept falling. The watery P. & Q. was lower than ever. Could it be wise to hold on and meet certain doom? But Flounder would help him. In a few weeks the engagement would be announced, and allied with Flounder, what had Van Slicke to fear? He reassured himself, took out an extra mortgage, and staved off his creditors.

With equal anxiety old Flounder watched the situation. It was well as far as it went. Son was in love with this Lydia, but he would chuck her like a rag if her money left her. He knew his son's business instincts too well. The only trouble was Van Slicke. Would the old fool really sell when the slump came? Of course he would. He couldn't stand reorganization, if he did hang on through the bankruptcy. Still the trick was dangerous. Something might go wrong.

One day at four-fifteen Arthur hastened up the steps of the particular Fifth Avenue residence with more than usual eagerness. His voice trembled as he pronounced the magic name. Lydia was waiting for him. From his shaking hand and sparkling eye she divined his errand.

He sat down opposite her in the customary manner, and an awkward silence followed.

"Well, Arthur," she said at length, encouragingly, "haven't you something to say to me?"

He looked quickly into her eyes, deep, beautiful pools of azure. Courage rose within him. "Yes, Lydia, I have. It's nothing new — you must have known it before. I love you! I know how unworthy I am!" He sank to his knees beside her — "I know I'm not worthy to see your face, but I can't help it. Miserable as I am I love you!"

She looked at him with a curious smile and patted his outstretched hand. "Don't worry, Arthur. It's all right."

With almost a sob Arthur seized her hand and covered it with kisses. "Oh, little girl! You do love me then. I knew it. I knew it. You're just wonderful, Lydia."

For answer she smiled on. But that was enough for Arthur. He sat beside her. "Listen!" He spoke rapidly. "I've got a plan. I'm sick of all these weeks of waiting when we've loved one another all the time. Let's not put it off any longer. If you say the word I'll have a machine at your door at twelve to-night. At twelve-thirty we'll be married and fifteen minutes later we'll be speeding off to California! And then! Oh, little girl! it'll be heaven!"

She looked at him quite gravely and stroked his head. "It's a little sudden, dear Arthur, but if you desire it I'll think it over." Unless you hear to the contrary by nine o'clock, consider the arrangements made. Now goodbye, dear boy, and don't worry."

He kissed her trembling. He was mad, raging mad with love and joy. Then with desperate haste he left.

Lydia sighed and gazed after him. When he had gone she pursed her lips and resolutely went to her father's room, laying the case before him. Should she or should she not leave with Arthur to-night? The old man hesitated an instant. "It's your

choice, daughter ——” His eye fell to some stock quotations on his desk. “P. & Q.—14.” His voice broke. “For the Lord’s sake, Lydia, if you want to do something to help your old father, take him and go to-night.”

“Yes, papa,” said Lydia retiring.

* * * * *

Arthur went to his rooms. All had now been arranged except the writing of a letter or two, so sitting down before his desk he commenced:

Dear Dad,

Sorry I couldn't let you know before I took this step but you will doubtless forgive. Tell Goodrow to take my desk and address all further communications to the St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco, where I shall be with my wife, Mrs. Lydia Van Slicke Flounder.

Arthur.

A second note was to Mr. Van Slicke:

Dear Father,

By no means relinquish your holdings with the P. & Q. I shall back you if necessary.

*Your son-in-law,
Arthur Flounder, Jr.*

Then he remembered his valet. “Oh, Briggs! I shall be out of town to-morrow. See that this note is delivered to my father and this to Mr. Van Slicke, Tallcott Building, at twelve sharp to-morrow. That’s all.”

He packed a bag and softly tiptoed to the back entry. As he passed his father’s door a confused hubbub of voices reached his ears. One he recognized. It was his father’s broker. He caught the words, “great crash”. Doubtless some big scheme of Dad’s, but what cared he for business now? Love occupied his whole mind.

He gained the street, turned the corner and walked down a block where his own car stood waiting for him. He fired a word at the chauffeur. They glided noiselessly off.

In five minutes, exactly on the stroke of twelve, they pulled up at a particular Fifth Avenue residence. The dark, muffled figure of a woman sprang lightly down the steps and into Arthur's arms. The car received them both, and off they slipped as silently as they had come. At twelve-thirty the priest pronounced the final words. At twelve-forty-five they were speeding away to the West!

* * * * *

Four days later the newly-weds stepped into the lobby of the St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco. They were expected. Rooms had been engaged by wire and already some correspondence in the shape of telegrams and letters awaited them. The two were tired and, after experiencing the thrill of signing their first hotel entry together, took their missives and withdrew to their rooms. Lydia lounged on a sofa and leisurely opened the telegrams.

"Congratulations, congratulations, congratulations, Arthur dear! Everybody's happy because we are happy. Isn't it just wonderful?"

Arthur did not answer. He was reading a Chicago paper with news from the New York financial markets. His eye fell on the following headline:

P. & Q. TO THE WALL!

"Big railroad company fails, involving many noted financiers. A. Flounder & Co. take over the stock. Buy last shares from B. Van Slicke, made bankrupt by crash!"

Arthur turned pale. "Lydia," he said in a low voice. "Can you take a big blow?"

"What is it, dear? Speak!"

He handed her the paper, and watched her compassionately as she read. For a second she seemed not to understand. Then as the truth crossed her mind she turned pale. Real tears welled in her eyes and, resting her head on his shoulder, she sobbed violently.

Arthur tried to calm her. "Listen, darling. It doesn't matter. I'll make it all right with your father. There won't be any trouble."

She dried her eyes and sat bolt upright. "Here's a telegram from your father! Read! It may be important!"

He took the yellow sheet in his hand and with his arm about her held it before them. It read:

*Sorry, too, you didn't let me know, before you left.
It's like I warned you. I cut you off with a dollar and
made it all over to the business. Your own holdings went
with the P. & O. crash. Broker had orders to sell. Van
got your note too late, so he's gone. Love to Lydia.*

Dad

Lydia sprang to her feet, her cheeks deathly white. "You mean to say you knew he would disown you before you married me?"

"Yes, dear. I thought you understood."

"Understood! I understood ——!"

"But, darling, what does it matter if we love each other? Lydia!" He caught her in his arms for she had fainted quite away.

R. H. BASSETT

For France

I

JEAN threw down his wooden sword.

"It is almost time, Mother."

"Yes, little Jean, Daddy will soon be here." The woman was rocking restlessly in her chair, her unfinished knitting in her lap; now casting a nervous glance at the clock and now peering through the darkness down the deserted road. A foot-step crunched the frozen snow without, and a moment later the door swung open. In burst a burly, ruddy-faced soldier. He glanced anxiously about the room.

The knitting dropped to the floor.

"William!" The mother was in the big man's arms, and for some time the pair stood motionless at the door, while Jean clung to his father's knees.

"Mother, Mother," William murmured. "Thank God you and sonny are still alive! How I worried about you and longed for you these many days." He looked first at the mother and then at his son, his whole face beaming.

"And we thought of you always," replied Matilda. "And your letter telling us of your leave of absence made us so happy! But even then I feared that perhaps you wouldn't come."

And then followed questions in such quick succession that there was hardly time to answer them.

At last the first thrills of greeting were over. Matilda led her husband across the room and made him sit down at the smouldering fire.

"You know," said William as he lit his pipe, "it really isn't as bad as people say. The officers are kind men — they have families too — and all the doctors and nurses are so kind to us. We merely sit in the trenches and smoke and wait, and when we hear the order, we shoot." He blew a thick cloud of smoke toward the ceiling and sighed. Of course there are hardships, too, but it will be all over soon, they all say so." At these

words his smile faded somewhat, and an expression of doubt crossed his face.

Matilda looked into his questioning eyes, and as she looked, his lie seemed revealed to her in all its whiteness. Her reply was a far-away smile, and a sigh, but a sigh that was a prayer.

The happy hours flew by, but parents and son paid no heed, and it was not till long after midnight that they retired.

A new day dawned cold, gray, and cheerless. While Matilda and William talked and laughed, Jean listened. He imitated his father's walk, and carried his little wooden sword like a gun now. Noontime came, and with it the thought of the coming separation hovered over them like a dark cloud. The cloud grew always blacker and by supper time Matilda looked withered, and old.

"William," she whispered, "don't go back. Think of Jean and me. The neighbors are kind, but what can they do? They are poor, too. And if you should be killed!"

"Don't, Mother, don't," said William gently. "You know it's for the common good,— for our homes, for you, for France!"

"The common good!" she cried. "Is it for the common good to desert your home, to pillage, to destroy, to kill? Is it for the common good to murder another mother's husband, just because some one tells you to? Is it glorious to lie in a trench and shoot and shoot at what you don't even see, to fire bombs and ——" She checked herself suddenly.

"Matilda, dear, what's the use of talking this way. Come, now, don't you see? I can't help it, I must go. The Germans are not ten miles from here, and they may attack at any moment. You know what it means if they win." He lowered his voice, and, edging nearer, said: "Paris is not so very far away!"

Matilda only half heard William's words. She was thinking. After all, was it not for purely selfish motives that she wanted him home, when all the other young fathers were at the front? What was he doing but defending his land from a swarm of locusts that poisoned and shrivelled up everything they touched? Was it for her to interfere with his performing his duty, with his carrying out his ideals? No, she would let him go!

"Forgive me, William; I am only a woman, and you, you are a big, noble man." Her voice faltered and her eyes filled with tears in spite of herself. "You are right, you must go."

* * * * *

When the door was closed behind him and the footsteps on the snow could no longer be heard, Matilda and Jean sat hand in hand at the fire, dry-eyed, silently staring.

II

Matilda often stood at her window, looking out over the rolling fields that stretched away to the north. Where, in the distance, those snow-covered hills met the sky, there hung, like a great ribbon, a veil of yellow smoke; and under that veil lay the Meuse. . . . She could see William, she thought, struggling, fighting, winning glory. And when she saw him *kill*, she resolved that Jean should never be a soldier,—she even took away his wooden sword. He, at least, would never be a slave of organized butchery.

One morning, with the mails, there arrived a government dispatch. She looked at it eagerly, not daring to open it. At last she gained courage and broke the seal. She trembled as she read the news — William was dead!

William was dead! Her hope, which courage alone had sustained through all her trials, failed her, and she sank exhausted into a chair. Jean came running up, and in his child-like way did his best to comfort his mother, not realizing what the blow meant to her. A sudden comprehension of William's words, "I must go," broke over her now — the enemy must be conquered. Bracing herself, she took from the cupboard the wooden sword, and placed it in Jean's outstretched hands. "He has died for the Cause," she said bravely, "and you shall be a soldier like your Daddy!"

She had lost a part, she would give her all — for France!

H. J. HAMMERSHLAG

The Dead

Your slates are broken and scattered —
Life calls, and you do not come,
For you have totaled your Figures,
And you have written the Sum.
The Lessons that floor us daily,
Are clear, for you know the why;
The Answer, that some discover.
(But most of us wait till we die.)

Your heads do not ache with the adding,
Your thumbs are not cramped with pen,
And, were ye fools while living,
Ye are wiser than all of men —
For you have met with the Master,
And He has taken your hand,
And shown the gist of the Lesson
That we may not understand.

And we Little Ones cry nightly,
And bite our lips with the rage,
That we may not find Life's meaning
On the face of a printed page.

H. S. F.

From the Moil of War

WHY, in the name of Heaven, didn't that awful pressing on his chest cease? Why did his left leg seem to throb and jump so? These were the only thoughts in his confused brain, and it was the continual attempt to answer them that finally roused him from his unconsciousness. Slowly his mind groped back to the point where it had last been working clearly. He remembered that the order had come for a general attack all along the line; that he and his comrades of the Foreign Legion had waited impatiently for the lieutenant's sharp "Here we go, boys. Dig 'em out!" Then he had stumbled and ran across that shell-torn strip of territory toward those lines of mud, sandbags, and tangled barbed-wire, behind which waited the grey-helmeted foe. Just as he had reached the top of the earthworks, a whining Mauser-ball had hit him its terrible blow just below his hip and he had pitched forward into the trench. The last thing he could remember seeing, was the trooper who had shot him, transfixed on a bayonet point, sawing the air wildly with his arms for a brief second, then falling, face downward, directly on top of him. The rest was a blackness and a sort of gliding sensation, as if he were sliding noiselessly through miles of underground passages.

Another sharp dart of pain cut through him like an electric shock, bringing him back to a terrifying realization of his present condition. Slowly turning his head, he could see that the awful weight on his chest was the body of the dead German. Gritting his teeth against the pain, he tried desperately to pull the corpse off him, but, even though the effort brought out the cold sweat on his forehead, he seemed hardly able to move it. As he lay there panting, striving to regain a little of his strength, he conceived the idea of putting a wedge under the body and rolling it over like a log. The trooper's canteen was dangling nearly in his face, so he decided to try out his plan and use the canteen as a wedge. Again he strained at the corpse, and this time, when his energy was nearly spent, slipped the wedge between himself and that smothering weight, to keep it from rolling

back. The scheme worked out, and after another half-hour's rest, he succeeded in his final attempt and the body rolled off him. Then as the blood from his reopened wound spurted afresh, his consciousness slowly slipped away and blackness again enveloped him.

* * * * *

He awoke at the sound of voices, and saw, in the now dusky evening, two men of the ambulance corps approaching. They were searching for men who still showed signs of life, for the battle had long ago torn past, leaving its toll of thousands for the grave-trenches and hospitals. Suddenly one of the searchers remarked, "These are almost all boys from the 'Legion', aren't they?" And his companion answered in a soft voice, "Yes, poor fellows." The first voice aroused the wounded man's memory like a dash of ice-water, and he called in a weak voice, "Gig! Gig! for God's sake, give me a drink of water!" The man spoken to, jumped in a startled way and ran to his friend, murmuring, "Poor old Army! Poor old Boy!" When he had reached his fallen comrade, the latter fainted again, this time in his chum's arms.

The two young fellows had been college room-mates and had each volunteered at the first opportunity in the great armies, one in the Harvard Ambulance Corps, the other in the Foreign Legion. Jackson Bennett, otherwise and generally known as "Gig", had in some unknown way, earned his nickname on the baseball diamond, while "Army" Bob Herrick had acquired his by his love for military things and the fact that he had been for five summers to various military camps. When both of them had gone into service, their different choices had separated them, and this sad meeting was the first they had had for many months.

As poor "Army" lay in the ambulance with several others, bumping and jostling on his painful road to the hospital, a young soldier sat by him and with amazingly soft, delicate hands, cooled his burning temples and lulled the throbbing pain. "Army" could not see the soldier's face in the dark, but he knew that it was the one who had helped "Gig" carry him to the ambulance. Then, in obedience to an opiate the soldier gave him, he sank into a deep slumber from which he did not awaken until eighteen

hours later, when he lay in a narrow bed, his body covered with bandages.

It was night again and only a very dim light remained in the nave of the church which served as a hospital. As he tossed restlessly from side to side on his cot, he heard footsteps coming across the floor and, looking up, beheld the same soldier who had quieted him during his painful ride. The soldier stopped, and, seeing he was awake, leaned over him. Taking one of "Army's" hands in his, he spoke a few whispered words of consolation and encouragement, bade him a soft "Goodnight" and was gone.

He did not see the soldier again for nearly a week, although his friend "Gig" dropped in for a few minutes while he was snatching a little rest between trips to the battlefield. Then one night he awoke from a dream and found the same soldier, kneeling beside the cot, one of Army's hands to his lips. When he noticed Army had awakened, he dropped the hand and began to stammer out questions concerning the patient's health and improvement. Army pretended he had not noticed anything unusual and after his queries had been answered, the visitor turned and stole off into the headquarters again. Army lay awake long after, wondering and thinking, for although that seemed to be the uniform and voice of a man in the Red Cross Division, yet *those were woman's lips that had kissed his hand and a woman's hands that had smoothed his brow*. The more he thought of it the more his confused brain ceased to work, so he resolved to wait until this mysterious creature came again.

His patience was rewarded at last, for two nights later, the phantom soldier again came, picking his way among the different cots until he was beside Army's. Then he knelt down and started to pray, thinking the wounded man asleep. Army was so astonished that he did not grasp all the soldier said, but he knew he heard "because I love him" and "please, God, heal him, for my sake". Then when the prayer was finished, the soldier, still thinking Army was asleep, again took one of his hands and bent down to kiss it. But as he did so, his cap, which he had kept on, fell off, and his hair flowed in long golden waves over the white bed. Army's guess *had* been right.

It *was* a girl. As she raised her head, he looked into two great, dark eyes that shone very brightly in the faint moonlight coming from some window far above, and as he gazed fascinated, two silvery little drops slowly — very slowly — ran down her cheeks and fell like dew on his hand. He choked at her very loveliness; he knew he had never in his life seen anyone half so adorable, and now he felt he never would. A great wave of loneliness surged up in Army as he saw the love that shone out through those tears, and he cried in a hoarse whisper: "For God's sake, tell me who are you?" At the sound of his voice, she started and would have fled but that he feebly grasped her hand, whispering, "Please don't go; stay and tell me who you are. I want to know!" When she saw the pleading in his eyes, she leaned down and taking his face in her soft, white hands, murmured in his ear, "My name is Jeanne, and I love you very much," kissed him, and was gone.

For the next few days, Army kept tormenting the nurses and doctors and everyone he could see with questions about a beautiful — oh, yes, she was very beautiful — golden-haired girl named "Jeanne". Of course no one had seen her and so he was doomed to disappointment, until his friend Gig came to see him again. Army told him how much he wanted to see this girl and how he knew now that he loved her with all his soul. He wondered if Gig knew who she was. As Army first began to speak, a puzzled look came over Gig's face, changed to a smile, and then with a laugh he jumped up and ran out the door. A few minutes later he came in leading a blushing, very boyish-looking young girl, with hair like pure gold, dressed in the kakhi uniform of the ambulance corps. Then with a very ceremonious bow to Army he said, "Let me introduce my sister, Jeanne. She insisted on putting on a uniform and coming in the corps with me when I left America. You'll remember her — she used to come and see us once in a while at Cambridge." Then, because he was a gentleman, Gig turned and walked out of the room, and because he was human, he peered around just as he reached the door and saw — two very much absorbed young people gazing deep into each others eyes, at an enticingly close distance.

P. K. THOMAS

Miracles

There's been misunderstanding deep
About our house of late.
It took a chief of cruel eye
(He reaches nearly to my thigh)
To put the matter straight.

You see, it's rained for days and days,
So lads cannot go out
To play at hanging and at war,
And 'tis against all Nature's law
The way things change about.

We had a sofa some weeks back,
Quite harmless, in a way,
Except for splinters — Ah! but now
It's armed with chairs from stern to bow,
A man-o'war to-day!

The bridge is an umbrella rack;
The cabin is a trunk,
And so they scour the seas for gold.
(I didn't know till I was told
And came near being sunk.)

My study is a castle tower,
(Or so I've been informed.)
I cannot work, for missiles fly,
And 'tis a fallacy to try
When one is being stormed.

The hallways turn to secret ways
Between two robber caves;
Where pseudo gold is ta'en and stored,
Where are, to guard the hard-gained hoard,
Three score imagined slaves.

Here by a cannon (once a stool)
A knee-high kiddie sings,
While all about cutlasses hum —
'Tis strange what weather changes come
To ordered household things —

For if to-morrow morn be fair
The hall will be a hall.
The sofa will a sofa be
And not a ship upon the sea,
Or anything at all!

But *they* will die a thousand deaths,
Upon the Spanish main.
Those blood-stained pirates will be gone
Upon the high seas (that's the lawn),—
That is, if there's no rain!

H. S. FAY

Absence

Oh Love, so many, many bitter miles between my lips and thine!
So many, aching, weary hours to number o'er and o'er!
And I am sobered now from care of keeping you divine
As on our sweet, first meeting in the vivid days before.

And now the spring has conquered all, and violets are abloom,
(So many, many wonder hues upon the wooded hills)
The buds are brown, the wet young boughs are olive and maroon
And everything is laughed at by the music of the rills.

But I am faint for crimson lips, for lips that weep and call—
(So many, many times I've heard them — heard them on the
lea)

And in the city's dirty cries I hear them not at all,
And oh, my love, I think perhaps that this is best for me.

I think perhaps that in the spring my heart would be more brave
If every phantom — every breath of you were led away —
But oh! — the spring would be no spring, and robins couldn't
save

The Winter's coming coldly down and chilling me for aye!

F. H. Dowd

PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR

FOUNDED 1854

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Editorial

Spring

Winter seems reluctant to leave us. We come back expecting to find the atmosphere filled with verdant spring and, instead we find it a mass of whirling snowflakes. Therefore are we angry and loath to shoulder a spring's burden in a season which is neither spring nor winter. But better times are forthcoming; we feel sure of it. Sunny, balmy, days can not be far ahead. Soon, sooner ever than we expect, spring fever will be upon us, and then woe unto him who yieldeth. Those of us who are "new" will taste for the first time that magic cup which the "old" men know so well. Take care, beginners! Drink neither too deep nor too lightly! Take every man his proper share, but let none endeavor to drain the dregs! For in such endeavor is certain doom and a cruel fate! Spring is a fair leader, but too far will she lead the unwary. Better far to keep your eye on the beaten track and wander neither far nor long at a time. Such indeed is the only true road to happiness and a diploma.

Military Drill

Perhaps it has been gathered in a previous article of ours that we do not approve of military training as now offered to the school and college men. Such an impression is absolutely false. We most heartily commend such institutions as Plattsburg and Plum Island, which are doing their best to imbue us with a desire for true pre-

paredness. But we also wish to tender our heartiest support to the organizations of this type that are springing up in this and other schools. Here, right in our midst, not up in northern New York, we have an opportunity for rifle and military instruction, hardly to be surpassed in any undergraduate body. We have the use of excellent ranges, and exceptionally good supervision by an expert rifleman. Guns and ammunition are provided us for the trivial payment of one dollar. We are even offered the opportunity to buy an outfit at almost a nominal sum. What more could the average boy desire? As to the efficiency of the training just consult the record. For both the prone and standing positions of shooting the Andover Club leads the Massachusetts Association of the N. R. A. And this with men some of whom never shot a gun of any description before the present year! It is a wonderful result!

We will not here argue for or against preparedness. We assume that every wholesome, red-blooded, American wishes to defend his country against invasion. But aside from everything else the training now being offered us at Andover is of infinite value to us as a moral as well as a physical education. It teaches us to be confident, self-reliant, fearless, not independently impetuous, but steady and ready to obey a superior without flinching. The value of such a lesson can not be measured. It is lasting, precious, something really indispensable to a true citizen. It keeps one in a state of calm steadfast devotion to one's country, and of clear resolve to vote and work for the best interests of the commonwealth in which we dwell.

Athletics The baseball team under Coach Quinby has inaugurated a promising season. The track team with only one veteran back has also inaugurated a season which, though not quite so successful, has, thanks to the labor of Mr. Blanchard, shown more promise than the most sanguine of us would have expected. Now the task falls on us to support our teams. We all know the arguments which, seemingly, from time immemorial have been used to rouse the sluggish youth to an active interest school games. We have heard them all over again, frequently in other schools, sometimes we regret

to say, in Andover. They never have done much good, either here or elsewhere. But the reason why they have failed at Andover is that they have been unnecessary. We don't need to be coaxed, threatened, bullied, insulted into supporting the teams that represent us. We have always done so voluntarily and, indeed, would be ashamed to call ourselves Andoverians, did we have to be mistreated to become loyal. So the *Mirror* does not ask support. All it desires to do at this hour is to tender its own wishes for the good fortune of the men in blue. And this does not apply merely to the major teams. We extend the same spirit to the squads in lacrosse and tennis, and to the various class teams. Good luck to them all.

The Board regretfully announces the resignation of Raymond Fairchild Beardsley from the position of Managing Editor. This office he has filled with exceptional efficiency for nearly two years. We are therefore extremely sorry to lose him. We are pleased, however, to elect as his successor Frank Harrison Dowd, of Madison, Connecticut, and we hope that his administration will be a successful one.

The Board also announces with considerable pleasure the election to its number of Heman Storrs Fay, of Marlborough and Wilhelms Bogart Bryan of Washington, D.C.

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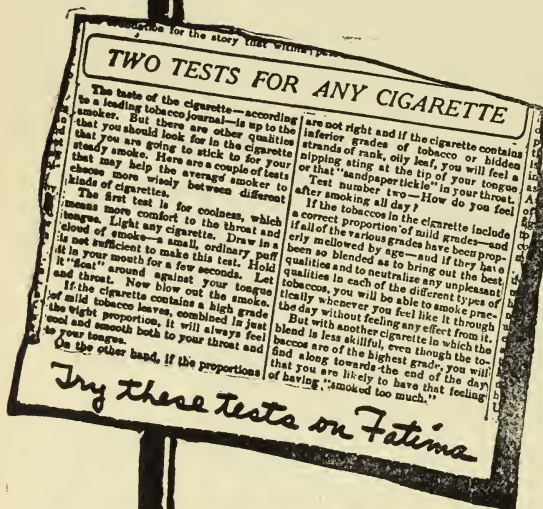
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All business communications should be addressed to 35 Day Hall.

THE ANDOVER PRESS, PRINTERS

PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR

FOUNDED 1854

VOL. XI.

MAY, 1916

No. 8

Hard Copper

Awarded the George McLanahan Prize

HE was one of the thousands who labor day by day in the great steel mills. His job was to watch the molten metal in one of the long lines of open-hearth furnaces. When the color of the blazing, bubbling steel was of just the right intensity, he gave the signal to "draw the heat." If his eyes deceived him, and he ordered the furnace to be emptied five minutes too soon, or five minutes too late, the hundreds of dollars worth of steel would be ruined, and the next pay day he would be advised to be more careful, or look for a position elsewhere. Every worker in the mill envied his salary, but not one of them envied the responsibility he bore.

This weltering day in August, the pig, scrap, coke, and seasoning, making up the seething mixture in the furnace, had been two hours behind the schedule time in uniting to form the high speed tool steel which was the pet product of the company. The operator's eyes, although protected by blued spectacles, had been almost blinded by the strain of watching the slowly forming metal for so long a time; his body had been almost worn out by the maddening blasts of heat which unceasingly poured forth from the openings in the furnace.

But at last he caught the glow of the secret color, and signalled the waiting Ginnies to tap the plug. A moment later, the foaming, spitting, white-hot steel rushed down the trough into the ladle. Then he took his wicker lunch basket, and walked over to a cooler corner of the mill, away from the heat of the furnaces. Three "rollers" had just eaten dinner there, and as he sank listlessly down against an iron studding, he

almost sat on a piece of newspaper, covered with bread crumbs, banana peels, and apple cores, which had served one of the three workmen as a combined dinner-bucket and table cloth.

He was involuntarily pushing the refuse aside, when his eyes caught sight of a news item set off in black type, as is common in the cheaper dailies. The still larger headlines, together with the name of the paper, had been torn away with the upper half of the sheet, but he was very much startled by the item as it stood. It read: "Twenty thousand dollars offered by the Central Copper Refineries for method of reducing copper, which will give it hardness, and the other properties of high grade steel. Chemists and metallurgists have been working for years on such a method, there being a great demand for hard copper in the manufacture of trolley wires and other electrical conductors subject to extreme wear."

The article was continued on a missing page of the paper, but the excited man did not notice this. He reached in his trouser pocket, and pulled out a copper charm. Then he drew it quickly across the surface of the iron studding, producing a screeching sound. He carelessly dropped it, as he looked at the deep scratch made in the post. The charm gave forth a strange metallic sound when it struck the flagging on the mill floor.

Just then some one called to him from behind, "Hey George! Come back here wid the gang and eat yer grub!" Reluctantly he got up, and as he passed behind the studding, he dropped the piece of newspaper on a pile of bricks being made by several Italians from the lining of a worn out furnace. It fell close by another piece of newspaper, but he did not notice this. He was thinking of twenty thousand dollars.

That afternoon he hurried home. He looked in all the local papers for the complete account of the large offer, but in none of them could he find the least mention of it. The article had evidently been printed in a newspaper sent to one of the many transient workers in the mill. He wished he had not thrown it aside when his friend Jim called him. It had not been on the pile of bricks when he had gone back to find it, and he did not think to look further into the pile, the workmen having already

completed their job, and were busy on another pile on the other side of the mill.

Nevertheless, he began to spend his evenings in the little shop in his cellar, where he had hastily locked up his tools and chemical apparatus the day he had moved into his new house soon after his marriage. Since then, he had only used a few of his tools, for the house had been well built. He had not touched his apparatus at all, for his position at the mill was assured, and his correspondence school course in chemistry and metallurgy was completed.

Furthermore his pretty young wife had demanded his attention. He must do his share in making their home and grounds attractive. He had spent the daylight hours after work in keeping their little yard in the same faultless condition as the lawns in the extensive estate of the mill's president. He planted rose bushes, shrubs, and climbing vines. In the backyard he had a small vegetable garden which supplied their table with an abundance of green food; his pen of prize pullets furnished excellent fresh eggs for his wife's breakfast.

In the evenings he would take his wife into their comfortably furnished living room, and play the brand new Victrola for her. Harry Lauder was their favorite singer. Then perhaps they would play cribbage with a few of their friends, or else the two would sit together on the vine-covered porch, and talk of the time when they, too, would have a Ford runabout like the neighbor three doors down the street.

But now all was changed. He neglected everything about his home. No matter how hot or sultry the night might be, he locked himself in the cellar. He often drove his wife to seek the companionship of the widow next door, by the intense heat of the fires which he built in the furnace. He reverted to his habits of before his marriage, spending his spare time experimenting, experimenting to make once more the valuable copper. For he said to himself, "What I have done once by accident, I can do again with patience and care. This time I will keep careful records and notes. I will soon learn the twenty thousand dollar formulae. Then we really can have a Ford like the neighbor's three doors down."

Down in his little den in the cellar, he worked till late in the long hot nights. August and September passed quickly by. He used up enough coal to heat their home through three long, cold winters. Each time the fire died down, he would anxiously pull out a lump of reddish metal with a pair of iron tongs. When the lump had cooled he performed all manner of tests on it, carefully writing the results of these tests in a brown leather book which he kept locked up in his strong oak tool case. All this extra work had its inevitable effect. The steel from his furnace at the mill was often slightly off-grade. He must be more careful in the future.

Late one night in the last week in October, he came up from the cellar, a broad smile on his face. He kissed his wife more tenderly than he had for weeks; with his arm around her waist, he thanked her for sitting up for him so many nights; then he told her that they would soon have the little automobile they had desired so long. Together they went upstairs to dream of the beautiful rides they would take the next spring.

They dreamed of the long, cool evenings in May; then gradually of the warmer evenings in late June and July: then suddenly it seemed to be a burning hot night in August. They rudely awoke; their dulled senses told them it was not August, it was October. He got up and sleepily stumbled to the door of their bedroom. As he opened it, a suffocating blast of smoke poured in. Then he realized that his home was burning, the home he had worked so hard to build and make comfortable for his pretty wife, now standing terrified at his side. He picked her up and rushed through the smoke and licking tongues of flames creeping through the staircase. Finally he reached the open air, and safety. But despite his wife's clinging protestations, he hurried back to get the brown leather book locked up in his tool case. He had worked too hard to let the result of his experiments go up in smoke. But the smoke and flames were now too thick. He was forced to retreat before he reached the cellar door. Then he began to curse himself for leaving live coals in the furnace. He now realized it had been greatly weakened by the many intensely hot fires built in it during the weeks of experimenting.

The next morning, after all the firemen, and horse and motor apparatus had left, and the last curious neighbor was straggling down the street, he looked once more on the smoking ruins of his home; then he picked up a borrowed dinner-pail and hurried to his work at the mill, wearing borrowed clothing. Now that he had lost everything, he must start all over again, and it would not be easy, for he was over thirty. He banished all thought of the Ford from his mind.

That day, his furnace was as obstinate as it had been on the day in August when he first found out about the cursed money which had just slipped through his fingers. Once more he sank down beside the iron studding in front of the pile of bricks from the worn-out furnace. Workmen were now wheeling away the bricks to pave a floor in a new annex of the mill. One of them saw him stitting there, and half playfully, half sympathetically, picked up some pieces of old newspaper which had been buried here and there in the pile. He crumpled them in a ball and threw it at the dejected man, saying, "Cheer up there, George! With a noodle like ye've got, y'll be gittin' a better house next spring!"

The old papers partially unrolled themselves in George's hands as he was about to push them aside, and he saw the words, "COPPER PROCESS" in huge headline type. Then he hastily unfolded the pieces, and nervously fitted them together. They formed, "*The Duluth Gazette*," dated August 5, 1913. He gasped as he read the faded headlines on the top sheet:

"NORTON PAID LARGE SUM FOR NEW COPPER PROCESS"

In heavy face type, this article followed:

"It was announced from the main office here today, that the famous chemist and metallurgist, Thomas H. Norton, had been paid the . . ."

Here the line ended immediately over the fold in the middle of the sheet where the lower half had been torn away. The article continued in the fragment which he had fitted below: "*twenty thousand dollars offered by the Central Copper Refineries for a method of reducing copper, which will give it hardness and other properties of high grade steel.*"

He read no further.

HURXTHAL FREASE

The Strategy of Curley

YOU see, there was me an' Curly McCormack, an' Curly's girl in the first place. She was Elizabeth, after her mother that died when she was a kid, but we mostly called her Goldie 'cause she was one o' these real bright blondes; kind o' middlin' tall, and pretty — Say! Well, Mrs. Curly had made Curly promise just 'fore she died, to do right by Goldie, an' old Curly he'd do it if it took the last shot in the locker; so when Goldie was eighteen or so, an' had finished at old man Harrison's school, Curly sent her East to some college for women to get polished up.

Well, she'd been gone near a year when there was a strike — oil, you know — on Johnson's place. That's right next to us, an' so Curly thought maybe he had oil too; so he hired a feller from Chicago to come out an' mess around an' see if he could find any traces. The feller found 'em, an' got us mixed up with some big eastern oil concern, an' they bought Curly's place for a noble lot o' money, an' Curly an' me come East to be near Goldie. She was in Illinois, just out o' Chicago, so we got us a room in the city an' hung around till she got through being polished.

Well, along about two years more she got through an' come home, an' say, she was changed! She couldn't come where we was, 'cause it wa'n't a ladies' boarding house, an' nothing would do but Curly must build a house of his own. She picked out the place, on a big street alongside the lake, an' Curly told her to go ahead an' do her darndest with the house. We lived in a swell hotel till the house was done. It was a swell place all right, but you bet you paid for the swellness. Every time you turned around, it was another nick out o' the roll.

But Curly, he didn't care; he had so much money he didn't know what to do with it anyway; and a man just couldn't gamble. Every time we sat in a game, an' tried to boost a hundred 'fore the draw, everybody'd beat for the door. Lightest bunch I ever see.

Well, bye 'n' bye the house was done, an' say — it was right class that shack! Looked like a palace, an' set way back from the street. Goldie'd got herself a' automobile with a roof on, to go with the house, an' she used to go down town from the hotel to buy furniture an' stuff in it. Must a made an awful dent in Curly's roll, but he never whimpered, not a bit. Well, as I was sayin', that house was some swell. Pretty near as good as the hotel. There was long halls stretchin' way back, an' great big rooms, an' plants an' empty tin soldiers' suits standing 'round, an' slippery! Say! It was all a man could do to get across those rooms 'thout breaking a leg. Upstairs it was the same idea, only lighter, an', o' course, bedrooms; an' Curly an' me had a little diggin's all to ourself where we could put up our feet, an' knock ashes on the floor, an' spit, an' be happy. It would a' been pretty hard but for that, 'cause we had to wear our spiketails to supper, an' a boiled collar *all* the time, an' we couldn't take off our coats nor smoke at the table like a man likes to do in his own house.

Well, things run along that way for some time; but Curly, he was restless, an' so was I with nothin' but time on our hands. We used to set around till it got so we couldn't stand it, an' then we'd ring up the barn, an' have 'em send around the machine an' take us out. They was a real nice young engineer to the car, an' he certainly could make 'er step! Say! We come near flyin' sometimes. He was a good feller, too, an' I liked his looks right well, an' so did Curly, an' he was educated, too, this feller, better 'n we was, but he never put it on over us like that darned butler up at the house. That butler! Say! I'm goin' to lose my temper some day, an' plug him!

Well, anyway, we got to likin' this automobile feller first rate, an' found out all about him. His name was Herrick, an' he lived with his mother an' his two sisters when he was home. He'd been to college same as Goldie, but he wasn't so darn particular as she was. He'd learned a lot in college, but a lot more after he left. He'd tried to get a job around, but not very hard, I guess, 'cause his old man had lots o' dough. They'd had a car, an' a big house, an' all, same as us, but his old man got mixed up in stocks or something, an' had went under a short

while ago. He did his darndest to get back on his feet, but it wa'n't no use, an' he died from worry an' hurt pride just a couple o' years back.

Well, young Herrick, he had to get out an' hustle for sure, then. He sold his car, an' then got him a place in a automobile barn — where they house 'em an' tinker with 'em, you know. He could drive one, an' he knew a engineer got better money than just a fixer, so he stuck a advertisement in the papers, an' Goldie seen it, an' hired him, an' here he was. Making good, too. Curly was goin' to give him a raise after he'd told us the story; but he put the kibosh on it. Said he'd been playing too strong on our emotions, or some such truck, an' that he'd wait till he earned it. He was all right, that Herrick.

Well, we'd been out ridin' one day, me an' Curly, an' after we'd got back Curly hangs up his coat, an' we went to our room to smoke an' talk. After we'd got settled an' all, Curly starts in.

"Jawn," he says; that's me, you know, "Jawn, I'd like mighty well for Goldie to hook up to a feller like Herrick."

I didn't say nothin', 'cause nothin' was asked, so after a while he went on.

"By gosh," he says, "I'll do it! I'll fix her so she'll marry Herrick himself. I like that young man powerful, an' I'd like him for a son-in-law. I'll fix it!"

Then I put in my oar, 'cause it's time to butt in when a man goes messing into other people's love affairs, but he shut me right up, an' wouldn't say another word himself, but he got to work an' done his little plan all by himself. You got to give him credit for it anyway. It was going fine when Herrick called the turn on him.

It was early fall then, an' Goldie was goin' to startle the social world by givin' a party. From all accounts, it was goin' to be some feed an' big time, but what surprised me was the way Curly was gettin' mixed up in it. He was all around underfoot an' in everything, specially makin' out the list of invitations; an' from what I gathered, one Van Dyke Beresford was the

main top in *that* circus. I'd seen his pictures in the papers an' didn't think much of him. He parted his hair in the middle, an' his face was all nose an' not much chin. A dried-up young squirt at the best.

Well, Curly was pullin' strong for him, an' he paired him an' Goldie off every chance he got during the party, an' then invited that young parlor-snake to make a week-end of it with us an' some others. I thought he was crazy, an' told him so; but he told me to stow my chatter an' keep it stowed, he knew what he was doin'. Well, he did, but I didn't, *then*.

Young Herrick was kept on the hop all the time that week, an' I could see he didn't approve of Van a little bit. He'd look at him sad when he left the car, an' them slam the door hard as he could an' start off with a bing, mad enough to eat tacks. But when he looked at Goldie! Say! It was some different! That man was in love, or I'll never eat again! That fitted fine with Curly's plans, but he was spoilin' his own game with that sheep-faced 'ristocrat. That was all I could see to it.

Well, along about the end of the week them three went ridin' out into the country, an' was gone all afternoon. They come back late, an' I could see somethin' had happened. The Honorable Van was setting in a corner chewin' his nails, an' if my eyes saw right, there was somethin' over his eye that nature never put there. His clothes was mussed an' dirty, too. Herrick was grinning an' nervous, an' Goldie, — well, I don't know what she was. She sailed out o' that car an' up into the house like a bird, while his Lordship beat it to his room an' rang for his "man."

Herrick put the car away an' then come into the house. He was red an' white by turns, an' clawin' at his cap with both hands.

"Where's Mr. McCormack?" he says short.

"In there," says I, pointin' to our room. An' he marches in quick, an' I follows close behind.

Curly looks up surprised an' says:

"Hello, Bob" (Bob's Herrick) "What's on your mind?"

Herrick, he starts to say somethin' a couple o'times, an' then says fast:

"Mr. McCormack," he says, "I have come to tell you, that I — your daughter — we — that is — I proposed to Miss McCormack this afternoon."

Well, that took my breath away, an' Curly's too. We all said somethin' at the same time, an' then we sat Herrick down, an' calmed him, an' he told us.

It seems that his Highness had got gay with Goldie durin' the ride, an' Goldie had biffed him an' give a yell which Herrick had heard through the telephone that went to his ear from inside the car. He stopped the machine, pulled Van out, an' messed him up considerable. Then Goldie tumbled into his arms, an' he proposed, an' she referred him to Curly, an' here he was.

"Well," says Curly, slow, "we'll have to see what she says."

He pushes a button, an' gives Goldie a summons by Eelen McCarthy, our French maid. Pretty soon, Goldie shows up an' sees what's up. Curly asks her to set down, an' he tells her all that Herrick has told us about himself; an' says that whatever she says, goes.

"But," she says, goin' over to Herrick an' standin' beside him, "I can never marry a chauffer."

Curly goes over an' takes her hand an' Herrick's an' joins 'em. Then he slaps Herrick on the back an' says:

"Son, you're fired!"

J. S. PICKERING

Barbara's Gulch

SAM Payton groaned sleepily, and raising his arm, attempted to shield his eyes from the blinding glare of the morning sun, which was pouring in through his shanty door. Failing to do so and at the same time to lie completely at his ease, he directed a curse at the good sun, and rose heavily from his cot. Slowly he pulled on his boots, and laboriously he pushed the hair back from his forehead. His morning toilet being thus completed, he slouched over to the stove, whereon he discovered a pan of cold beans and a half-filled pot of coffee. He appeased his sluggish appetite with the contents of these, sat upon a bench on the shady side of the shanty, smoking a pipe, but otherwise doing nothing.

Payton had appeared seven years before in the deserted Owen's Valley, with the professed intention of prospecting for gold. He had built himself a miserable little shanty in a small dry gulch near the point where the Valley expands into the shimmering waste of the Mohave desert, and had changed his incongruous assortment of clothing for the customary corduroy of the prospector. His hair, which by some singular coincidence had been shaved off clean at his arrival, grew back again and hung in unkempt confusion to his shoulders. He became a type of the shiftless, poverty-stricken prospector, knowing nothing of the lore of the desert nor the ways of metals, and only finding enough pay ore to keep himself in beans and corn-meal and his burro in straw. He knew no one but his nearest neighbor, old Joe Garvey, who lived nine miles further up the Valley. He loathed the desert with every fibre in his body, finding in it none of its far-sung glamour and romance. He longed ever for the abodes of men, and forever cursed his lot. Deep down in his subconscious self, he detested poor Joe Garvey for his contentment, and, as he considered it, his bestial and idiotic love for the desert.

All morning long Payton sat inert on the low bench, and cursed and recursed his fortune. The allurements of civilization had never gleamed so brightly as they did today, nor did the horrors of the desert ever seem so unbearable. He would have

sat there indefinitely had not the sun climbed over the low roof of the shanty and bestowed its unwelcome heat upon him. At this he included the sun once more in his general anathema, and returned to his cot inside.

In the late afternoon he heard the sound of horses outside, and rose to see who the arrivals might be. He perceived his friend, Joe Garvey, riding slowly up the gulch, followed by two heavily-laden pack burros. The old man was almost unrecognizable on account of his thick covering of desert dust; in fact, the whole cavalcade bore the marks of a long and arduous journey.

"Hello, Joe," was Payton's greeting, "been prospecting?"

"Yes, I have, Sam," Garvey answered wearily, then with a vague gesture, "way out there. I've come a long way today. Have you got some straw for the animals, Sam? I'm too played out to reach Independence tonight, so I thought I'd stop off with you, if you don't mind. But don't trouble with getting me any supper, Sam, I can't eat, I'm too tired. I just want to get a little sleep, and then hurry on to Independence and file my papers."

"What's that?" broke in Payton eagerly, "you didn't find anything, did you?"

"Yes, I did, Sam," said the old man, "and I think it will average up pretty high, too. I've got the rock out in one of the packs; you can look it over after you've eaten."

But Sam Payton had no thoughts of dining. While Garvey unsaddled his horse, he took the sacks off the burros, and extracted from one of them a large canvas bag full of broken ore. The light outside was failing, so he hurried inside, to examine the specimens by the light of a lamp.

As Garvey had implied, the stuff was rich indeed. So much was plain even to Payton; great veins of gold ran through every specimen. If what Garvey had said about the quantity could be true, then he had made a find of no small magnitude.

"Are you sure there is plenty more where this came from?" questioned Payton, hardly able to conceal the tremor of excitement in his voice.

"I'm pretty sure of it, Sam," answered Garvey, who was sitting on the edge of the cot, his head drooping wearily. "I spent a good part of my time making myself positive of that. Well, it'll ease up things a little bit for me; there'll be other things besides beans and bacon at my camp after this. But if you don't mind, Sam, I'd like to get a little sleep. I'm pretty tired."

"Where did you say the location was?" asked Payton, with as casual an air as he could muster.

"At the head of Barbara's Gulch," said the old man, sleepily. "I didn't stake it out. Goodnight, Sam." And without another word, he crawled into his blankets, which he had spread upon the floor in a corner of the shanty, and fell into a profound slumber.

Payton remained standing for a long time at the doorway, staring out into the darkness. Many conflicting emotions were racing headlong through his brain. But the strongest of these were a wild, unreasoning hatred towards the old man sleeping in the corner, and a mad desire for wealth and the company of men. It tortured him to think that such a man as Garvey should be blessed with wealth and leisure. "He won't put his money to any use," complained Payton to himself, "he won't even leave the desert. The most he'll do will be to have an extra pound of sugar in his supplies each week. God! A man like him don't deserve to have no money! He'd be just as happy without it, while I could leave this place and be a rich man with as much! I've got to get a hold of some of that cash, even if it takes — Well, it won't be the first, either. I can't stand it here much longer, that's a cinch."

Payton walked quietly over to the table, and took another look at the gold. The bright rays that it reflected from the lamp sparkled out in all directions. They seemed to penetrate into the man's very soul. They kindled that which had only smoldered before, until it blazed up like a great furnace, destroying all fear of detection and reluctance in its hot flame. Payton saw the brightly lighted city streets again; he was walking through them with a woman on his arm, and his pockets full of gold. Gold! Gold! Gold! He would have it at all costs. Tiptoeing over to a shelf, he took down his heavy rifle.

"It's a cinch," he whispered to himself, "they will never catch me. They don't know me in San Francisco, I'll be safe there, all right. One crack on the head with the butt end and the old fool will be out of the way. I can sell out the first thing, easy. It's a cinch, all right —" and he crept closer. At last he was directly over the old man, who slept soundly. He swung the rifle; there came a crushing blow. The sleeper gave no cry, nor stirred an inch. His stertorous breathing continued for an instant, then stopped. It was done.

Payton left the body, and hastening outside, hurriedly repacked the burros and saddled up the horse, just as they had been before. Then he dragged forth the body, and fastened one of its feet securely to the stirrup of the saddle. He finished by placing a sharp, stiff burr underneath the saddle, and giving the horse a smart cut across the flanks. With a snort of pain, the animal galloped away into the night, dragging its gruesome burden behind. Each burro also received a thorn, and soon followed in the wake of the horse. Then Payton returned to the shanty, chuckling diabolically, for he knew that if the horse should reach a human habitation, people would think that Garvey had been thrown with his foot caught in the stirrup, then dragged to death by his mount.

Payton went to work at once to get together his outfit, and packed his burro for a long trip. For he intended to set out at once for Barbara's Gulch, stake out the claim, and file his papers at the nearest town. But once he paused in his feverish haste to consult an old map which hung on his wall.

"I don't seem to find no Barbara's Gulch on here," he muttered to himself, "guess it must be in Nevada somewhere. But I can find out easy from Devore down at Dry Lake, he knows every foot of land in the southwest."

* * * * *

The next morning Payton and his burro arrived at Dry Lake and proceeded straightway to the one dwelling that marked the place; the small "grub-station" owned by the aforementioned Devore. Payton found him lounging in a hammock in the shade of the building, and put his question to him without delay.

Say, Devore," he said, "will you tell me how to reach this here Barbara's Gulch? Guess it must be over the line in Nevada. I've been hearing that there's pay ore been found there."

"Barbara's Gulch?" asked Devore. "There ain't no place in this section of the world called Barbara's Gulch. You must be thinking of —"

"No," cut in Payton, "I'm thinking of Barbara's Gulch, and what's more, I ain't in the mood for fooling." Then, when Devore ventured no answer, "Old Garvey was telling me about it," he blurted out.

"Oh, yes, I remember now," smiled Devore, "Joe come through here yesterday with his story about a big find. All he said was, though, that he had named the location Barbara's Gulch, after his old dead mother. There's a million gulches like Barbara's Gulch out on that there desert. Of course, him and God only know where his big location is."

Payton stood as if turned to stone, looking down at him stupidly, unwittingly. Then, as the full realization burst upon him, he turned unsteadily, and lurching a few steps forward, fell face downward on the hot sand and lay motionless, while the desert sun beat down unmercifully upon him.

T. H. JOYCE

From the "Current Poetry" Department of "Literary Indigestion"

ANY comment concerning the Gulf Stream is extremely *apropos* at this time, when Mr. Roosevelt has announced as a part of his campaign platform, that if elected he will favour the diverting of the Gulf Stream to warm the north-eastern states, and when Mr. Daniels has declared that *he* favours the cooling of the stream with blocks of Labrador ice, since the stream's warm air makes the sailors' throats tender, and more liable to tonsillitis.

What, then, could be more fitting than to review what some of our poets have said of this vast oceanic river?

Of the modern American poets, perhaps the most famous who has written concerning the stream is Poe. In his poem, "Lucy Henderson" he has admirably treated of the subject in question. The first two stanzas relate very characteristically how he and his lost Lucy Henderson were wont to dig among the graves on the shore of the Gulf, at dusk on windy days, and speculate over the bones they found there — to whom they belonged, how their owners had been killed, etc. But one day, it appears, they strayed too far down the beach, and Lucy Henderson was carried out to sea. The last two stanzas describe in an especially powerful manner the feelings of the lover as he watched her being swept away by the Gulf Stream.

"And I shuddered, 'Oh, my Lucy,
On this fateful fell stream juicy,
You are being carried *to* sea,'
And I strode along the shore,
(On the weedy, windy shore)
And I saw her pink ear skimming
On the Gulf Stream, black and brimming.
She was swimming, swimming, swimming,
But at last she swam no more —
Shrieked and sank and swam no more!

"Then the night grew black as thunder —
Ah, my Lucy had gone under,
And my senses split asunder,

And I sank in half a swoon
 (And my senses swirled in swoon).
 Loud I shrieked — 'Oh, God, my Lucy,
 Oh, my sinking, sea-soaked Lucy,
 Oh, my lily, loved, lost Lucy——'
 Sighed the Gulf Stream, 'You're a loon!' "

No one can help feeling the despair of the frantic lover in these lines.

Then there is the rough and ready Robert Service, who has written the following:

"I left my lungs in divers spots along the way I've trod,
 I've cursed their clammy climates, and I've cursed the hand of God.

"I left my graces with my lungs — I spit 'em out in pieces,
 And shortened as I did it, both my pulmonary leases. "

Herein follow sixteen verses, relating his extreme hatred of religion, virtue, wealth, poverty, art and civilization, and describing the growth of the determination to visit the Gulf states where the warm air and stream might "give him back his lungs." But note the pathos in the last verse, which is called "Epitaph."

"The Gulf Stream wasn't warm enough to give him back his lungs;
 He's gone to some place warmer: deal lightly here, O tongues."

We might mention Amy Lowell, of whose exquisite little "Gulf Stream Song" we quote but a few lines, from the "Bore 'em."

"I love to sit like a mermaid
 In the soft water,
 And wiggle my little pink footsies,
 With the great green sky above me,
 And the purple sea, and the oleomargarine clouds.
 I love to come out again
 And pick clear salt crystals
 From between my dear little toeses."

Lastly this little masterpiece from the pen of Edgar Lee Masters.

"I was the Gulf Stream, but I died.
 All year I used to carry ships to and fro
 Upon my strong back. I could carry
 Great liners, black steel hulks, lounging

And wallowing in my arms, from
One side of the world to the other. I was
The giant of the sea. I was afraid of
Nothing. But one day — I cannot
Think of it without a shudder — Amy Lowell
Sat down on me — and I died.”

[EDITOR'S NOTE.— The poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox which was to have appeared in this department this week has been omitted, at the request of the Watch and Ward Society.]

H. S. FAY

The Pedlar of Dreams

IT had been a great love; Suzanne told herself that as she looked at Raoul. Seizing a rose from the slender vase in the center of the table, she leaned back with just a suggestion of boredom, and began lazily to pick off its petals one by one, just as presently she intended picking off the last faded petal of her own burnt out love. The fancy pleased her and she smiled, all the time eying the unsuspecting man seated opposite. He, seeing the smile, leaned eagerly forward, a quizzical gleam of question in the great eyes that had once fascinated Suzanne. Once — now all that was finished. Suzanne knew those eyes perfectly, every light and shadow of them. She knew everything about Raoul so well. *Le bon Dieu!* A woman must have variety, mystery. And there was no mystery about Raoul, she thought, studying him with eyes that could be as cruel as they could be alluring.

"What is it?" asked Raoul.

"I was — thinking," said Suzanne slowly, wondering how he would take it. For once she was unable to anticipate his action. The prospect of a new situation with Raoul pleased her. "I was thinking that it is done — finished." She crushed the remains of the once beautiful rose and sat waiting, her hands upon her hips.

"What is done?" *Le bon Dieu!* How like the stupidity of a man! How like Raoul, with no imagination in his prosaic soul! She brought her teeth together with a petulant click that ought to have warned him. But it did not.

"Us! You and me — everything between us is done, done, done! Do you not understand?" She turned her eyes from his face, pretending to find more interest in the empty glasses, the withering flowers, even the sleepy waiter in the corner. Then she yawned.

"Suzanne! What do you mean?"

"*Oh, mon Dieu!* These stupid!" cried Suzanne, regarding him with level lids. Raoul reached for her hand, but she snatched it away. "No! It is like this between us now!" She snapped

the stem of the rose across the table. The man turned white, but said nothing.

"Come, I am tired." The waiter started from his dozing and hurried forward with her cloak. Raoul took it from him and held it for her, still without speaking. He was rather fine, she thought. She had expected him to beg. She was rather piqued that he did not. Humming a snatch of some popular song to show her indifference, she slid her arms through the gossamer folds of her cloak. The waiter opened the door. "*Bon soir, mademoiselle! Bon soir, monsieur! Merci, monsieur.*"

"Done! Done! Done!" hummed Suzanne, tapping the sill of the taxi window. Still he said nothing. Watching him from the corner of her eye, Suzanne wondered what she could do to make him cry out, to give some sign that he was suffering. She told herself that she had been hasty, inartistic. She should have led up to it with him. Then there would have been a *denouement*. Now it was merely stupid. The taxi drew up before a little house on the *rue Vaugirard*. Raoul got out and handed her down. He paid the chauffeur and turned towards the open door where she stood. For a moment they stood looking at each other, then she laughed and closed the door. Inside, she stood waiting, listening for some sign. Even then she might have relented had he called to her. Outside, Raoul stood, too, but waiting for nothing. The echo of the retreating auto pounded the words into his reeling brain — Done! Done! Done! Presently he turned and walked down the deserted street. Pursued and taunted by the echoes of his own steps, he passed along and disappeared round the corner. Suzanne heard him go, and biting her lips with vexation, ran upstairs to peer over the balcony. He did not even look back as he turned the corner. Suddenly, from an attic window opposite came the sound of a man coughing, a man gripped by a horrible fiend that choked and strangled him, seeking to shake the life from his shattered body. Suzanne had heard the sound before; sometimes when she and Raoul took their coffee here after dinner; sometimes when, as now, she leaned over the railing to watch her lover down the street into the gray distance where the dawn was pallid in the sky. Some-

thing in the racking echoes of coughing made her shudder. She went in and closed the window.

Suzanne was tired. The zest of her success was gone, the glamour of it. She had dreamed a golden dream of ambition, and had attained her dream. She had danced her way to the top of the bills. She had danced her way into the heart of Paris. She had danced all there was to dance, and she was tired. She knew all there was to be known of Success — every joy and jealousy. A woman must have variety, mystery. And there is no mystery in success once it is attained. Once there had been success to which to look forward. But that had been before Paris flocked from the *Etoile*, the *Quartier* and even from the far-off *Neuilly* to the hall where she danced; before it had thought of booking seats for weeks in advance, or of sending her loads of beautiful flowers and piles of crested notes; before it shouted itself hoarse night after night as she emerged between the great yellow curtains to bow the thanks she had ceased to feel. Suzanne was the favorite of the city, but she was weary of it and all it had to offer.

It was then that it happened. The one thing that Suzanne desired, came to her. From the little house in *rue Vangirard* came Romance, born of the dying breath of a young Russian composer who had starved to death, leaving to her his one earthly possession — a ballet. He was a young artist who had come to Paris with hope and had found only despair. No, not despair only, he found *love* one night when he saw Suzanne dance. Out of his hopeless passion, out of the fervour of his desire, out of the bitterness of his solitary battle with the great, indifferent town, he created a ballet for Suzanne. As he worked, he coughed himself to death in his attic room. But the fire of his love warmed him until his work was done, and then he died, leaving to Suzanne what he never could have given to Suzanne had he lived. Suzanne laughed and wept. It was the climax she had craved. A man had died of love for her and the world knew it. She would dance those strange harmonies for the world and it would applaud as it had never before applauded.

And this was the ballet which the lonely man had fashioned out of his heart for her:

"The Queen of the world, grown weary, withdraws to the Garden of Solitude, to which only those may come who have tasted the emptiness of desire. There she wrapped her ivory-white body in a robe of sable, and lay upon a couch scattered with dead roses beneath the cypress trees. In all the garden there was no sound save that of the wind ceaselessly sighing among the trees, and of a fountain that dripped with the sound of tears to a hidden pool.

"Into the garden came those who had sought and had not found, and they made the Queen of the World their queen. One day, Pierrot, the Pedlar of Dreams, came to the garden. He had grown old; his pack was empty and laughter was dead in his heart, for in all his quest throughout the length and breadth of life, he had not found that which he sought — love. He was an outcast. Into the garden he came with his broken guitar and his haggard face. When they saw who had come, they wept, for they all had known Pierrot and his dreams when they were young. Slowly, he approached the couch on which the Queen lay, lost in sad musings, and when he saw her a terrible cry of anguish broke from his lips, and for the first time Pierrot wept for he had found her whom he had sought. He had found her now that he was old and his beautiful dreams dead.

"At the sound of the cry, the Queen roused herself, and seeing Pierrot she leapt up with a joyous cry, for by his eyes she knew that it was he whom she had long desired. Eagerly she ordered her courtiers to bring fine raiment for him and to summon the musicians that she might dance. Laughter echoed throughout the garden, and sunlight dawned through the twilight of the trees. So the Queen of the World danced with Pierrot, but as she danced, fear woke in her heart, for she knew that she loved this man. She knew that love would become her master, and that she would no longer be Queen. So she resisted Love as she danced, but Love was stronger than she, and at last he conquered, and Pierrot bent her to his arms and pressed his lips to hers. And in that moment, Pierrot fainted and fell dead at the feet of the Queen, and she knew that love had come too late. The musicians stole away and the Queen was left alone with her dead Pierrot. The sunlight changed to twilight. Night

came, the trees were sombre and mysterious against the purple sky, spangled with stars. In all the garden, there was no sound save that of the wind ceaselessly sighing among the trees and of a fountain that dripped with the sound of tears to a hidden pool."

Such was the fantasy the young Russian had created out of his fevered mind, and about it he had woven haunting melodies of laughter mingled with sighs, through which there ran the minor notes of water dripping, with the sound of tears; but it was not water, it was his life-blood. But an unexpected difficulty arose; Suzanne demanded that a new dancer be found for the role of Pierrot. This, she declared, should be the most beautiful ballet ever produced, and none of the former favorites would do. They danced without a heart, she said, and the man who danced Pierrot must dance with a soul. Agents scoured the continent in vain. A dancer with a soul was nowhere to be found. Suzanne stormed and raged and sulked. Her manager pleaded and searched with no avail. One day in the midst of a rehearsal, a stranger presented himself at the stage door, asking to see the manager. He sent up word that he wanted to dance Pierrot. The manager, snatching at straws, sent for him. When the stranger appeared, a little thrill ran through the company. He wore a silk mask that completely concealed his features. Some whispered that he was a gentleman, a nobleman even. By the time the whisper reached Suzanne, he was a prince, a deposed king. Suzanne ran on the stage to see for herself. She arrived just as the orchestra was beginning the opening bars of Pierrot's music. The stranger began timidly, even awkwardly. It was easy to see that he was not a professional. Yet there was something about him that tenaciously grasped. Perhaps it was the fascination of that mask that made them forget his clumsiness, or perhaps it was because behind that mask there was a real Pierrot with laughter dead in his heart.

Suddenly he saw Suzanne standing in the wings, and fire seemed to quicken within him. Instantly there came into his dancing a passionate abandon that moved even Suzanne's shallow heart. "That is the man!" cried Suzanne. "He shall dance Pierrot! He has a soul! *Mon Dieu!* he makes me weep"

So the stranger was chosen to dance Pierrot, and Suzanne sang in her dressing room while all Paris sought to penetrate the mystery of the masked dancer — he who so rarely spoke, who hid his face, but could not hide those eyes in which there flamed a fire she had never seen before in a man's eyes.

Paris was captivated with the ballet from the opening bars of the overture. Lying on her couch of dead roses, Suzanne gazed out upon the sea of faces with a surging heart. Row upon row, they receded into the vault of shadow. As far as she could see, Suzanne knew every face, but the adoration she read in those eyes left her unmoved. It was for the dancer she waited. Pierrot's music surged up from the orchestra with a wailing sob of disillusionment and despair. Why did he not come? The audience strained forward, anxious for its first glimpse of the mysterious dancer. Still he did not come. She felt as if she must scream under the tension of the moment. Ah! There he was. At the sight of the haggard face, set with those flaming eyes, Suzanne almost cried out. For a moment she watched him, fearful of his success. Then she knew that in some subtle way he had gripped the audience as he had gripped her the first day. They understood. She sank back, the slow tears coursing down her cheeks, gratitude filling her heart. As she lay waiting for her cue, Suzanne began to perceive the hidden significance of the ballet, and in her heart she wept, for in that moment she knew how vain a thing it is to be Queen of the World. Now he was coming toward her. He saw her. Ah, that anguished cry! It recalled something to Suzanne, but she had no time to think. She started forward with an answering cry that sent delicious chills through the spectators. Pierrot was coming to her. He would offer her his heart, offer it before all the world, and before all the world, she, Suzanne, the Queen, would take it, and tomorrow Paris would know that it had not been make-believe. A sob of joyous intoxication broke from her as she sprang forward to Pierrot. The din of the huzzas was like the roar of the sea, but she heard only the music of the dance that led her on, she knew not where.

Then came the supreme moment of Suzanne's life, when, with the world at her feet, she thrust it aside and kissed the lips

of the man she loved. Pierrot, looking down, saw what was in Suzanne's eyes, and for an instant they stood, forgetful of time and place, and all the world, conscious only that out of the dim tangle of eternity their spirits had been brought together. For a moment he held her, then, remembering his role, he sank at her feet. The laughter of the revellers silenced. With frightened glances they stole away, leaving the Queen of the World alone with her dead Pierrot. The wind instruments took up the haunting motif of the wind sighing among the trees, then it died out in a great silence, through which there sounded only the drip of a fountain that fell with the sound of tears to a hidden pool.

For a whole minute after the curtain fell, the audience remained silent. Then the applause burst like a tornado. Again and again the curtain rose, disclosing the Queen staring at the prostrate Pierrot.

There was something in the emotion of the climax that made Suzanne afraid to move or speak. She felt that once she made a sound the perfect beauty of it must be gone forever. But at last she stooped and called the masked dancer to rise. He made no answer. Again she called, then stooped and took his hand. Her frightened cry brought the stage manager to her side. The dancer was dead. After all, it had not been make-believe. When they removed the mask, Suzanne saw the haggard face of Raoul beneath.

H. W. GOODWIN

A Little Adventure In the Supernatural

THE Author grunted a comfortable grunt from the bosom of a billowy leather chair, and applied himself in a satisfied manner to the contemplation of a warm hearth and mantle. His appreciative glance roamed over the beautiful woodwork, the rich arterial-colored bricks, and the huge fire dogs (as large as real ones), and his young-old face, with the fat, inky places under the eyes, lighted with extreme self approval.

It was hardly the beauty of the thing that attracted him—that made this warm glow of satisfaction come out all over him like a gentle perspiration—it was its price, for the great fireplace was a *genuine copy* of the Elizabethan, adapted by an Architect Prince of New York, who was so famous that he need have done nothing but memorials for the rest of his life. Now such of the nobility of Art Commercialized do not work for love, nor for Art's sake. You must cross their palms with much silver before they will take their T squares, go into trances and pick you therefrom seventy-two room cottages, Renaissance garages—and Elizabethan fireplaces. So we come to the basic truth that the final cause of the Author's joy was the love and the possession of an undue amount of the stuff that passes from hand to hand and never grows warmer.

"Very fair for six years out of college," were the author's sentiments, and you, I suppose, will agree with him.

In those seventy-two months he had wooed and won popular favor—plus a pink touring car; he had blandished successfully the Average Editor, who, in return, now smiled on him—in terms of dollars and cents, and referred to him the announcements as the new Somebody-or-other. I forget whether it was Shakespeare or Dante whom they slandered on these particular occasions. But it doesn't matter.

The Author was what one might call a prolific writer, which means that he had written too many books. He had done vague novels with startling endings and startling novels with vague endings; he had done novels that were either vague or startling all the way through, and some that were both together. But he had treated his heroines well. They nearly always

married into the nobility before half-past the last chapter but one. If there were no unoccupied lords lying about, he made them up. The public likes this. There is nothing that pleases the average reader more than to see some beautiful and deserving scullery maid marry into the nobility, even if the nobility has been created for that particular occasion. So the Average Reader bought his books and called him great. Oh yes, indeed, the Author had been a successful man.

He ceased to meditate upon the warm monument to his genius, and stared undecidedly at his slipper toe. Then he lit a thoughtful cigarette. His mood was changing — an author's privilege, and he was not quite so sure as he had been, that he was happy. To quote a strikingly original phrase from his latest work — "All was not well within."

"It's the beef," he muttered, "it was *raw*, and indigestion's giving me the blues. Oh well — think I'll go and see Billy, she always cheers —"

For no apparent reason, the Author stopped abruptly, and, turning, stared at the fire-splashed wall behind him. There, in the shadowy gulf between the great secretary and the magazine table, was reassuring emptiness.

"Funny," he said, "wonder if my eyes — no, by Jove — here this won't do —!" Suddenly becoming aware that he was talking aloud he stopped and stared again: of course the room was empty — how foolish of him to get nervous in a second this way; still he'd ring for Matoi, have a hot bath and go to bed — indigestion was not a thing to be tampered with and sleep —

"Don't do that," said a queer little voice, as dry as dust, from nowhere in particular.

The Author snapped erect in his chair like a live spring, the new and unbecoming fat wrinkles about his jaw quivering with apprehension. He was something like a horse when a wolf laughs in the distance, or a child who sees a chair at night. The Reading Public would have liked to see him then.

Then something really moved in the dark, a barely perceptible wiggle in the shadow, that grew stronger and stronger, until finally a horrible little figure that might have been the

mummy of a baby, dead since the Flood, rustled across the floor and bared its black gums in a genial smile.

"Don't ring, please," It croaked.

The position of the Author at that moment was truly comic. He was seated for the most part on his neck, having tried to shrink inconspicuously behind the upholstery of the chair, and his hands were grasping the arms of it much harder than he needed.

"It can't be the beef," he thought, "it must be brains," and he tried to recover courage enough to throw something at It.

There was a silence; then —

"Don't you recognize me?" said the Apparition.

The Author capitulated by acknowledging the Thing's presence and answering It.

"No" (he trembled a bit) "get out! G-Get out!"

Now this was no way to treat a visitor. Indeed I should say that the Author had had no training, if I didn't think that he might have been nervous. But the Thing — the Dead Baby Affair — didn't appear to mind. It merely laughed and said, "I was afraid you wouldn't know me; I've changed somewhat since we last met. Want to see Her?"

The Author stopped his mouth with his hand, possibly to keep from laughing aloud, and possibly — but no he *couldn't* have been as disturbed as that.

"For *heaven's* sake," he gasped, when he could trust himself to un-stopper his mouth, "who — what are you?" (Oh, I tell you he was funny. Have you ever seen a sick animal when, at the hands of some kindly cruel person, it was just inhaling its first breath of chloroform? And *this* was such a little thing to get excited over.)

There was another of those nerve stretching silences, then the Author fairly shouted, "Speak up, will you? Hang you — what d'ye want — say — say anything."

"Yes?" It grinned, "I'm surprised that you don't recollect

me at all. You must be pretty far gone. Oh well, I won't keep you waiting any longer, but I had hoped you'd know me," — this last reproachfully.

"Get out — go away — oh my head," moaned the Author. (You will agree with me that he was becoming overexcited. And he had such a nice warm fireplace to look at, and two new books [startlingly original, they were] on the market, being sold as fast as the People of Poor Taste could buy them. These things should have calmed him.)

"Oh, come," said the Thing, "don't take it so hard. I won't hurt you — not now. I can't leave yet, but, if it's any comfort to you to know it, this is my last visit. I'm your First Ambition."

This struck the Author's sense of humor and he cackled uncertainly. Fancy one's first ambition coming back to visit one — that is too odd. Ha (gulp) ha! Something is gripping at our chest — it is fear. This Beast is not so funny, and —

"I'm very nearly exhausted, so I won't waste much of your time — but, you understand, I had to come. We all do. You'll see why, perhaps, when I've explained. No, don't ring. It will be much pleasanter if you *don't*, father, I assure you. Won't you light up? No? Very well, then, just as you like.

"Perhaps I'd better begin by explaining myself. Do you remember, once long ago, before you were bought, hide and hoof, by your publishers, you had an idea that you would some day write a book? I don't mean a salad of sentimental garbage with a Henry Hutt dressing — I means a *Book* — you recall?"

The Author shut his lips tight, but he nodded. It isn't pleasant to be reminded sometimes.

"Please correct me if I go wrong," the Thing continued, wrinkling its brow thoughtfully. "That Book was to have been your best effort, worth working and fighting for. Its hero was to have been a man — not a mechanical Fox-trotter. While for its heroine, I believe, you intended to make a woman of average intelligence, who did not call *every* drunken reprobate whom she met a 'dear, silly boy.' You were to make a sane, happy picture of life as you saw it. Am I right?"

The Author gulped — I am even prepared to say that he felt ashamed of himself. I could have pitied him then, I think, if I had not read some of his books.

"I am that ambition — your first and best — and the loving child of your brain," resumed the Thing, "do you remember? Don't get restless. May I trouble you to keep your hand away from that bell? Thank you.

"Well, all we First Ambitions (There are millions of us) go to the Island —"

"What island," whispered the man.

"Island of Resources, of course — don't interrupt — go to the Island as soon as we're born, where we have a fairly dull time of it, just waiting to be called. Sometimes a First Ambition's owner really uses him, but they're the lucky exceptions. I've had eight years of waiting myself.

"When we first arrive we're all beautiful, as beautiful as the day — wouldn't think it to look at me, would you?

"But we don't stay that way long, for every time you men degrade your art — every time you sneer at the best in life, we, your first ambitions, become weaker and uglier, until finally there comes a day when we know it's all over with us, when we realize that our fathers have choked their souls to death between the covers of their check books, and that there's no more room for us. Oh you—you failure! You don't realize that you've killed me! Don't you — I beg your pardon: I quite forgot myself. Pray don't be disturbed. I won't hurt you — yet."

Cold, clammy little drops of perspiration ran down the Author's forehead. One, a little braver than the rest, slid the bridge of his nose and jumped into his moustache. But the Author did not notice. The voice of the Mummy began again.

"When we know we're going, we visit Lady Imagination (She's Superintendent at Resources, and the most beautiful Being of all the Levels) and she gives us our passports, and we come down here to have a farewell interview with you.

This is our last night on Earth, and it is *Our Night*. For this once we resume all our powers, and we come back and stick little conversational needles into our honored fathers' heads —

Do you know, I have the power to drive you to suicide— But I won't — you're not worth the trouble; do you think you are?"

The Author merely muttered; his Brain Child stirred a bit of hearth-ash with It's toe and went on.

"When our night is done, we die. All that was material in us goes to another world, where it is worked into ideas for the inhabitants there. Then it makes the circuit — Jupiter, Mars— of course you know the order, and in perhaps ten thousand years gets back here again, to be used or flung aside as the case may be. These are merely our bodies; the soul of us, the soul *you* created when you created the idea for something fine and workmanlike, is dead, and you couldn't resurrect it if you petitioned the stars! And at the same time, the old, sound base of your *personal* soul goes away, leaving behind it only something hard and milled with "In God we trust" stamped across its face. Now, would you like to see her?"

"Who?" rattled the Author's teeth.

"The lady who *was* to have been my heroine, the only worthy female character — you'll excuse my saying it — that you ever conceived. Even the moon, who is the most unsentimental person off the earth, cut two eclipses to visit her, merely to see what a man *could* create before he spoiled himself.

"She's very weak now — your fault. Come in, my dear."

From the shadow of the great secretary crept the ghost of a witch, horrible, double-bent, as repulsive as a skull, save for her eyes, which were like two deep, black pools, silvered by moonlight.

"That?" rasped the Author, in spite of his fear, "*that* scarecrow?"

The magnificent eyes blazed once, and then the life of the Heroine that never was, passed with a whimper. The Author heard it go and shuddered. It was all true then: he, the Author, could kill the great things he created merely by the sting of a sneer, the careless thrust of his tongue — but no, the fault lay deeper, for he could feel, pressing against his heart, a hard, milled bulk — and the first words he thought of were "One dollar! In God we trust!"

The next moment his ghost child, his First Ambition, whirled before him and stretched a dried hand under his nose.

"You Murderer!" It yelled. Its shoulders rose and broadened until they filled the room. It flung Itself into space. It was tipping the earth over, and the Author could feel it go. It was turning — it had turned, and the Author was falling, falling, falling — and, well, it was rather fortunate that Matoi heard and came, for he found his master in a heap on the hearth-flags with one arm in the hot ashes of the fire.

* * * * *

The Doctor said that it was a severe attack of nerves; or mayhap, a slight "D.T." from overmuch responding to toasts, or it might have been something else with a barbarous name which I do not remember.

But the Author insisted that the Darker Half of the World had frolicked with him, and has, since then, been circumspect in his actions. Of course, there can be no truth in that, but the story remains (I have told it to you just as the Author told the Doctor and the Doctor told me) as does the fact that when once the Author attempted to "write up" this experience humorously, he spent three months in a sanitarium on account of a nervous breakdown. He has never told what happened the second time.

H. S. FAY

Westward Ho!

The last few years have witnessed a remarkable vacation movement on the part of the young men and boys in colleges and preparatory schools east of the Mississippi River, toward ranch and camp life in that romantic region of the American West which centers about the Rocky Mountains.

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Since that time, with the passing of the big cattle herds, the wandering Indian marauders, and the hordes of the buffalo, many of the early settlers of the West have turned their experience and knowledge of life in the open to the advantage of red-blooded young men and boys from the East who annually spend the summer months at the old ranches and on trail and in camp along the Rocky Mountain plateau, and even in the fastnesses of the mountains themselves.

The American West has all that Europe offers to the traveller and sojourner save decrepit buildings and indoor art collections. In place of these it offers its American alpine scenery, its virgin forests, its boundless wind-swept plains and its picturesque life. Especially does this typically American region beckon to the young man and each summer that call is answered by a stream of young vacation adventurers who traverse half the continent to ride, camp, fish and breathe deep amid the splendors of the great out-of-doors.

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who has learned of her natural beauties amid historic surroundings.

The West of the frontiersman has for the most part passed, but there still remains for the enjoyment of those who will go now, the more picturesque features, the splendid bigness of life which for generations have bred in the Anglo-Saxon that "western fever" which impelled the pioneers to the making of an empire.

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are not right and if the cigarette contains inferior grades of tobacco or hidden strands of rank, oily leaf, you will feel a slipping stogie at the tip of your tongue or that "sandpaper tickle" in your throat.

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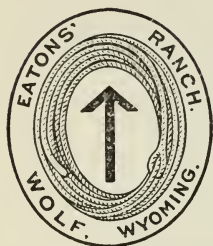
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Phillips Academy and the Nation

CLASSMATES, it has been destined that we should be spectators of events whose magnitude dwarfs anything the world has even seen. Spectators? Did I say spectators? More than spectators, we are destined to be actors in the greatest drama which has ever been staged upon this earth; a drama more magnificent than the Fall of Rome, more terrible than the Capture of Constantinople, more startling than the Career of Napoleon, more pathetic than the Humiliation of France, a drama whose first act has drenched one continent with blood, and plunged the rest of the world into a frenzied panic of fear. Yes, every one of us will play his part in this great world drama. What will be the character of this part?

We, who, tomorrow, will have left forever the gates of this institution, have completed the first stage of our training for our entrance upon the world stage. If, during our stay here, we have come to the full realization of what Phillips Academy stands for, if we have become thoroughly imbued with the spirit which shrouds this old hill, if we have earned the right to be called sons of Andover, we have mastered the essentials which make for honorable success in the part which we shall play in this drama of nations.

Who can tell what the second act of this titanic play will divulge? It may be war, with the consequent complete overthrow of civilization. It may be peace, with the heart-rending processes of reconstruction. In either case, America, the only great nation as yet unscathed by war, will occupy the center of the stage. How will she acquit herself of this role? That, is in our hands. We will be held responsible for her success or for her failure.

Let us suppose, for a moment, that the curtain of this second act does rise upon a Europe still torn with conflict, still smoking with battle. Do you think America can persist forever in a course of lucrative inaction, while the rest of the world is ruining itself to furnish food for cannon, and food for flames? The very character of the American people would make such a course of action impossible. I believe, as an absolute certainty, that, if this war continues, the day will come when you will hear the shrill call of the bugle echoed over this broad land, the call which means that at last our country has summoned her sons to defend her honor and her life. Then, we will decide whether or not America can play the role of conqueror.

Oh, that all her sons had been blessed with the privileges and training which have been ours! She would then have little need to fear the lack of loyal self-sacrificing support in her hour of trial. If only every man upon whom will rest this great responsibility had been privileged to complete his training within these walls! She would then be enabled to demand the position to which she is entitled among the councils of the nations. Since this is impossible, since we are the chosen few, it is our sacred duty to impart to others the principles which she has implanted within us, to strive throughout our lives to live up to them, and to do our utmost to incorporate them into the life of the nation.

What will this bugle call mean to the son of Andover? It will mean that at last he has been given an opportunity to give proof of his devotion to his country, the same devotion which was so indelibly ingrained in his character at Phillips Academy, where he learned to stand by his team and his school in victory or defeat. It will call to his mind the figures of the past which symbolize so well the heroic spirit of the old school. It will summon before him the form of Samuel Phillips, the loyal patriot who founded the academy in the second year of the Revolution. It will visualize for him the serious-minded band of boys, who in 1812, marched with picks and shovels from Andover to Boston to build the fortifications of the city. It will review before him the bloody battlefields of the livid war upon which so many of Andover's sons gave their last full measure of devotion. And,

not sad with the regret of conscious sacrifice, but joyful with the realization of a wonderful opportunity to do his bit for the Alma Mater of us all, he will respond to the call of his country.

But, you say, this second act may bring peace. Peace, yes, but what a peace!—a peace which will find Europe depopulated, ravaged, starving, desperate; a peace which will come only when Europe's store of men and treasure is exhausted; a peace which will mean that at last there is nothing left in Europe to fight with or to fight for. When this state of utter exhaustion is reached, an exhaustion which the reaction of a cessation of hostilities will augment a hundredfold, poor, broken Europe will raise her eyes in supplication to the nation which will have grown sleek and prosperous through her years of tribulation; she will throw herself upon the mercy of America for a just and impartial settlement of the issues which brought about the tragedy, and for the very essentials of existence.

America's conduct, at this time, will determine her place in history among the nations of the world. Think what a responsibility will be placed upon her shoulders! To her honor and integrity, will be entrusted the future welfare of the world, to her generosity, the resuscitation of a ruined Europe. When this crisis comes, when the fate of America hangs in the balance, then, O Sons of Andover, let us elevate our minds to the greatness of the task which is before us. Let us forget personal prejudice and racial antipathy. Let us hark back our minds to those precepts of democracy and broad-mindedness which have here been so firmly implanted in our characters. Let us again repeat those immortal words by which we were here taught to fashion our careers, "Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great empire and little minds go ill together."

Classmates, only a few more hours of our Andover years remain to us. Tomorrow night, all will be over. As this time of parting draws near, there is not a one of us who does not pause, for a moment, and think of the inestimable service Phillips Academy has rendered him. What precious gifts will he bear away with him! Friends, knowledge, memories, all have been his for the asking. When he leaves this beloved

hill for the last time, there will come to him the overwhelming realization that she has given him everything that it is in her power to give. She has made him her son; she has given him the right to bear her name. And, with the complete consciousness of the greatness of this honor, he will dedicate his life to the enhancement of the glory of that name, and to the unison of those principles of devotion, democracy, and broad-mindedness for which it stands with the political life of the nation.

PAUL RICE DOOLIN

Washington Square South

I clattered down the noisy steps, tonight,
Of that old place just off the spring-touched Square —
Where we four always dined, I'm sure you know
The place I mean — alive with stirring hopes.
Things were as e'er they used to be —
Laughter, talk — a place where artists ate,
Where artists — yes, and you, my Martin ate.
Around you always seemed a living fire,
Standing a gleaming shield above your head.
You were our star, the one who made us glad
We'd come and left the petty frowns behind.
Best I remember of you was a night
When Mary said she wished she'd stayed behind
In Russia and there grown old, a farmer's wife —
You looked at her with those brave eyes of yours
And took her hand and raised it to your lips
And reassured her: "Mary, no, you don't,"
Was all you said, and yet 'twas more
Than any of us four could say.
Oh, lad, tonight, with all the talk and wine,
I wait and drink and nod to thee and those
And think perhaps Siberia's grasp will melt,
And you and Mary will come smiling back to me —
These things I think — with all their lights and talk —
Sitting, expecting you will come through all these years.

FRANK HARRISON DOWD

Trois Jours

Un Tableau Noir et Rouge

I

Two days ago I saw him at a club,
Light-eyed and luck-led, swallowing Life whole,
Sipping tall whiskies, redolent with spice,
Breathing good tobacco, playing his hand high,
To match Fate's every card with one as good.

II

A day ago a corporate concern,
"Sound as Gibraltar, sir," threw up its hands and died.
That night a woman hearing fortune fled,
Broke her engagement with, "I must regret —"
(Love is but dust an sheikels be not there.)

III

To-day they found him; when they took him up
His head dripped red and spread a little trail,
Of rubies, on the soft rugs of his floors.

H. S. FAY, JR.

The Song of Victory

"JACQUES!"

"Ninette! Ah, come!"

A long embrace (*stage directions*).

"But tell me, my heart, where have you been?"

"Ah, I have fought — I have killed — I have starved — I have gone mad — for you — for you! And now I have won you!"

Which specimen of amorous oratory was the cue for the principles and the whole chorus of "From War's Alarms," the nearly-sensational hit of the season, to file onto the stage until its boards creaked with their weight, which creaking, however, was drowned in the din of the rattling "pot-pourri" of the best "hits" of the piece which ensued. And just as the sopranos, enthusiastically headed by the pretty leading woman reached high b flat, the curtain came down with a rush and the fat women in the front row (it was a matinee) began pinning on their hats.

As I said before, the piece was a nearly-sensational hit. There was something lacking which kept it from being advertised 'way out in Bridgeport and further. The stage manager knew it, the orchestra conductor knew it, George Wells and Vivian Seymour, the "leads" knew it, every girl in the chorus knew it and spread the paint on thicker as if to appease a guilty conscience. But the person who knew it most and whom it troubled most was Johnny Dunn, the shortest man in the chorus.

"I tell you, Sue, it's the ending," he said for the fifth time to Sue Young, a strikingly pretty brunette of the chorus, as the two ate that night at Pierre's — just around the corner from the theatre (they were desperately in love with each other, by the way; you could have told by the way he passed her the salt and the way she gave it back to him).

"Yep, I guess 'tis," said Sue, hungrily helping herself to a thick slice of steak — Johnny was treating royally tonight. "Yep, I guess 'tis," she repeated after she had delicately but

rapidly done away with a tender morsel. "But what's the *matter* with the end?" she questioned over her Chianti.

"That's the funny part of it, Sue, I don't know! But it goes wrong every time. 'Trip the King' is a good tune, 'n 'Smile' is a corker, and so are the rest — but when they're put together there's something wrong — sure wrong."

Sue was distressed. For consolation she reached for a second helping of sweet potatoes — sugared, and served on a silver dish — with a cover!

"Well, we'll have to let it go just as it is, I guess," she said importantly — and bit off the tender part of the celery. "You might write another tune and win your everlasting fortune, Johnny and —"

"An' what, kid? Oh, Sue you're blushing!"

"Aw — nothin', Johnny, I was only joking —"

But it was a poor excuse, and the next moment Johnny's fine little hands were gripping the pink fingers like a vise.

"Sue, Sue dear, I'm wild about you—you know I am—'nd I'm saving every cent I can to—to—to do that little thing — There, I'm sorry —" And he returned to his supper and pretended not to notice the stout woman that smirked at them from the table opposite.

Sue's face was very red and she giggled a little from embarrassment, but she quieted down soon and a splendid, serious expression took possession of her features. She looked at her lover. "Most girls wouldn't care for him," she thought. He was very short, but not stubby and not underdeveloped; his was a fine, firm little frame with a good head set squarely — a tiny bit pugnaciously on his straight shoulders. His face was almost cherub-like in its beauty — but there wasn't a weak or an effeminate line in it. A pure, genuine man was Johnny Dunn, even if he couldn't hang to a subway strap.

Sue was wonderingly vaguely just why she *did* like him. He had a radiant young tenor voice which made him popular, a nimble pair of feet that promised to make a successful tour of the unending vaudeville boards some day, perhaps, and — a winning smile. These, to Sue's mind then, were the things that

made her love Johnny so. But Johnny was — well, just Johnny, you see, and that was mainly the reason why —

“By golly, Sue, old kid, I’ve got it!”

She jumped and nearly swallowed a whole piece of French pastry.

“What?” she stammered.

“Why, the cause of the trouble. Don’t you see, the piece is original as the devil all through until the end and then they end it up old style — I mean make a hash out of the entrees and dessert and serve it for bon-bons. But the public won’t accept it as bon-bons. It’s just hash — d’y get me?”

Sue got him perfectly — she always did when it came to things to eat.

“Sure,” she agreed. “And you’re going to dope out the bon-bons?”

Johnny was silent. He studied his ice carefully and then pushed it over to her to eat.

“Aw, no, of course not, but it’s a pity — I might tell ’em what I think about it.”

“Go on, Johnny!” Sue *was* serious now, she didn’t touch the other ice but leaned over and looked at him with her big brown eyes. “Go on, do that little thing. I’ll back you — I’m in good with old Jake and perhaps I’ll be able to put in a word somewhere. Then if they fix it, and the public likes it — why — why”

She stopped suddenly, some brighter light than those about her gleaming from her eyes —

She kissed Johnny goodnight as he left her at her boarding house that night. She did it quite simply — like a mother encouraging her boy. Then she turned and ran upstairs.

An artist who had seen Johnny’s face the moment after she did it might have painted it for his greatest study in expression. And, personally, I think he would have painted a crown of thorns on the head.

Johnny went to sleep that night wondering why she did it, and in his heart was a great unrest — half pain, half gladness. He rose later on, dressed and went down onto the city’s grey street. It was quite still for New York, and before he realized

it, he was walking along the Drive, looking down at the solemn Hudson — grey and sullen in the cloudy moonlight. Lights moved, gleamed and vanished and whistles blew dimly and heavily. The noise of the city behind him was confused and unreal. Slowly he turned around and started back again — still in his heart the feeling that was half pain and half gladness.

And the next morning he told them. And they, the stage manager, the orchestra leader, the principles, *and* the chorus, all asked the same question:

“Well, what are you goin’ to do about it?”

Johnny was almost discouraged. Sue could hardly cheer him. “They wouldn’t even *try* to change it, Sue!” he fretted as they ate again at Pierre’s.

But Sue was silent that night and didn’t even finish the curry. She merely tried to comfort Johnny and think at the same time, which task was too hard, so she hurried through the supper and then asked to be taken home.

That night she didn’t kiss him at all, but placed one hand on his shoulder, and with the other she took his determined little chin and lifted his face, way up, under the street light’s glare.

“Johnny, can I tell you something? What the piece needs to finish it is a *song* — something that soars and is glad and *means* something. Write it, Johnny, *write it*, and then show ‘em what’s what. But remember — make it a *song* — not a one-step, nor a fox trot nor a waltz, but a *song*! Goodnight, Johnny — I love you.”

And Johnny sped homeward that night, in his heart a singing and a prayer.

* * * * *

People had begun to wonder what the matter was with Johnny. He was so grave, so serious, he went through his parts with a such a queer, studied expression. Once he made a mistake and the management docked him three dollars. He was more careful after that, but he still remained set and silent.

Then one day he came to rehearsal with an expression of the holiest exaltation on his face. He seemed to chafe under the practise and when it was over rushed madly away without

saying a word to any one except Sue, who followed him as soon as she was through.

In Johnny's room, at the old piano, two figures crouched late into the afternoon, until it got so dark that Sue could neither see Johnny to smile at him, nor Johnny see the keyboard from which unceasingly flowed a flood of melody, a sweep of harmony — a song — a great song, not a fox trot, nor a one-step nor a waltz — but a song.

"*It's the Song!*" shouted Johnny at last, springing up from the bench and gripping Sue by two well-dressed, frightened shoulders. "The Song! And Sue, it will be called the Song of Victory! That's all — the song of Victory — because — because Sue, I've won!"

"Won?" questioned Sue puzzled.

"Yes — listen, dear. You made me so happy when you — you know — that I was aching inside all the time with something that I wanted to express in some way but didn't know how — just exactly. But when the days passed and I always saw the same look on your face, even tho' I acted mean and sore, and when I realized that this was my chance — oh, and that we were young, and that there were going to be lots more chances later on — why all of a sudden it all turned into a *song* — *the* song — and one day it came right out when I was whistling and — now it's done. Now kiss me, Sue — and let's go get dinner at Pierre's."

Laughingly she obeyed and then the young composers tripped through the dusk to the bright lights and good music of Pierre's.

* * * * *

The manager grinned when he heard the song. So did the stage manager. The orchestra leader tore his temperamental hair in ecstasy and the chorus removed their gum long enough to whistle it into firm familiarity.

"It's a good idea and a good song — and we might try it at least," said the stage manager.

It didn't take much extra rehearsing. The leading couple merely took up the song, singing it first as a duet and then the chorus trooped in, swelling its volume into a *grande finale*.

Everybody was exultant the first night. The change was to be made publicly. "It'll surely make a hit. It's a corker—it'll get 'em sure," they said, and Johnny and Sue walked on air.

Never did the piece go more slowly than to-night, though, it seemed to them as they waited for the end of the last act—for the debut of the Song. Then—at last—at last:

"Jacques!"

"Ninette! Ah, come!"

Long embrace (*stage directions*).

"But tell me, my heart, where have you been?"

"Ah, I have fought—I have killed, I have starved, I have gone mad—for you—for you! And now I have won you!"

Then the orchestra leader raised his hands—like a benediction in a church, thought Johnny;—a few of the fat women began putting on their hats, then stopped as the wave of melody rose from the trembling violins:

"Love, I have won you—
I hold your heart!"

The "leads" really had splendid voices and the audience was rigid with attention. Then one by one the principles, then the chorus—Sue at the head of the women; Johnny, the men—all trooped in, and the great Song of Victory was sung again and the theatre shook with its volume.

Some of the fat women carried their hats out to the door—the others left theirs in their seats and sent father back to get them. The papers the next day said, "'From War's Alarms' has been greatly improved by a change at the end. A really splendid song has been inserted for the common-place *pot pourri* of the nevertheless uncommon 'hits' of the piece. You'd better see it again."

The box-office receipts were doubled from that night on. The chorus was enlarged, and—

Well, of course, you want to know what happened to Johnny and Sue. Well, the management didn't know exactly what to do at first. It didn't want to lose them, or take them off Broadway, and it couldn't put them in the leads because Johnny was too short for leading man and Sue simple would *not* play opposite

any one but him. Then one day the stage manager caught Johnny and Sue doing a new step to the great amusement and delight of the chorus and he reported it to the manager. The following week a dancing number appeared on the program that brought still more people. And the names of the dancers were —?

No, not Sue Young and Johnny Dunn — “Mlle. Suzanne La Jeune” and M. Jean Le Dunn.”

And when the season was over there was a great big party at Pierre's, with real roses everywhere and lots of things to eat and drink, and the crowning event of the evening was Johnny's drinking the health of his fiancée (he stuttered when he pronounced the word) out of a big pink rose! And then — what else could happen? The orchestra leader, the one with the temperamental hair, raised his hands and Johnny, with Sue, trembling and laughing on his arm, sang the Song of Victory!

FRANK HARRISON DOWD

W. B. B.

patmos
A voice calls, a face calls;— and here the wind
Goes murmuring down the dewy paths of dawn,
With scent of secret rose. Oft have I gone,
And yet this morning go again to find
A sapphire place by a crystal sea,
Like that of Patmos, set in Arcady.
By sunlit clouds I drift, with soul that dreams
Unceasingly what vaster friendship gleams
Beyond the dawn. And wilt thou come with me?

R. F. B.

Fragment

I love no garden where the roses
Ungathered fade behind the fast-shut door;
And seek no poppies in the quiet closes,
Where I have sought with rev'rent feet of yore.

I turn me silent from the empty places,
No more along the sunlit paths I stray,
But strive to dream that on forgetful faces
The crimson cheeks are turning into gray.

R. F. B.

Class Poem

Athwart the broad crest of an Essex hill
There dwelt a mother, blest with three tall sons.
Humble their lot and plain their life, 'tis true,
But happy in the comfort of a home,
And thrice more happy in a mother's love.
No life of ease they led there on the hill,
But full of wholesome labor, brain and hand,
And honest will and pure intent, and calm,
Sweet trusting in the just award of God.
Each morning as the sun glanced o'er the field
With shout of merriment the three burst forth,
And singing high a song of ruddy mirth
Sped down the dusty road to life and work.
And aye the mother at the cottage door
Would watch their going till they disappeared
And eager eyes would well with tears and quiver lips
Because she pondered on the coming time
When three tall sons would issue forth
And come not home again when sun was low.
All through the noon they tarried in the field
And wrought the soil, and wrested forth their gain;
While the fond parent in their modest home
Worked with her needle, cooked the simple meal,
Till the long shadows on the cottage floor
Foretold the evening when man's work is done.
Then with a wistful sigh and yet a smile
She, turning from her labor, moved her chair
Into the threshold, whence she viewed the road
And waited for her glad-returning sons.
And then the long beams of the setting sun
Stealing across the hillside lighted up
The cottage. And the tired mother's face
Flushed from its paleness, bloomed with humble joy,
For down the white road in the dusty light
Three toil-bowed figures trudged their way to home,

Grimy with work, yet flushed with blooming health
And satisfied with faithful labor done.
Some minutes yet, and then that fond embrace
Of sons and parent safely joined again.

So the time passed. The day at length drew near.
The three sons in their mother's loving care
From infancy to youth, from youth to man
Had grown and flourished. Now they stood at last
Upon the starting point of that great way
Which men call Life. The mother, half-consumed
With doubt and sorrow — bade her children go,
And choking back the sobs that stifled her,
Embraced once more their manly forms. They went
With many a sad and lingering look behind;
Withal a certain exultation pulsed
In their lusty, youthful hearts as forth they sped;
A sureness in their power all yet untried,
A trusting in a glorious life before.
But the mother stayed behind and watched
The three loved figures fading down the road,
And bravely stilled the sobs while yet she saw
The distant three retreating in the dust.
But they removed, she lonely turned and wept.

The months rolled by and lengthened into years;
The years advanced with never-ceasing tread;
While to and fro upon the world's broad tide
The three were tossed and buffeted about.
United first they went and strove to meet
The world's wild onslaught with a battle front.
Anon divided by the trend of war,
Each fought alone against the might of men.
Here one would falter, deeming his way too hard,
Then, rallying, turn his face again and win.
Now one would wander, led by flickering beams,
And yield to folly; then with saddened heart,
Tear back his wandering footsteps to the way.

Through fair success and black despair they strove,
And each wrung out from Earth's great treasure-house
His little dole of fortune or of woe.
Till last, all bruised from the fray, world-worn
And hardened, faded, slightly streaked with gray,
But yet successful, came a tall son home,
To crown the hillside with his well-won fame.
And as he looked along the dusty road,
Glowing in the setting autumn sun,
He saw the cottage, mellow in the light,
And vine-clad as of old, a beauteous thing.
And lo! upon the ancient threshold there,
Infirm and old, yet beautiful in age,
A mother sat to welcome back her son.
It seemed the former days were come again,
And he returning from his daily work
Toiled up the slope to clasp his mother's arms,
All satisfied with faithful labor done.
She rose, her blue eyes welling glad with tears,
And clasped and kissed him, softly asked,
"Thy brothers?" Bowed his head he made reply:
"They tarry in the field. Anon they come."
She turned away and sighed a fervent prayer,
And took her station in the cottage door.

The months slipped by, the season waned, the sun
Clomb in the crimson mist of early fall,
When finally a second cherished son
Wearily trudged the dusty way to home.
Broken and halting, bowed with early age,
Ashamed to view his mother's face, he sought
Her loving arms and resting cheek on cheek
Forgot the torments of his worldly care.
"And didst thou see thy brother?" she inquired.
Deep sighing he replied again, "Not I.
I come from Sin; my brother was not there."
She looked to heaven, breathed a fervent prayer,
And took her station at the cottage door.

The months have passed, the years have glided by,
The autumn sun has painted many a brood
Of verdant Nature, scarlet, gold, and brown.
The light has slanted up the dusty way
On many an eve and found the mother there,
But not her son returning up the road.
Day after day she takes her well-worn chair
And draws it to the threshold, faithful still.
What fate beset him? Was he overcome
While battling infamy, or poured he out
His life in some good cause? She knoweth not,
But sits forever on the doorstep there,
Straining her dim blue eyes to pierce the haze
And see afar the wanderer returned.
And the long shadows steal across the slope,
The red sun dips the hill and disappears,
The all-enfolding night descends and crowns
Her silver head with gloom and leaves her lone
To breathe a fervent prayer unto the stars.

R. H. BASSETT

The Factory

A dozen soulless, sightless men,
A dozen yawning pits of fire!
Hell yearning through the dark again
With dizzy madness in the heat;
Before — above — behind — the dim
Dead light and desperate darkness meet.
They only feed each ghastly grate
Their bodies maimed and souls unwell;
They never see by what strange fate
They build the thing that others sell.
No echo of the ponderous power,
Nor of the dithyrambic surge,
Where wheel and piston hour on hour
In vast orchestral music merge,
Shall stir these dozen men to feel —
The whirling grandeur and the might
Of Man's new graven gods of steel.
Upon their all-unseeing sight
Is only darkness and the dread
Of that swift madness, and the death
That burns the body of the dead.

Only the fear, the flame — and then,
A smoky passage to the goal!
Strange are the paths that give to men
The sweet, swift voyage of the soul.
And strange for them to drift and dream,
On sunkissed mountain peaks to fly,
And fair it is to glance and gleam
With rare rich colors of the sky.

At evening time, at evening time,
Above a dreaming jasper world,
The Lord has touched the clouds they climb,
And, ere the darkness is unfurled,

*With an approachable death
to a new fire that shifts and
renews*

Has given each smoke-stained soul to wear
A shining color of His own;
And over these, exceeding fair,
Drifts the still shadow of His throne.

R. F. B.

The New Stenographer

HOW did you get a job here? You're awful slow, and the mistakes you make—well, you must have a pull with some one to get you by!" At these words, the new stenographer gave a little start, "Could these girls have recognized her so soon?" she thought.

"Aw, it's her looks, Mary. I know the boss. I bet he just couldn't turn her down." To the new girl, "It'll take more than looks though, to keep your job."

Walter Baxter looked up from his work to see the new stenographer blushing painfully as she followed the two more experienced girls through the door.

"I wonder who she is," he thought. "She can't typewrite worth anything, but she certainly is some good-looking. Seems to have better manners than the others too."

He turned to his work again, but instead of a pile of papers, he saw a blushing face and golden hair. No matter where he looked the face of the new girl haunted him. He looked at his watch.

"Well, I guess I'd better knock off. Can't work anyway with her face bothering me all the time." He turned to go, then stopped, "I wonder what she thinks of me," he thought to himself.

* * * * *

It is indeed a real sacrifice for a young girl to give up a life of ease to become a clerk for the sole purpose of winning the love of a modest young man.

As she watched the figure of Walter Baxter disappear in a subway entrance, Elsie Fairfax, daughter of the head of the firm, sighed, and said to herself, "I wonder what he thinks of me."

* * * * *

The situation at the office grew more and more strained. As Walter's attentions to Elsie became more apparent, the jealousy of the other two stenographers increased. They soon had created quite a feeling of unrest among the other clerks in

the room. This feeling, after a few months, became so hot, that the slightest spark would have sent it into a blaze.

When, one day, Walter gave Elsie a better desk and moved one of the others to Elsie's old desk, the pent-up feelings of the clerks broke forth. At lunch that day, they angrily discussed the situation.

"It ain't right, one said, "I've been here two years now and she's been here less than six months and then he goes and moves her into my place near the window. I won't stand for such treatment. Just because she's got blue eyes and peroxide hair, she gets the best place."

"Yes," joined in another, "and she can't typewrite one page without a bunch of mistakes, and slow — my, it takes her half a day to do one letter."

The others agreed that something must be done to stop this unfair treatment.

"I'm going right up now and tell Mr. Baxter just what we think," the first one said.

The others hesitated a moment at such a hasty movement, but soon followed her to Walter's room. Assuming a hurt air, they indignantly stalked through the room, up to Walter's desk.

"Mr. Baxter," the one whose desk had been changed was speaking, "Mr. Baxter, we've come to give you notice that unless Miss Fairfax leaves we'll quit."

Walter looked up. His face betrayed his perplexity.

"Why, I don't quite understand," he answered. "I have no fault to find with Miss Fairfax's work." He looked inquiringly at the cause of the trouble.

"Maybe you haven't, but we have. She isn't as speedy as either of us and makes more mistakes, yet she gets the best desk."

"And," added another, "she's the newest girl and still she doesn't have the mean things to do, but has all the nice ones."

"However, I feel that Miss Fairfax deserves all that has come to her." Walter, seeing Elsie's troubled expression, smiled at her reassuringly.

"Perhaps she does," answered one girl, "but we deserve more than she does. Haven't we been here longer and aren't we better workers?"

"I consider myself the judge of what you deserve. It isn't a question of what you think, but of what I think." Walter was becoming angry. "I fail to see, moreover, why you should leave. You are getting more pay than she and surely her poor work can't hurt yours."

Jealousy and anger made the two stenographers unreasonable.

"That doesn't matter," said one, "I won't work with that painted thing around."

Elsie started.

"She uses peroxide," asserted another clerk.

"Her teeth are false," added some jealous one.

Elsie stood up angrily. "Mr. Baxter, you surely don't believe those things to be true, do you?"

Walter apparently did not hear Elsie's question.

"You must refrain from any more such slanderous remarks."

He was speaking angrily, "Furthermore, unless you can furnish some definite reason, I see no cause for dismissing Miss Fairfax."

The clerks seemed astonished.

"Haven't we told you enough already. She's an awful poor worker, paints, uses peroxide and — we just won't work with her around any longer. Unless she leaves immediately we'll quit."

Walter hesitated a moment. He could not lose the whole room for just one girl. Wondering what his best move was, he looked towards Elsie. A nod of her head decided him. Taking her hand he said to the others.

"If that is final, I fear that —"

The two girls turned abruptly to leave the room.

"Elsie," he cried clasping her in his arms, "You're fired!"

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Editorial

Commencement A child asked once, "Why do they call the graduation exercises of a school, 'Commencement'? It's the end, isn't it?" A perfectly natural question for a child. But we know better. We are going out on a new way, a rather uncertain way, at first, perhaps, but one which will later smooth out into the well-laid path. It is the beginning of a new trip — one of the many which we take in this long circuit of life. It is a beginning of a generally new view of life too, for these new trips go by heights, by depths, for long stretches where there is not much but the toil of keeping on, through delightful little areas of fanciful adventure, on to a good and sure goal where, if you have feared not nor faltered, there is a reward — maybe of gold, maybe of fame — maybe merely of friends, and this reward is perhaps the greatest and most cherished.

So this is a commencement. For some it may be a happy outlook — perhaps for some it seems only a step to be grudgingly and fearfully tried. But this cannot be for one who is ambitious and unafraid. So make it a brave commencement — a commencement of good hopes and round ideas, and always look to see what the future has.

F. H. D.

The spring days have passed quickly by and we are already on the threshold of summer. Successfully or unsuccessfully we have concluded the work of the term and now we enter upon the last week we shall spend together. I wonder whether we have ever stopped to think of the significance of this last week. Herein for a certain group of us is summed up all the joy and labor of four scholastic years. This is the end to which their life for the last four years has been tending. It is the Commencement week, the week by which is begun a life, in the broad outer world of which we have so far only tasted. Most of us do not realize what a pleasant and easy existence is ours on the hill. There may be times when we are vexed by petty troubles or burdened with what we consider hard work, but when we are out in the midst of things we shall remember with regret the care-free days we spent together in the old school. So now that we are met together for the last time let us make these final celebrations fitting ones. Let us bear it in mind that as the years advance our mental tendency will be to make the memory of these days sacred and that therefore a proper-spirited observance of them now will contribute to our future joy.

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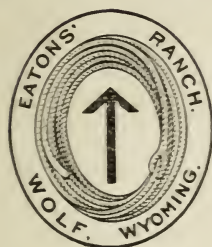
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